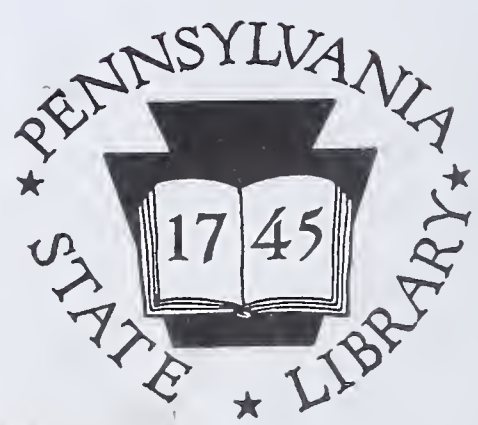
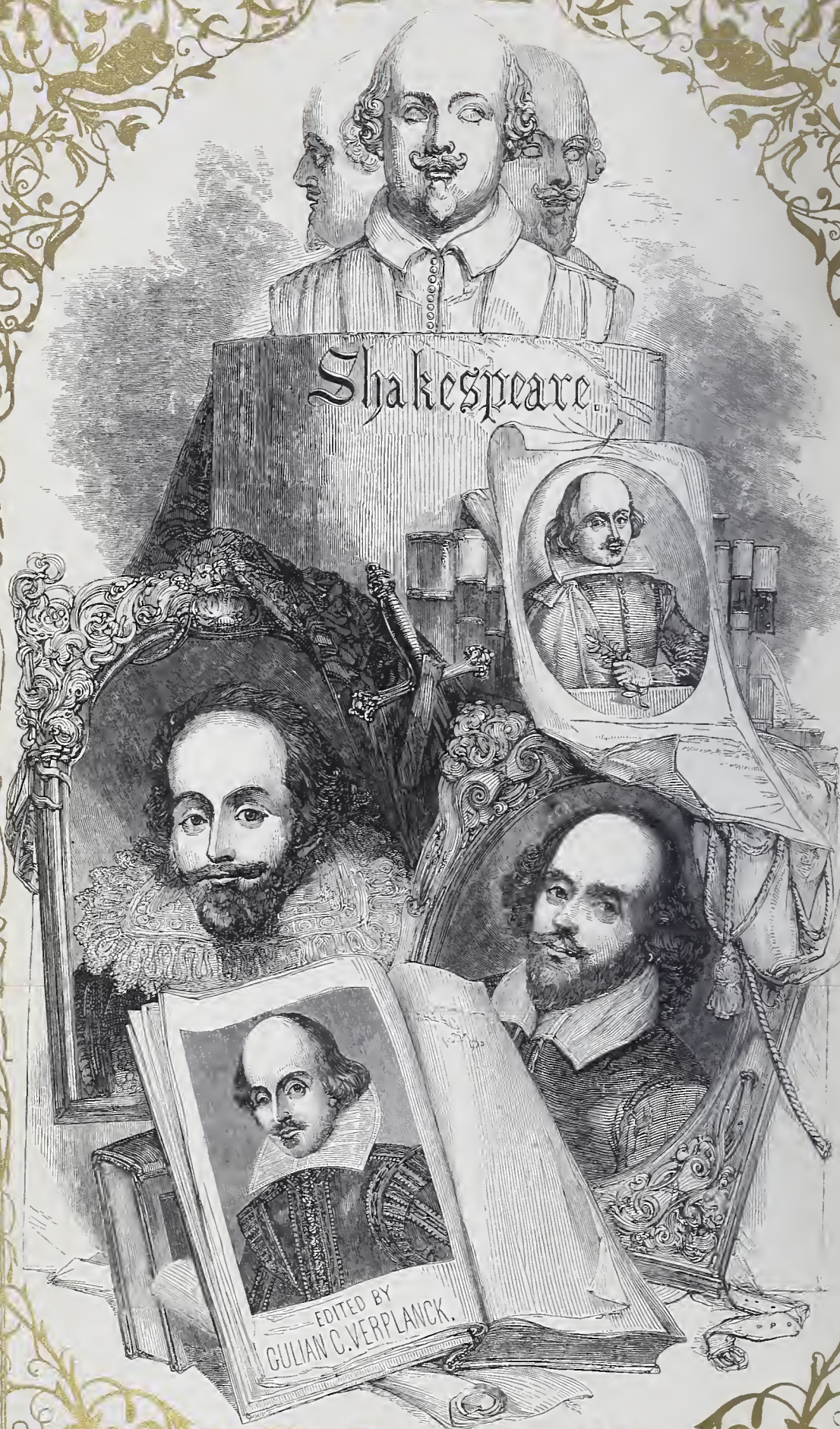
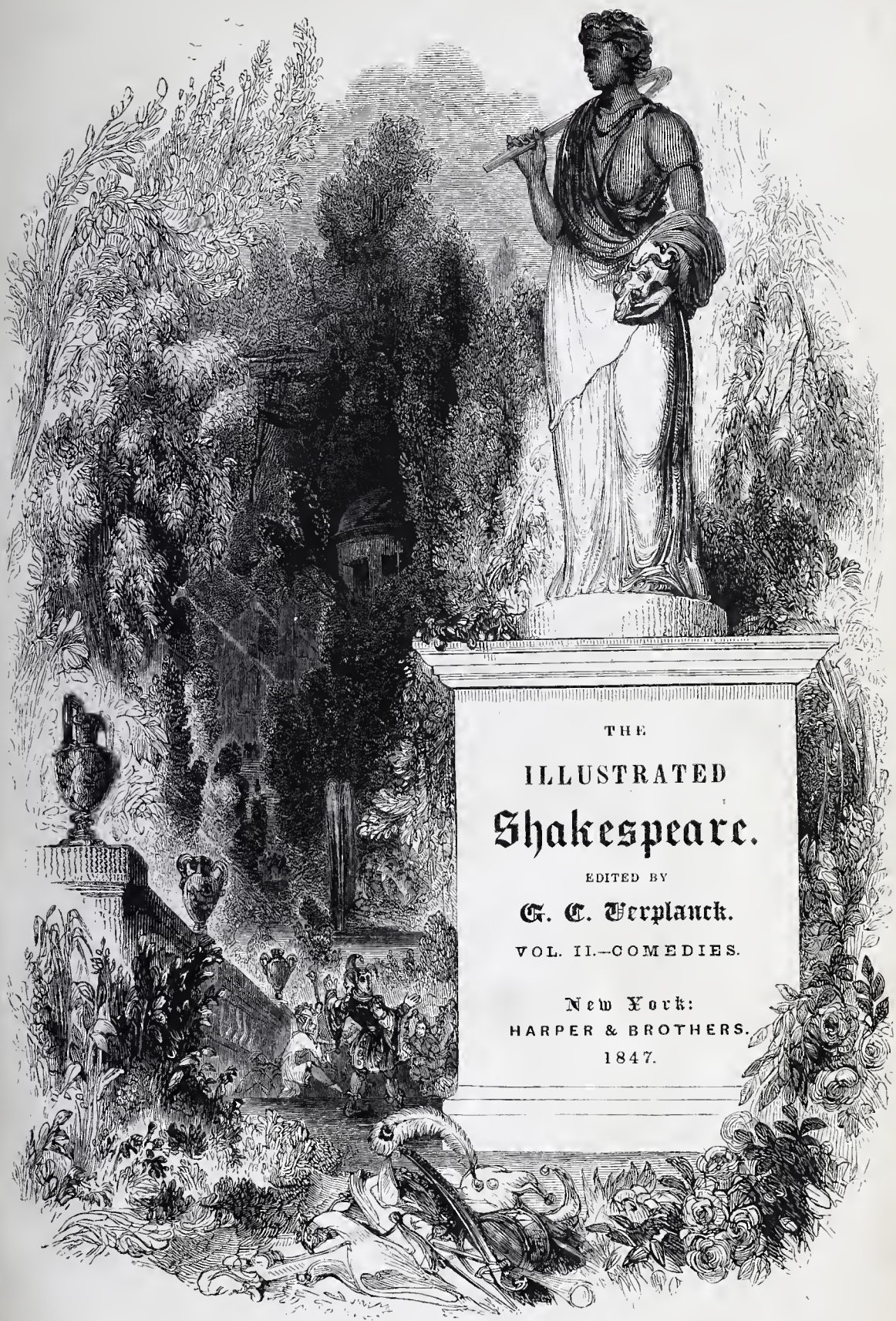
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THE

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VOL. II.—COMEDIES.

New York:
HARPER & BROTHERS.
1847.



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SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS:

WITH HIS LIFE.

Illustrated with many hundred Wood-cuts,

EXECUTED BY

H. W. HEWET, AFTER DESIGNS BY KENNY MEADOWS, HARVEY, AND OTHERS.

EDITED

BY GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, LL.D.

WITH

CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS, NOTES, ETC., ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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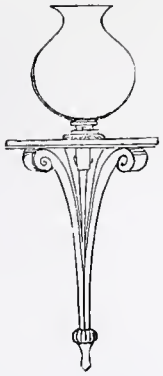
CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

Comedies.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
THE TEMPEST.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
WINTER'S TALE.

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TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA




THE
TWO GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA
J. W. ORR. Sc.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLAY, PROBABLE DATE OF COMPOSITION, STATE OF THE TEXT, ETC.

MEARES, in his list of the dramatic productions by which Shakespeare had, before the year 1598, established the general reputation of being "the most excellent among the English in both tragedy and comedy," places the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA the first in order of thirteen dramas which he names. If we add to this list, PERICLES, and the two parts of HENRY VI., which Meares does not mention, though both were prior to his date, Shakespeare had, before his thirty-fourth year, been the acknowledged author of seventeen dramas; and if the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA were the first of these, it must certainly have been the production of his early youth. His poem of VENUS AND ADONIS, first printed in 1592, he himself has (in his dedication) designated as "the first heir of his invention," and may probably have been written before he removed to London,—and before, or not long after, his twentieth year. The TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, if not his earliest comedy, was in all probability written in the same, or at least the next, stage of his intellectual progress.

Hanmer, and after him, Upton, thought its style so little resembling his general dramatic manner, that they pronounced with great confidence, that "he could have had no other hand in it than enlivening, with some speeches and lines, thrown in here and there," the production of some inferior dramatist, from whose thoughts his own are easily to be distinguished, "as being of a different stamp from the rest." There seems no reasonable ground for such an opinion; which has, indeed, been fully refuted by Johnson, and rejected by all succeeding critics. On the contrary, the play is full of undeniable marks of the author, in its strong resemblance in taste and style to his earlier plays and poems, as well as in the indications it gives of the author's future power of original humour and vivid delineation of character. It, indeed, has the characteristics of a young author who had already acquired a ready and familiar mastery of poetic diction and varied versification, and who had studied nature with a poet's eye; for the play abounds in brief passages of great beauty and melody. There are here, too, as in his other early dramas, outlines of thought and touches of character, sometimes faintly or imperfectly sketched, to which he afterwards returned in his maturer years, and wrought them out into his most striking scenes and impressive passages. Thus, Julia and Silvia are, both of them, evidently early studies of female love and loveliness, from the unpractised "'prentice hand" of the same great artist, who was afterwards to pourtray with matchless delicacy and truth the deeper affections, the nobler intellects, and the varied imaginative genius of Viola, of Rosalind, and of Imogen. Indeed, as a drama of character, however inferior to his own after-creations, it is, when compared with the works of his predecessors and contemporaries, superior alike in taste and in originality; for (as Mr. Hallam justly observes) "it was, probably, the first English comedy in which characters are drawn ideal and yet true:" although, when contrasted with the vivid and discriminating delineations to which his genius afterwards familiarized his audience, both the truth of nature and the ideal grace appear marked with the faint colouring and uncertain drawing of a timid hand. The composition, as a whole, does not seem to have been poured forth with the rapid abundance of his later works; but, in its graver parts, bears evidence of the young author's careful elaboration, seldom daring to deviate from the habits of versification to which his muse had been accustomed, and fearful of venturing on any untried novelty of expression.

Johnson (probably on the authority of his friend, Sir J. Reynolds) has well replied to the objection raised by Upton to Shakespeare's right of authorship to this piece, founded on the difference of style and manner from his other plays, by comparing this difference to the variation of manner between Raphael's first pictures and those of his ripened talent. This comparison is more apt and pregnant than Johnson's limited acquaintance with the arts of design allowed him to perceive. Raphael, as compared with other great masters of his art, was eminently the dramatic painter,—the delineator of human action, passion, character, and expression; and, as the peculiar powers

of his genius developed themselves by exercise, so, too, he gradually formed to himself his own taste and style of execution and expression; while, like his great dramatic ante-type, his earlier works, full of grace and mind, yet bore the marks of the feebler school in which he had studied, as well as of the timidity and constraint of half-formed talent.

Not only is the language of this piece carefully studied, but there seems no haste or carelessness in the construction of the plot, unless we may admit the criticism of Judge Blackstone,—whose legally trained acuteness has done for Shakespeare almost as much as the clearness and gracefulness of a style acquired in the best school of English literature has contributed to methodizing and elucidating the mysteries of his country's law. He remarks, that the great fault of the play is "the hastening too abruptly, and without preparation, to the *dénouement*, which shows that it was one of Shakespeare's very early performances." This, however, appears to be rather the want of dramatic skill, to be acquired by experience, than any effect of negligence or haste, and is, after all, no very serious fault. If, as a poem, it has little of that exuberance of thought which afterwards overflowed his page, yet, in the construction of his story, there is not only no deficiency of invention, but even more labour in that way than he was afterwards accustomed to bestow. The characters were not only new and uncopied from any dramatic model, but the plot and incidents are substantially equally original; for, although Skottowe, and the other diligent searchers for the original materials of his dramas, have found two or three resembling incidents in Sydney's "Arcadia," and elsewhere, still there is nothing to show that the young dramatist had employed any prior story as the groundwork of his plot; and the incidents he used were such as form part of the common stock of romantic narrative.

In the humorous parts of the play, he is still more unfettered by authority, and more whimsically and boldly original. He happened to find the stage mainly abandoned in its comic underplots and interludes to the coarse buffoonery of barren-witted clowns, who excited the laughter of their audiences by jokes as coarse and practical as may be now witnessed in a modern circus. From the coarse farce of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" to Launce and Speed was a gigantic stride, even with reference to the probability of the scene; although fastidious criticism may still find ample cause for objection. But it is now too late to protest against the improbability or the coarseness of Launce and his dog Crab. They have both of them become real and living persons of the great world of fictitious reality, and must continue to amuse generation after generation, along with Sancho and Dapple, Cliuker and Chowder, and many other squires and dogs of high and low degree, whom "Posterity will not willingly let die."

Upon the whole, the Two Gentlemen of Verona, whatever rank of merit may be assigned to it by critics, will always be read and studied with deeper interest than it can probably excite as a mere literary performance, because it exhibits to us the great dramatist at a most interesting point in his career; giving striking, but imperfect and irregular, indications of his future powers.

This play was never printed until it appeared after the author's death, in the folio of 1623. The text,—whether because it contains few deviations from ordinary modes of expression and trains of thought; or, because the piece being less popular than others of the Poet's plays, was less exposed to the corruptions of frequent transcription for theatrical use, and so was first printed from an early and accurate manuscript,—whatever be the reason, offers fewer difficulties and various readings than are found in any other of Shakespeare's plays.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

"If the Two Gentlemen of Verona were not the offspring merely of the author's invention, we have yet to discover the source of its plot. Points of resemblance have been dwelled upon in connection with Sir Philip Sydney's 'Arcadia,' (1590,) and the 'Diana' of Montemayor, which was not translated into English by B. Yonge until 1598; but the incidents, common to the drama and to these two works, are only such as might be found in other romances, or would present themselves spontaneously to the mind of a young poet: the one is the command of banditti by Valentine; and the other the assumption of male attire by Julia, for a purpose nearly similar to that of Viola in Twelfth Night. Extracts from the 'Arcadia' and the 'Diana' are to be found in 'Shakespeare's Library,' vol. ii."—Collier.

SCENERY AND COSTUME.

"In the folio of 1623, there are no indications of the localities of the several scenes. The notices, such as 'An Open Place in Verona,' 'The Garden of Julia's House,' 'A Room in the Duke's Palace, 'A Forest near Mantua,' are additions that have been usefully made from time to time. The text, either specially or by allusion, of course furnishes the authority for these directions.

"Ceasare Vecellio, the brother of Titian, in his curious work, 'Habiti Antiche e Moderni di tutto il Mondo,' completed in 1589, presents us with the general costume of the noblemen and gentlemen of Italy at the commencement of the sixteenth century, which has been made familiar to us by the well-known portraits of the contemporary monarchs, Francis I. and Henry VIII. He tells us they wore a sort of diadem surmounted by a turban-like cap of gold tissue, or embroidered silk, a plaited shirt (low in the neck) with a small band or ruff, a coat or cassock of the German fashion, short in the waist and reaching to the knee, having sleeves down to the elbow, and from thence showing the arm covered only by the shirt with wristbands or ruffles. The cassock was ornamented with stripes or borders of cloth, silk, or velvet of different colours, or of gold lace or embroidery, according to the wealth or taste of the wearer. With this dress they sometimes wore doublets and stomachers, or *placcards*, as they were called, of different colours, their shoes being of velvet, like those of the Germans, that is, very broad at the toes. Over these cassocks again were occasionally worn cloaks or mantles of silk, velvet, or cloth of gold, with ample turn-over collars of fur or velvet, having large arm-holes through which the full-puffed sleeves of the cassock passed,

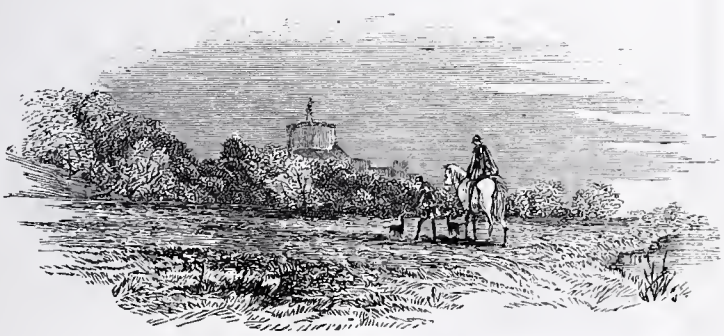
and sometimes loose hanging sleeves of their own, which could either be worn over the others, or thrown behind, at pleasure.

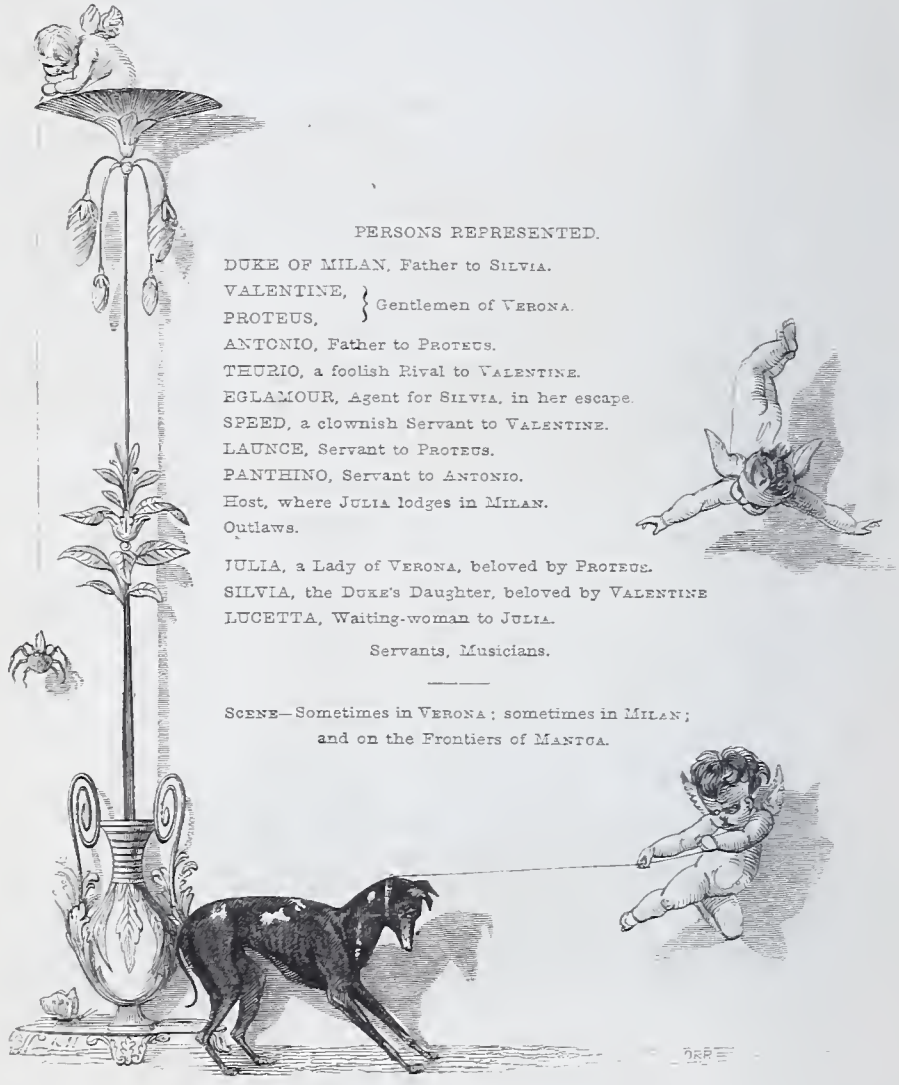
"Nicholas Hoghenberg, in his curious series of prints exhibiting the triumphal processions and other ceremonies attending the entry of Charles V. into Bologna, in 1530, affords us some fine specimens of the costume at that period, worn by the German and Italian nobles in the train of the emperor. Some are in the cassocks described by Vecellio, others in doublets with slashed hose; confined both above and below knee by garters of silk or gold. The turban head-dress is worn by the principal herald; but the nobles generally have caps or bonnets of cloth or velvet placed on the side of the head, sometimes over a caul of gold, and ornamented with feathers, in some instances profusely. These are most probably the Milan caps or bonnets of which we hear so much in wardrobe accounts, and other records of the time. They were sometimes slashed and puffed round the edges, and adorned with 'points' or 'aglets,' i. e. tags or aiguillettes. The feathers in them, also, were occasionally ornamented with drops or spangles of gold, and jewelled up the quills.

"Milan was likewise celebrated for its silk hose. In the inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII., 'Harleian MSS.,' Nos. 1419 and 1420, mention is made of 'a pair of hose of purple silk, and Venice gold, woven like unto a caul, lined with blue silver sarcenet, edged with a passemain of purple silk and gold, wrought at Milan, and one pair of hose of white silk and gold knits, bought of Christopher Millener.' Our readers need scarcely be told that the present term *milliner* is derived from Milan, in consequence of the reputation of that city for its fabrication as well of 'weeds of peace' as of 'harness for war;' but it may be necessary to inform them that by *hose*, at this period, is invariably meant breeches, or upper-stocks,—the *stockings*, or *nether-stocks*, beginning now to form a separate portion of male attire.

"The ladies (we learn from Vecellio) wore the same sort of turbaned head-dress as the men, resplendent with various colours, and embroidered with gold and silk in the form of rose-leaves and other devices. Their neck-chains and girdles were of gold, and of great value. To the latter were attached fans of feathers, with richly ornamented gold handles. Instead of a veil, they wore a sort of collar or neckerchief *(Bavaro)* of lawn or cambric, pinched or plaited. The skirts of their gowns were usually of damask, either crimson or purple, with a border-lace or trimming round the bottom, a quarter of a yard in depth. The sleeves were of velvet, or other stuff, large and slashed, so as to show the lining or under garment, terminating with a small band or ruffle like that round the edge of the collar. The body of the dress was of gold stuff or embroidery. Some of the dresses were made with trains, which were either held up by the hand when walking, or attached to the girdle. The head-dress of gold brocade was not unlike the beretta of the Doge of Venice; and caps, very similar in form and material, are still worn in the neighbourhood of Linz in Upper Austria.

"The Milan bonnet was also worn by ladies, as well as men, at this period. Hall, the chronicler, speaks of some who wore 'Myllain bonnets of crymosyne sattin drawn through (i. e. slashed and puffed) with cloth of gold;' and in the roll of provisions for the marriage of the daughters of Sir John Nevil, *tempore* Henry VIII., the price of 'a Millan bonnet, dressed with agletts,' is marked as 11*s*."—KNIGHT.





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to SILVIA.

VALENTINE, } Gentlemen of VERONA.
PROTEUS, }

ANTONIO, Father to PROTEUS.

THURIO, a foolish Rival to VALENTINE.

EGLAMOUR, Agent for SILVIA, in her escape.

SPEED, a clownish Servant to VALENTINE.

LAUNCE, Servant to PROTEUS.

PANTHINO, Servant to ANTONIO.

Host, where JULIA lodges in MILAN.

Outlaws.

JULIA, a Lady of VERONA, beloved by PROTEUS.

SILVIA, the DUKE's Daughter, beloved by VALENTINE

LUCETTA, Waiting-woman to JULIA.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE—Sometimes in VERONA; sometimes in MILAN; and on the Frontiers of MANTUA.





SCENE I.—*An Open Place in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:

Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love,
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won:
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu. My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend,
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan.

Val. As much to you at home; and so, farewell. [*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you. Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True, and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me; therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd,



the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry "baa."

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, the pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

Speed. I. [SPEED *nods.*

Pro. Nod, I? why that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir: I say she did nod, and you ask me, if she did nod? and I say I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter; and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—"take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.—
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. JULIA'S *Garden.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. O! they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia." Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd,
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view,
Since maids, in modesty, say "No," to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, "Ay."

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love.
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here:
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile.
My penance is to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.—
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up
That I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let's see your song.—How now, minion!
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
Luc. Indeed I bid the base for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!—
[*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*



Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands! to tear such loving words:
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—"kind Julia;"—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus."—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea.

Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ,—
"Poor forlorn Proteus; passionate Proteus
To the sweet Julia:"—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What! shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.
Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Room in* ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

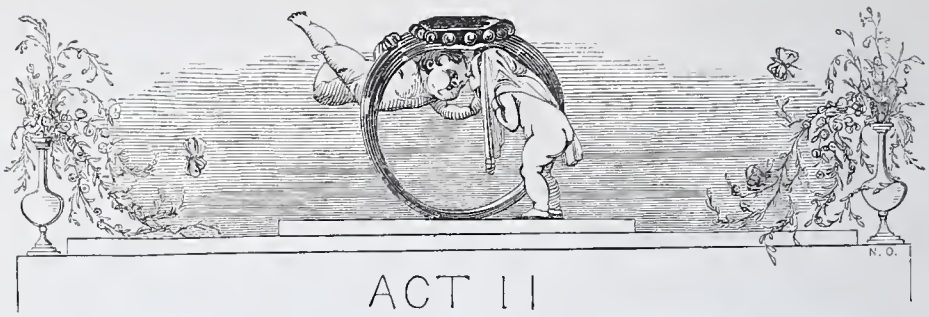
Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet,
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou advis'd;
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.
Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*



ACT II

SCENE I.—Milan. *A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine.—Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks. First, you have learn'd, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a mal-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O! that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. O! 'give ye good even: here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam: so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel:
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you.
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when its writ, for my sake read it over;
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam; what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*



Speed. O jest! unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple.
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir! what, are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest.

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse!

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
"For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,

"Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
"Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
"Her self hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover."—
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O! be not like your mistress: be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Verona. *A Room in* JULIA'S *House.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why then, we'll make exchange: here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.
My father stays my coming; answer not.
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
[*Exit* JULIA.
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come.—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father:—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog.—O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing:" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman:—well, I kiss her; why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word, but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard: thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here; Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?

Launce. Lose the tied, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide. Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come; come, away, man: I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Milan. *A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant.—

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.

Enter the DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a-while.
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it.
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit* DUKE.

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done. Here comes the gentleman. [*Exit* THURIO.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability.—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter THURIO.

Thu. Madam. my lord, your father, would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: come, sir Thurio,
Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you:
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus! love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth.
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No, but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O! flatter me, for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing.
She is alone.
Pro. Then, let her alone.
Val. Not for the world. Why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will.— [*Exit* VALENTINE.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair, and so is Julia that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not, as I was wont
O! but I love his lady too too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—The Same. *A Street.*

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.
Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.
Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?
Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.
Speed. But shall she marry him?
Launce. No.
Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?
Launce. No, neither.
Speed. What, are they broken?
Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.
Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?
Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.
Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.
Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not. My staff understands me.
Speed. What thou say'st?
Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee; I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.
Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.
Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.
Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?
Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.
Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.
Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.
Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?
Launce. I never knew him otherwise.
Speed. Than how?
Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.
Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.
Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.
Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.
Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love, if thou wilt go with me to the alehouse: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.
Speed. Why?
Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?
Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

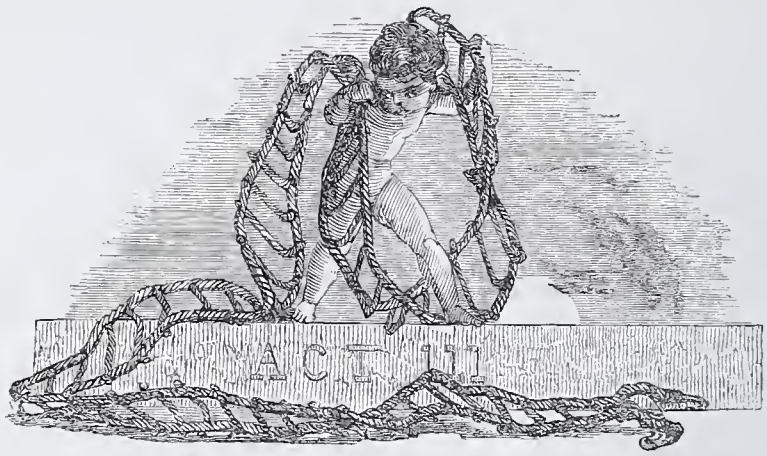
Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting love! if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia, (witness heaven that made her fair!)
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia, as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now, presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—Verona. *A Room in* JULIA's *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me:
And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps,
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.
Jul. O! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then, let me go, and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a codpicce, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come; answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE I.—Milan. *An Ante-chamber in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile:
We have some secrets to confer about.—
[*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court;
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunned,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently,
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter: stay with me awhile.
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers
Upon advice hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then, let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, "get you gone," she doth not mean, "away."
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then, let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here?—"To Silvia?"
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;*
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O! could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune.
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What's here?
"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:"
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder; over-weening slave:
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee:
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Begone: I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit* DUKE.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself,
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment.
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd: O! that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O! I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire,
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cate-log [*Pulling out a paper.*] of her conditions. Imprimis, "She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, "She can milk," look you; a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Launce. There, and saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, "She can milk."

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, "She brews good ale."

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, "She can sew."

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, "She can knit."

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. Item, "She can wash and scour."

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, "She can spin."

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, "She hath many nameless virtues."

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, "She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. Item, "She hath a sweet mouth."

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, "She doth talk in her sleep."

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, "She is slow in words."

Launce. O villain! that set this down among her vices? To be slow in words is a woman's only vir-

tue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, "She is proud."

Launce. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, "She hath no teeth."

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, "She is curst."

Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, "She will often praise her liquor."

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, "She is too liberal."

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, "She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, "She hath more hair than wit,"—

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. —"And more faults than hairs,"—

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. —"And more wealth than faults."

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*



SCENE II.—The Same. *An Apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

DUKE. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most;
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore, it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially, against his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him:
Therefore, the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt, and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And for your friend's sake will be glad of you,
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do I will effect.
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.
Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write, till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it: I will pardon you.
[*Exeunt.*





ACT IV

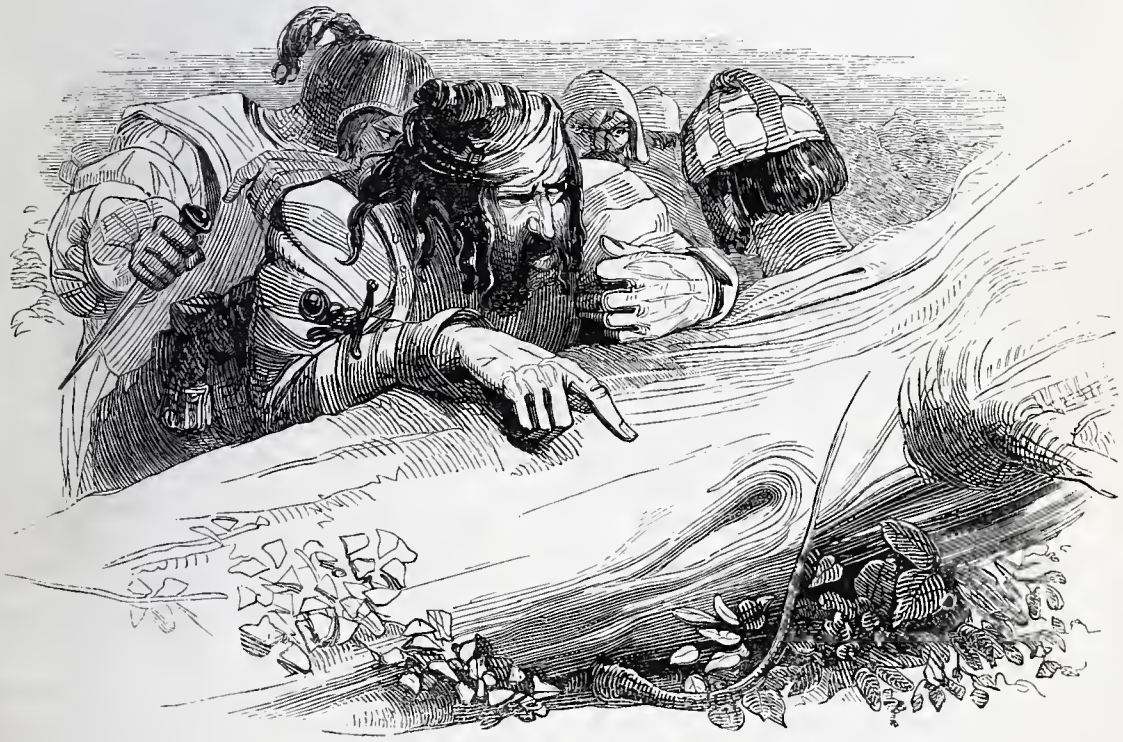
Scene I.—*A Forest, between Milan and Verona.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.
2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone. These are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
1 *Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
2 *Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.
3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose.
A man I am, cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 *Out.* Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 *Out.* Whence came you?



Val. From Milan.
3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
2 *Out.* What! were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse.
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I had been often miserable.
3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them:
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want—
2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all.
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.
1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.
3 *Out.* No; we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us: we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn,
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, sir Proteus! are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Whom? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host and JULIA, *behind;* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest; methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
Host. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.
Jul. But shall I hear him speak?
Host. Ay, that you shall.
Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*
Host. Hark! hark!
Jul. Is he among these?
Host. Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair,
For beauty lives with kindness?
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.
Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.
Host. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays false, father.
Host. How? out of tune on the strings?
Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Host. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Ay; I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.
Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Hark! what fine change is in the music.
Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them always play but one thing?
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, Host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?
Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.
Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.
Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At saint Gregory's well.
Thu. Farewell.
[*Exeunt* THURIO *and Musicians.*

Enter SILVIA *above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that, that spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What is your will?
Pro. That I may compass yours.
Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.
Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives, to whom thyself art witness
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.
Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.
Jul. [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it.
And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exeunt* PROTEUS, *and* SILVIA.

Jul. Host, will you go?
Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?
Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.
Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind.
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

Enter SILVIA *above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?
Sil. This evening coming.
Egl. Where shall I meet you?
Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.
Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,
Gentle lady.
Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter LAUNCE *with his dog.*

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O! 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for't: sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says



one; "what cur is that?" says another; "whip him out," says the third; "hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog." "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'twas I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now.—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How, now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go; get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

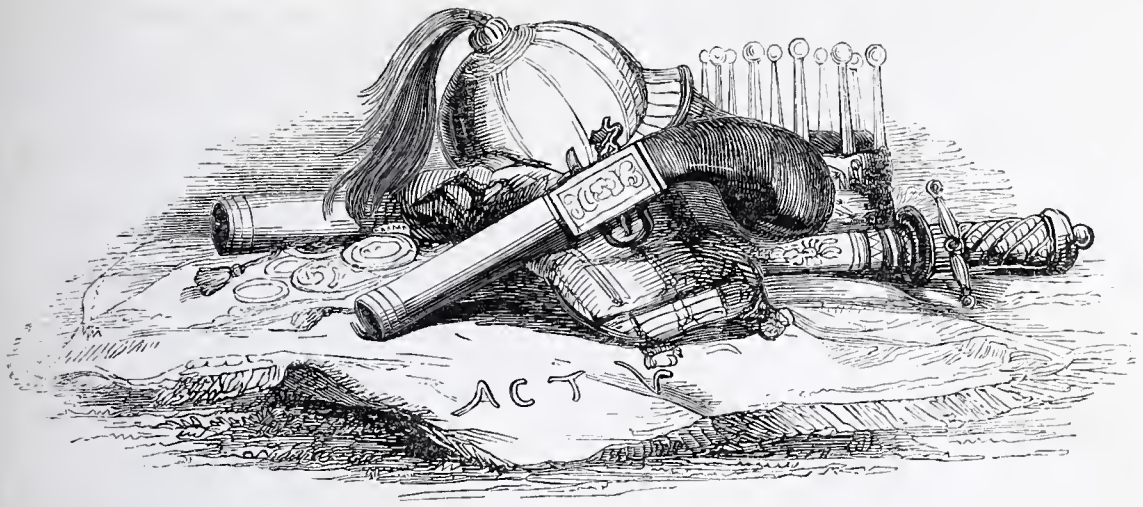
Away, I say! Stayest thou to vex me here?
A slave that still an end turns me to shame.
[*Exit* LAUNCE.
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee:
Deliver it to madam Silvia.
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.
Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token.
She's dead, belike?
Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?
Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.
Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary,
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!
Pro. Well, give her that ring; and therewithal
This letter:—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit.*
Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will,
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O! he sends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
[*A picture brought.*
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be: good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say, a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.
Sil. Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature; for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.
Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth; there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA.
Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture. Let me see: I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd,
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*





SCENE I.—The Same. *An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky,
And now it is about the very hour,
That Silvia at friar Patriek's eell should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to eome before their time,
So mueh they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes!—Lady, a happy evening.
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.
I fear, I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we reeover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palaee.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir! I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What! that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. [*Aside.*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.
Thu. What says she to my faee?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies: my faee is blaek.
Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Tis true, sueh pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peaee?
Jul. [*Aside.*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir! she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. [*Aside.*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardiee.
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. [*Aside.*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O! ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. [*Aside.*] That such an ass should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurenee met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well; and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patriek's eell this even, and there she was not.
These likelihoods eonfirm her flight from hence:
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispateh, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA, *and Outlaws.*

1 *Out.* Come, come; be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;
But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled:
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.
1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O! thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace.
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
[*Withdraws.*
Sil. O, miserable! unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven! be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false, perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone: solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look.
O! 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.
Sil. When Proteus cannot love, where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love: force you.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!



Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive: thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. O time most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!
Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then, I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd.
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
Jul. O me unhappy!
Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter? look up; speak.
Jul. O good sir! my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*
Pro. How! let me see. Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jul. O! cry you mercy, sir: I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
[*Shows another ring.*
Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How? Julia!
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love.
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds: 'tis true. O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE *and* THURIO.

Out. A prize! a prize! a prize!
Val. Forbear: forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio. give back, or else embrace thy death.
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch.
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs.
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe.—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd:
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come; let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.
[*Exeunt.*



(Room in the Ducal Palace at Milan.)

NOTES ON TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"— *with* SHAPELESS *idleness*"—"'Idleness' is said to be 'shapeless,' as preventing the formation of manners and character."—WARBURTON.

"— *nay, give me not the* BOOTS"—A proverbial expression, frequently met with in the old dramatists, signifying, "don't make a laughing-stock of me." Collier, and the later antiquarians, deny that it has any connection with the Scottish punishment of "the boots," to which the older editors supposed it to refer. It is more probably derived from an old custom of rustic merriment at harvest-home feasts.

"*However, but a folly bought with wit*"—In whatsoever way, "haply won," or "lost."

"— *as in the sweetest bud*
The eating canker dwells," etc.

"Shakespeare has elsewhere used this beautiful image. In the 'Seventieth Sonnet,' for instance, we have—

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love.

In KING JOHN,—

Now will canker sorrow eat my bud.

In HAMLET,—

The canker galls the infants of the spring.

The peculiar canker which our Poet, a close observer of nature, must have noted, is described in the MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,—

Some to kill cankers in the *musk-rose* buds.

And in the First Part of HENRY VI.,—

Hath not thy *rose* a canker?

The instrument by which the canker was produced is described in—

The bud bit with an envious worm—

of ROMEO AND JULIET; and in—

— concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Fed on her *damask* cheek,—

in TWELFTH NIGHT.

"Shakespeare found the *canker-worm* in the Old Testament, (Joel i. 4.) The Geneva Bible, 1561, has, 'That which is left of the palmer-worm hath the grasshopper eaten, and the residue of the grasshopper hath the *canker-worm* eaten, and the residue of the *canker-worm* hath the caterpillar eaten.'"—KNIGHT.

"To *Milan let me hear from thee by letters*."

This is merely an inversion of "Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan." The first folio reads "To Milan," which the second folio needlessly changes to "*At* Milan," etc.

"*Enter* SPEED"—Pope, in his edition, stigmatizes this scene as "composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the gross taste of the age. *Populo ut placerent*." He felt inclined to omit it altogether, under the notion that it had been foisted in by the actors. But so greatly does public taste alter with time, that Pope's own verse would be omitted or thrust to the bottom of the page, if what is now deemed coarseness or comparative want of merit were to regulate the canon of authenticity. We think, with Johnson, that there is no proof of any interpolation.

"*And I have play'd the* SHEEP"—A joke upon the resemblance in sound between the words "ship" and

"sheep." In many parts of England "sheep" is yet pronounced "ship." This joke is employed again in the COMEDY OF ERRORS. In writings of the time, "Sheep-street," in Stratford-upon-Avon, is often spelled "*Ship*-street."

"— *a* LACED *mutton*"—A phrase which Cotgrave's old "French and English Dictionary," and many passages which the labour of his commentators have collected from the old dramatists, clearly show to have been a slang phrase of the day, to express a *courtezan*. But as this seems to some of the editors too coarse an epithet for Proteus to allow to be applied, even playfully, to his "ladye love," Knight rejects the slang meaning, and intimates, on the authority of Horne Tooke's definition of *lace*, "to catch, to hold," that the phrase here means "a *caught* sheep." Proteus, however, is not drawn as a person of any very peculiar delicacy, and the use of the words is too familiar to be explained away.

"— *did she nod*"—These words, with the stage-direction, were supplied by Theobald. They are not in the old copies; but it is clear from what Speed afterwards says, that Proteus had asked the question. In Speed's answer, the old spelling of *I* for *aye* is retained, as the play on the word is lost in modern spelling.

"— *that's* NODDY"—"'Noddy' was a game at cards, and to call a person a 'Noddy' was to call him a fool. 'Noddy' was the Knave or Fool in a pack of cards. The practice of calling the Knave 'Nod,' or 'Noddy,' is not yet entirely discontinued."—REED, *and* COLLIER.

"— *in telling* YOUR *mind*"—The second folio, followed by Stevens, and others, has "*her* mind." This edition retains the original reading, as meaning, (says Malone,) "She being so hard to me who was the *bearer* of your mind, I fear she will prove no less so to you in *telling* your mind in person."

"— *you have* TESTERN'D *me*"—You have given me a *testern*, that is, sixpence. In the time of Henry VIII. a *tester*, *testern*, or *teston*, was a shilling: it was so called from having a *teste*, i. e. head, upon it. The word is still retained in the cockney dialect, and pronounced *tester*.

SCENE II.

"*That every day with* PARLE *encounter me*"—i. e. With words or speech. The editor of the "Illustrated" SHAKESPEARE well remarks—"The whole character of Julia in this play is in the best style of Shakespeare's domestic heroines: she is a delightful compound of delicate ardour, and romantic, undoubting devotion; and bears much the same relation to her knowing and worldly, (yet not ill-natured,) serving-maid Lucetta, that Desdemona exhibits in comparison with Iago's better (though ambiguous) half. Julia's portion of their dialogue in the second act is exquisite."

"— CENSURE *thus on lovely gentlemen*"—Pass my *opinion* upon. This word was commonly used, until modern times, without any reference to the opinion being unfavourable. Isaac Walton even uses it where the *censure*, (i. e. the opinion,) is that of the highest praise.

"*Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.*"

Such words as "fire," "hour," etc., are often used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries as if they contained two syllables; "monstrous," "country," etc., as if consisting of three; and "remembrance," "assembly," etc., as if consisting of four. This pronunciation is often necessary to preserve the metre, and was a frequent practice in the Poet's time, when the present mode was struggling with the relics of the older orthoepy.

"— *a goodly* BROKER"—The title of "broker" has risen in the world. Although originally meaning one who transacts any sort of business on another's account, it was used in old English almost wholly for a match-maker, (in its best sense,) or, a procuress. It is not until the commercial days of Temple and Swift that it is found familiarly used in its modern sense.

"*How* ANGERLY *I taught my brow to frown*"—"Angerly" (not *angrily*, as many modern editions have it) was the adverb used in Shakespeare's time.

"— *too harsh a* DESCANT"—"The 'descant' formerly signified a variation of the original air; the 'mean,' or tenor."—STEVENS.

"— *I* BID THE BASE"—"The allusion of Lucetta is to the well-known game of *prison base*, or *prisoner's base*, at which to 'bid the base,' seems to have meant, to invite a contest."—COLLIER.

"*Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey*"—"The economy of bees was known to Shakespeare with an exactness which he could not have derived from books. The description in HENRY V., 'So work the honey-bees,' is a study for the naturalist as well as the poet. He had doubtless not only observed 'the lazy, yawning drone,' but the 'injurious wasps,' that plundered the stores which had been collected by those who

> Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds.

These were the fearless robbers to which the pretty pouting Julia compares her fingers:—

> Injurious wasps, who feed on such sweet honey,
> And kill the bees that yield it with your stings.

The metaphor is as accurate as it is beautiful."—KNIGHT.

"*And thus I* SEARCH *it*"—To search a wound is to *probe* it, or, to *tent* it.

"— *a* MONTH'S MIND *to them*"—A "month's mind" is equivalent to a *great* mind or *strong* inclination: "a month's mind" in its ritual sense, is a *month's* remembrance; and Nash, in his "Martin's Month's Mind," (1589,) applied it in that way: "it was a month's remembrance of Martin Mar-prelate." The "month's mind" was derived from times prior to the Reformation, when masses were said for a stated period in memory of the dead. Hence they were also called month's *memories*, and month's *monuments*. For the sake of the measure, we ought to read, "a *moneth's* mind to them," and so the word was often printed.

SCENE III.

"*Some, to discover islands far away*"—"In Shakespeare's time, voyages for the discovery of the islands of America were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the sons of noblemen, and of others of the best families in England, went very frequently on these adventures:—such as the Fortescues, Collitons, Thornhills, Farmers, Pickerings, Littletons, Willoughbys, Chesters, Hawleys, Bromleys, and others. To this prevailing fashion our Poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it."—WARBURTON.

"*Attends the emperor in his royal court*"—"Shakespeare has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan, in this play. Several of the first German emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the Poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan, at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removeable at their pleasure. Such was the 'Duke of Milan' mentioned in this play."—STEVENS.

M. Mason observes that—"During the wars in Italy, between Francis I. and Charles V., the latter frequently resided at Milan."

ACT II.—Scene I.

"— *this is but* ONE"—"One" was formerly pronounced like "on." In some manuscript letters of Lord Burleigh's, written about the year 1585, he very generally writes "on" for "one."

"— *that* TAKES DIET"—i. e. Under a regimen for disease.

"— *like a beggar at Hallowmas*"—"That is," says Johnson, "about the beginning of winter, when the life of a vagrant becomes uncomfortable." Formerly, on All Saints Day, it was customary for poor people in Staffordshire to beg money for what was termed "souling." This, no doubt, was a remnant of the practice of praying for departed souls.

"— *to walk like one of the lions*"—Ritson supposes that Shakespeare, in using the phrase "*the* lions," was thinking of "the lions" in the Tower, of London: but it seems that the expression was in general use then, though probably derived from that ancient show.

"— *for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose*"—At the period of this play, garters of great magnificence appeared around the large slashed hose, both above and below the knee. To go ungartered was the common trick of a fantastic lover, who thereby implied he was too much occupied by his passion to pay attention to his dress.

"*O excellent* MOTION! *O exceeding* PUPPET"—"A 'motion,' in Shakespeare's time, meant a puppet-show, from the puppets being *moved* by the master, who interpreted to (or for) them, as Speed supposes Valentine will interpret for Silvia, the 'exceeding puppet' on this occasion."—Collier.

"*All this I* SPEAK IN PRINT"—i. e. "With exactness: Speed adds, that he found it 'in print,' perhaps in some book or ballad of that time, which has not survived to ours. He has rhymed before, and in the same style, just after Silvia made her *exit:* those lines could hardly have been quoted."—Collier.

Scene II.

"*Why then, we'll make exchange*"—The Priest, in Twelfth Night, (act v. scene i.,) describes the ceremonial of betrothing, for which the Catholic church had a ritual:—

> A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the holy close of lips,
> Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings.

This contract was made, in private, by Proteus and Julia; and it was also made by Valentine and Silvia—"we are betroth'd."

Scene III.

"— *this left shoe is my father*"—A passage in King John also shows that each foot was formerly (as now) fitted with its shoe: a fashion which was lost during the last century, and allusions to it puzzled the commentators until it was revived about thirty years ago:—

> Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
> Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.

"*I am the* DOG," etc.—Launce is himself puzzled with the characters of his own mono-polylogue; and perhaps Shakespeare did not mean him to get out of his confusion. Hanmer proposes to read, "*I am the dog, no, the dog is himself, and I am* me, *the dog is* the dog, *and* I *am myself.*" Although this reading makes the text more reasonable, (as Johnson remarks,) it is not clear that the author meant to bestow much reason on Launce's soliloquy.

"— *like a* WOOD *woman*"—The old copies print it thus—"like a would-woman," with a hyphen. The proper orthography seems to be like a "wood woman," or frantic woman, *wood* being the old word for *frantic* or *mad:* the mother of Launce was "wood" with grief at parting from her son.

"— *and the* TIDE"—"The first 'tied' refers to the dog, and the last to the river, as we see from what follows—'Why man, if the river were dry,' etc. The joke which has occupied Launce and Panthino is more evident in the old copy, where the 'tide' of the river and the 'tied' dog are spelled in the same way—'tide.'"—Collier.

Scene IV.

"— *how* QUOTE *you my folly*"—To "quote" is to *note* or *observe*. Valentine in his answer, perhaps, plays upon the word, which was pronounced *coat*—from the French original.

"*My jerkin is a doublet*"—"The jerkin, or jacket, was generally worn over the doublet; but occasionally the doublet was worn alone, and, in many instances, is confounded with the jerkin. Either had sleeves or not, as the wearer fancied; for by the inventories and wardrobe accounts of the time, we find that the sleeves were frequently separate articles of dress, and attached to the doublet, jerkin, coat, or even woman's gown, by laces or ribands, at the pleasure of the wearer. A 'doblet jaquet' and hose of blue velvet, cut upon cloth of gold, embroidered, and a 'doblet hose and jaquet' of purple velvet, embroidered, and cut upon cloth of gold, and lined with black satin, are entries in an inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII.

"In 1535, a jerkin of purple velvet, with purple satin sleeves, embroidered all over with Venice gold, was presented to the king by Sir Richard Cromwell; and another jerkin of crimson velvet, with wide sleeves of the same coloured satin, is mentioned in the same inventory."—Knight.

"*Enter* THURIO"—"The editors, from Theobald downwards, make "*a Servant*" enter here, and not Thurio, to whom the old copies assign the sentence 'Madam, my lord, your father, would speak with you.' They say also that the commencement of Silvia's answer is 'addressed to two persons.' This is by no means clear: 'I wait upon his pleasure: come, Sir Thurio, go with me.' is spoken to Thurio with more propriety than to two distinct persons. It is more likely that Thurio went out on the entrance of Proteus, and returned with the message of the Duke to his daughter. The economy of the old stage, with many characters and with few performers, did not allow the waste of an actor in the part of a mere message-carrier. The probability is that the old copies are right, and that Thurio is employed from the Duke."—Collier.

"*There is no woe* TO HIS *correction*"—i. e. There is no woe *compared* to his correction. The idiom was common.

"*Is it* MINE EYE, *or Valentinus' praise*"—This is the reading of Stevens. The folio, 1623, reads,—

> It is mine, or Valentine's praise?

which the folio, 1632, alters thus:—

> Is it mine *then*, or *Valentinian's* praise?

Malone would have it—

> Is it *her mein*, or Valentinus' praise?

and Warburton lays it down that the line was originally thus:—

> It is mine eye, or Valentino's praise;

which is clearly not interrogative, as the punctuation of the oldest copies shows it ought to be. Malone's emendation gives no support to the next two lines—

> Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
> That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?

He was right in adopting *Valentinus*, and wrong in rejecting "eye," which was the cause of the transgression of Proteus. *Valentinus* for Valentine we have had already, act i. scene 3. Perhaps the true reading was *mine eyen*, which was corrupted and abbreviated by the old printer to *mine*.

"*— like a* WAXEN IMAGE *'gainst a fire*"—This alludes to the custom attributed to supposed witches, of making waxen images of those whom they wished to destroy: as the image melted before the fire, the original was supposed to melt too.

"*'Tis but her* PICTURE"—Johnson speaks of this line, as "evidently a slip of attention," as if Protcus could have forgotten that he had just seen Silvia herself, and not her "picture." He uses "picture" figuratively, meaning merely *exterior* as compared with inward "perfections."

"*And that hath dazzled my reason's light*"—"Dazzled" is here used as a trisyllable.

SCENE VI.

"*— and* PRETENDED *fight*"—i. e. Intended. "So in MACBETH, "What could they pretend?" The French word *pretendre* has an equivalent meaning."—STEVENS.

"*— this drift*"—"I suspect that the author concluded the act with this couplet, and that the next scene should begin the third act; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance."—JOHNSON.

SCENE VII.

"*Who art the table wherein all my thoughts*
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd."

The allusion is to the table-book, or tables, which were used, as at present, for noting down something to be remembered. Hamlet says:—

My tables,—meet it is I set it down.

They were made sometimes of ivory and sometimes of slate. The Archbishop of York, in HENRY IV., says:

And, therefore, will he wipe his tables clean.

The table-book of slate is engraved and described in Gesner's treatise, *De Rerum Fossilium Figuris*, 1565: and it has been quoted in Douce's "Illustrations."

"*And instances* OF INFINITE *of love*"—"Infinite,"—infinity. The same form of expression occurs in MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, where we have "the *infinite* of thought," and also in Chaucer:—"although the life of it be stretched with *infinite* of time." The reading we give is that of the first folio, adopted by Knight and Singer. The common reading is that of the second folio, "Instances *as* infinite," which is preferred by Collier.

"*— my* LONGING *journey*"—Dr. Grey observes that "longing" is a participle active, with a passive signification, for *longed*, wished, or desired.

M. Mason supposes Julia to mean a journey which she shall *pass in longing*.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*— fearing lest my jealous* AIM *might err*"—"Aim" is here used in the sense of "guess," or "supposition," as the verb is similarly used in Proteus's answer.

"*— is soon* SUGGESTED"—i. e. *Tempted*. Thus, in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL we have, "I give thee not this to *suggest* thee from thy master's service:" and in the same sense, in act i. scene 4, we have, "sweet-suggesting love," which the context shows to mean *sweetly*.

"*And*, WHERE *I thought*"—"Where" for whereas; so used by our author in CORIOLANUS and PERICLES, and common in older authors.

"*There is a lady, sir, in* MILAN *here*"—The old copies concur in reading—

There is a lady in *Verona* here.

An oversight of the author's copyist, like a preceding one in act ii. scene 5, where Speed bids Launce welcome to *Padua*, instead of Milan. Both errors were corrected by Pope.

"*— for thou art Merops' son*"—"Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terræ filius*, a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falsely reproached."—JOHNSON.

"*— TO FLY his deadly doom*"—"This is a Gallicism. The sense is—By avoiding the execution of his sentence I shall not escape death. If I stay here, I suffer myself to be destroyed; if I go away, I destroy myself."—JOHNSON.

"*— even in the milk-white bosom of thy love*"—"So, in HAMLET—

These to her excellent white bosom, etc.

"Again, in Gascoigne's 'Adventures of Master F. I.:' 'at delivery thereof, [i. e. of a letter,] she understode not for what cause he thrust the same into her bosome.'

"Trifling as the remark may appear, before the meaning of this address of letters to the bosom of a mistress can be understood, it should be known that anciently women had a pocket in the fore part of their stays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love-tokens, but even their money and materials for needlework. Thus Chaucer, in his 'Marchante's Tale:'—

This purse hath she in hire bosome hid.

"In many parts of England, the rustic damsels still observe the same practice; and a very old lady informs me, that she remembers when it was the fashion to wear prominent stays, it was no less the custom for stratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them."—STEVENS.

"*— if he be but* ONE *knave*"—i. e. Not a *double* knave, says Johnson: and Dr. Farmer has shown, from several passages of old poets, etc., that *two fools—two knaves*, were often used where we should now say a *double* fool or knave.

"*— for she hath had* GOSSIPS"—"The meaning seems to be that she has had old women attending her at her lying-in. *Gossip* generally means a sponsor at baptism, and Launce may intend to say, that the progeny of the girl had required 'gossips.'"—COLLIER.

"*— saint Nicholas be thy speed*"—Saint Nicholas, besides being the patron-saint of Holland, and of Russia, presided over all clerks or learned persons. He was exalted to this honour, according to the legend, for having miraculously restored the lives of three young scholars who had been murdered. By the statutes of St. Paul's School, (London,) the scholars are required to attend divine service at the cathedral, on the anniversary of St. Nicholas. He has also long been known in Holland and New York as the special friend of children. In addition to these high charges of the care of nations, and scholars, and children, the saint was also honoured by having thieves called his clerks, why, it is not easy to say, unless it be that in the old times of learned beggary, "scholar" and "thief" were thought synonymous terms.

"*She hath a* SWEET MOUTH"—"A 'sweet mouth' formerly meant a *sweet tooth*, which is here reckoned among the lady's vices; but Launce turns it to account by understanding the words in their literal sense, and setting her 'sweet mouth' against her 'sour breath.'"—COLLIER.

SCENE II.

"*— and perversely she* PERSEVERS *so*"—This was the old mode of accenting the word. Milton was one of the first to write, and to pronounce it, *persevere*.

"*You must provide to* BOTTOM *it on me*"—Stevens has found this housewife's image, as appearing in English poetry, before the time of Shakespeare:—

A *bottom* for your silk, it seems,
My letters are become,
Which oft with winding off and on,
Are wasted whole and some.

GRANGE'S "*Garden*," 1557.

"*That may discover such integrity*"—Malone "suspected" that a line following the above had been accidentally omitted; but any addition seems needless. Valentine alludes to the "integrity" of Sir Thurio's passion—"such integrity" as he may be supposed to have expressed in his sonnets.

"*With some sweet* CONSORT"—"Consort" meant, in our author's time, a band or company of musicians. It is so explained by the old dictionaries, and so used and spelled in King James's Bible. The substitution of *concert* is a modern corruption of the text.

"*Tune a deploring* DUMP"—The term "dump" is now used only in a ludicrous sense; but there were formerly regular serious pieces of music so called, one of which has been preserved by Stevens, in his editions, as "A Dumpe" of the sixteenth century.

"*This, or else nothing, will* INHERIT *her*"—To "inherit" is sometimes used by Shakespeare for *to obtain possession of*, without any idea of acquiring by inheritance. Milton, in "Comus" has, "*disinherit* Chaos," meaning, only, to *dispossess* it.

"*To* SORT *some gentlemen well skill'd in music*"—To "sort" is to *choose out*, or *select*. When *sorted*, (Collier adds,) they would form a *consort*.

"— *I will* PARDON *you*"—i. e. I will "pardon," or *excuse*, your attendance.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"*Have you the tongues*"—i. e. Do you speak various languages?

"*By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar*"—The jolly Friar Tuck, of the old Robin Hood ballads—the almost equally famous Friar Tuck of "Ivanhoe"—is the personage whom the outlaws here invoke. It is unnecessary to enter upon the legends—

> Of Tuck, the merry friar, who many a sermon made,
> In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade.

Shakespeare has two other allusions to Robin Hood. The old duke, in AS YOU LIKE IT, "is already in the forest of Arden, and many merry men with him, and there they live, like the old Robin Hood of England." Master Silence, that "merry heart," that "man of mettle," sings, "in the sweet of the night," of—

> Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

The honourable conditions of Robin's lawless rule over his followers were evidently in our Poet's mind when he makes Valentine say—

> I take your offer, and will live with you;
> Provided that you do no outrages
> On silly women, or poor passengers.

"*Thrust from the company of* AWFUL *men*"—Thus all the old editions, and it is probably the right reading—"awful" being understood in its literal meaning, for *full of awe, under awe of authority*, and it is thus used by the Poet, as in HENRY IV., "We come within our *awful* banks again;" and in HENRY V., *awe* is used in reference to the same idea of respect for rightful rule. Yet this sense seems peculiar to Shakespeare, and the commentators and lexicographers have produced no instance in any other old author. This gives some colour to the conjecture that "awful" is here a misprint for *lawful;* the phrase *lawful men* being familiar both in legal and popular use.

"AN *heir, and* NEAR *allied unto the duke*"—This line varies from the old copies, for it there stands thus:—

> *And* heir, and *neece* allide unto the Duke.

Both the words in Italic are probably errors of the press. The old spelling of "near" was often *neere*. "Heir" was formerly both masculine and feminine.

"*As we do in our* QUALITY *much want*"—i. e. In our kind, or profession. So, in the TEMPEST,—

> — Task
> Ariel and all his *quality*.

SCENE II.

"— *he lov'd her out of all* NICK"—Beyond all reckoning, or count. Reckonings were kept not only by hosts upon *nicked*, or notched sticks, but by such tallies in the Exchequer of England; and it is one of the many instances of the attachment of the English to their ancient forms, that this inartificial and primitive form of book-keeping was not abolished in the Exchequer until the first year of William IV.

"*By my* HALIDOM"—Minshew (Dictionary) thus explains this word: "*Halidome*, or *Holidome*, an old word, used by old countrywomen, by manner of swearing, by my *halidome;* of the Saxon word, *haligdome*, ex *halig*, i. e. *sanctum*, and *dome; dominium aut judicium.*" A more common explanation is, that it refers to "the holy dame"—the Virgin Mary. But Nares (Glossary) and others reject both interpretations, and with more probability, and say it is merely "*Holy* with the termination *dom*, as King*dom*, Christen*dom;*" meaning thus, holiness, faith; and is equivalent as an oath to "By my faith."

SCENE III.

"— REMORSEFUL"—i. e. *Compassionate;* a sense which the word often bears. (See Notes on OTHELLO.)

"*Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*"

This alludes to a practice common in former ages, for widows and widowers, (and, probably also, betrothed lovers,) to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In Dugdale's "Antiquities of Warwickshire," (says Stevens,) there is the form of a commission, by the bishop of the diocese, for taking a vow of chastity by a widow. It seems that, besides observing the vow, the widow was for life to wear a veil and a mourning habit. The last distinction we may suppose to have been also made in respect of male votaries.

SCENE IV.

"*Enter* LAUNCE *with his dog.*"

"What shall we say to Launce and his dog? Is it probable that even such a fool as Launce should have put his feet into the stocks for the puddings which his dog had stolen, or poked his head through the pillory for the murder of geese which the same dog had killed?—yet the ungrateful cur never denies one item of the facts with which Launce so tenderly reproaches him. Nay, what is more wonderful, this enormous outrage on the probable excites our common risibility. What an unconscionable empire over our fanciful faith is assumed by those comic geniuses! They despise the very word probability. Only think of Smollet making us laugh at the unlikely speech of Pipes, spoken to Commodore Trunnion down a chimney—'Commodore Trunnion, get up and be spliced, or lie still and be damned!' And think also of Swift amusing us with contrasted descriptions of men six inches and sixty feet high—how very improbable!

"At the same time, something may be urged on the opposite side of the question. A fastidious sense of the improbable would be sometimes a nuisance in comic fiction. One sees dramatic critics often trying the probabilities of incidents in a play, as if they were testing the evidence of facts at the Old-Bailey. Now, unquestionably, at that august court, when it is a question whether a culprit shall be spared, or whipped and transported for life, probabilities should be sifted with a merciful leaning towards the side of doubt. But the theatre is not the Old-Bailey, and as we go to the former place for amusement, we open our hearts to whatever may most amuse us; nor do we thank the critic who, by his Old-Bailey-like pleadings, would disenchant our belief. The imagination is a liberal creditor of its faith as to incidents, when the poet can either touch our affections, or tickle our ridicule.

"Nay, we must not overlook an important truth in

this subject. The poet or the fictionist—and every great fictionist is a true poet—gives us an image of life at large, and not of the narrow and stinted probabilities of every-day life. But real life teems with events which, unless we knew them to have actually happened, would seem as to be next to impossibilities. So that if you chain down the poet from representing every thing that may seem in dry reasoning to be improbable, you will make his fiction cease to be a probable picture of Nature."—T. CAMPBELL.

"*—he steps me to her trencher*"—That the daughter of a duke of Milan should eat her capon from a trencher, may appear somewhat strange. However, the Earl of Northumberland, in 1512, was ordinarily served on wooden trenchers; and plates of pewter, mean as we may now think them, were reserved in his family for great holidays. In the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. there are also entries regarding trenchers; as, for example, in 1530,—"Item, paied to the s'geant of the pantrye for certain trenchors for the king, xxiij*s.* iiij*d.*"

"*A slave that* STILL AN END"—"Still an end," and *most an end*, are old idioms, once used by poets, but now retained only in vulgar use, and mean *perpetually, generally.*

"*And threw her sun-expelling mask away*"—An extract from Stubbs's "Anatomie of Abuses," (1595,) will explain this allusion:—"When they use to ride abroad, they have masks or visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look; so that if a man that knew not their guise before should chance to meet one of them, he would think he met a monster or a devil; for face he can show [see] none, but two broad holes against their eyes, with glasses in them."

"*— I made her weep* A-GOOD"—i. e. In good earnest. The expression is common in old English, and corresponds to the French *tout de bon.*

"*—such a colour'd periwig*"—It seems, from various contemporary authorities, that false hair was much worn in Shakespeare's time: the custom, however, had newly arisen. In "Northward Hoe," (1607,) we find this passage: "There is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of periwig making. Let your wife set up in the Strand." There is an allusion to the practice in the MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"*Her eyes are grey as glass*"—"The glass of Shakespeare's time was not of the colourless quality which now constitutes the perfection of glass, but of a light blue tint; hence 'as grey as glass.' 'Even as grey as glasse,' in the old romances, expresses the pale cerulean blue of those eyes which usually accompany a fair complexion—a complexion belonging to the 'auburn' and 'yellow' hair of Julia and Silvia."—KNIGHT.

"*But I can make* RESPECTIVE *in myself*"—Stevens interprets "respective" as *respectful, respectable;* but the true meaning of the word, and the context, show that Julia says, "What he respects in her has equal *relation to* myself."

"*My substance should be* STATUE *in thy stead*"—In the time of Shakespeare there was frequently some confusion when writers spoke of statues or paintings; possibly, because it was not unusual to paint statues, in the same way that our Poet's bust was originally painted at Stratford-upon-Avon; and as the statue of Hermione, in the WINTER'S TALE, must be supposed to be painted. Thus Stowe, speaking of Queen Elizabeth's funeral, says, "Her statue or picture upon her coffin."

ACT V.—SCENE II.

"*But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths*"—This line is given in the old copies to Proteus; but, as Boswell suggested, it seems to belong to Julia, who stands by, and comments on what is said. And this is exactly in the style of her other sarcastic speeches, while it does not correspond with Proteus's intention.

"*For I had rather wink than look on them*"—This speech, assigned in the old editions to Thurio, certainly belongs to Julia.

"*That they are out by lease*"—Lord Hailes suggested that Thurio and Proteus meant different things by the word *possessions;* Thurio referring to his lands, and Proteus to his mental endowments. If so, the point of the answer would be, that as Thurio's mental endowments were "out by lease," he had none of them in his own keeping. This interpretation seems overstrained, and the meaning of Proteus may be only, that Thurio's possessions were let (as Stevens says) on disadvantageous terms.

SCENE III.

"*—and* RECORD *my woes*"—"To 'record' anciently signified to *sing.* So, in 'The Pilgrim,' by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

> O sweet, sweet, how the birds *record* too.

Sir John Hawkins informs me, that to 'record' is a term still used by bird-fanciers, to express the first essays of a bird in singing."—STEVENS.

"*Who should be trusted* NOW, *when one's right hand*"—With Stevens and Collier, this edition follows the reading of the folio of 1632: the folio of 1623 omits "now." Malone and other editors read, on their own authority, thus:—

> Who should be trusted, when one's *own* right hand.

"*All that was mine in Silvia I give thee*"—"This passage has much perplexed the commentators. Pope, naturally enough, thinks it very odd, that Valentine should give up his mistress at once, without any reason alleged; and consequently the two lines, spoken by Valentine, after his forgiveness of Proteus,—

> And, that my love may appear plain and free,
> All that was mine in Silvia I give thee,—

are considered to be interpolated or transposed. Sir W. Blackstone thinks they should be spoken by Thurio. But why then, it is said, if the lines are omitted or removed, should Julia faint? Now it must be observed, that the stage-direction, *Faints,* is entirely modern; it is not so old as Rowe's edition. The words, 'O me unhappy,' and, 'Look to the boy,' do not imply any fainting. The exclamation of Julia is to draw the attention of Proteus to her story of the rings, after the affair of Valentine and Silvia is completed. But how is that completed, according to the present reading? Silvia has not said one word since Valentine has rescued her from Proteus. This is almost as unnatural as the conduct of Valentine in handing her over to the man who had insulted her. But let us, with an extremely slight alteration, put the two disputed lines in the mouth of Silvia, without changing their place. Valentine has forgiven his false friend:—

> By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

Silvia then has necessarily something to declare. She turns to Valentine, and says,—

> And, that *my love* may appear plain and free,
> All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

In other words, 'That there may be no doubt of my choice, I give thee all that is mine to give—I give thee Silvia;' the sentiment then is the same as in Moore's song,—

> I give thee all, I can no more,
> Though poor the offering be,—

and well becomes a maiden who has forsaken her home. Julia, without reference to Silvia, calls out, 'O me unhappy,'—and, having obtained attention, tells the story of the rings."—KNIGHT.

"This sudden renunciation of his mistress by Valentine is certainly startling, and perhaps unnatural. But we are to consider, that his mind is in the first glow of returning kindness towards his old and dearest friend,

whose peuitence touches him, and whose happiness he believes to require the sacrifice. Such romantic generosity is not uncommon in fiction, and probably not altogether unknown in actual life. One of Goldsmith's best serious essays, called 'Alcander and Septimius,' is founded on a similar incident: whether derived from fact, we are not prepared to say. The editor of the 'Pictorial' edition of SHAKESPEARE offers the very ingenious suggestion, that these remarkable lines should be given to Silvia, and addressed to Valentine; but, on a general view of his character, we have no doubt of the genuineness of the present reading."—*Illust. Shak.*

This is the light in which Charles Lamb and his sister understood the passage, which is thus paraphrased in the "Tales from Shakespeare:"—

"Proteus was courting Silvia, and he was so much ashamed of being caught by his friend, that he was all at once seized with penitence and remorse; and he expressed such a lively sorrow for the injuries he had done to Valentine, that Valentine, whose nature was noble and generous, even to a romantic degree, not only forgave and restored him to his former place in his friendship, but in a sudden flight of heroism he said, 'I freely do forgive you; and all the interest I have in Silvia, I give it up to you.' Julia, who was standing beside her master as a page, hearing this strange offer, and fearing Proteus would not be able with this new-found virtue to refuse Silvia, fainted, and they were all employed in recovering her: else would Silvia have been offended at being thus made over to Proteus, though she could scarcely think that Valentine would long persevere in this overstrained and too generous act of friendship."

It is very likely that the young Poet had intended to expand this idea, which would have been much in the taste of the romantic heroism of the poetry of his age; but that, finding himself too much cramped by the narrow limits left him in the last act, or for some other cause, he was content to leave this slight intimation of his thought as it first occurred to him, without dwelling upon it in detail.

"*Behold her that* GAVE AIM *to all thy oaths*"—Stevens confounded the phrases of to *cry aim* (MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, act iii. scene 2) and to *give aim*, both terms in archery. He who "gave aim" appears to have been called the *mark*, and was stationed near the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the butt. We are indebted to Mr. Gifford for distinguishing the terms.—(*Vide* "Massinger," vol. ii.)—Julia means to say that she was the *mark* that gave direction to his vows.

"VERONA *shall not hold thee*"—"Valentine had only seen Thurio, till now, in Milan, and *Milan* ought, perhaps, to have been the word, and not 'Verona.' However, we may imagine Valentine to be thinking of his native city; and, at all events, it is better to leave 'Verona' as an oversight of the Poet, (duly pointed out,) than to make so violent a change as Theobald adopted when he printed—

Milan shall not *behold* thee, etc.

which quite perverts the meaning of the passage."—COLLIER.

"—*that I have* KEPT WITHAL"—i. e. "With whom I have been living—that I have remained with," explains Collier; from which it would seem that this use of *keep* has become obsolete in England. It is still used, colloquially, in many parts of the United States; and was common in good English writers as late as Pope and Addison.

"—*we will* INCLUDE *all jars*"—Hanmer arbitrarily substituted *conclude* for "include;" but all the old copies agree in the text; and "include" seems used here as Spenser has a similar usage,—"So shut up all in friendly love."

"*With* TRIUMPHS," etc.—This term was applied, in Shakespeare's day, to shows, pageants, and processions of a serious nature.

"It is observable (I know not for what cause) that the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote."—POPE.

"To this observation of Mr. Pope, which is very just, Mr. Theobald has added, that 'this is one of Shakespeare's worst plays, and is less corrupted than any other.' Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, that 'if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere. How otherwise,' says he, 'do painters distinguish copies from originals? And have not authors their peculiar style and manner, from which a true critic can form as unerring judgment as a painter?' I am afraid this illustration of a critic's science will not prove what is desired. A painter knows a copy from an original, by rules, somewhat resembling those by which critics know a translation, which, if it be literal, and literal it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; so, if an author should literally translate his work, he would lose the manner of an original.

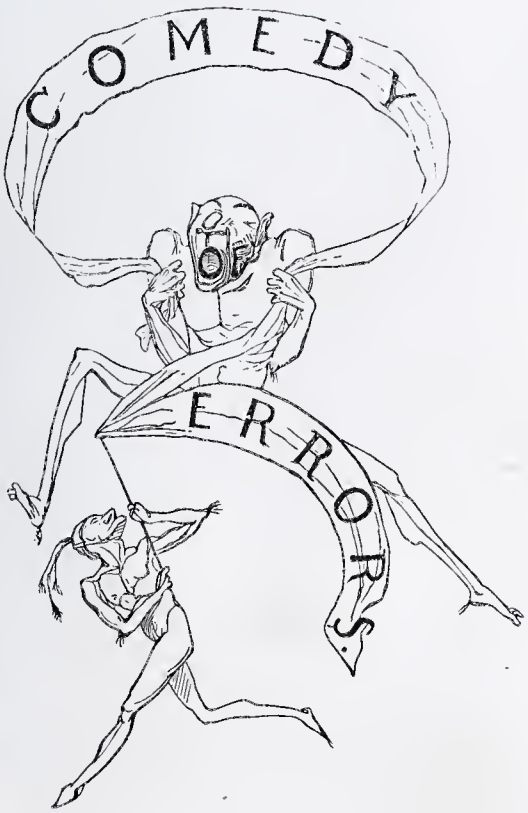
"Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known; but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true, that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent work, by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, some painters have differed as much from themselves, as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

"But, by the internal marks of a composition, we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think, that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakespeare. It is not, indeed, one of his most powerful effusions—it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life; but it abounds in *gnomai*, beyond most of his plays; and few have more lines or passages which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe, that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption only because, being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription."—JOHNSON.

"The TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA ranks above the COMEDY OF ERRORS, though still in the third class of Shakespeare's plays. It was probably the first English comedy in which characters are drawn at once ideal and true; the cavaliers of Verona and their lady loves are graceful personages, with no transgression of the probabilities of nature, but they are not exactly the real man and woman of the same rank in England. The imagination of Shakespeare must have been guided by some familiarity with romances before it struck out this play. It contains some very poetical lines.

"Though this play and the COMEDY OF ERRORS could not give the slightest suspicion of the depth of thought which LEAR and MACBETH were to display, it was already evident that the name of Greene, and even of Marlowe, would be eclipsed, without any necessity for purloining their plumes."—HALLAM.




COMEDY
OF
ERRORS.




COMEDY OF ERRORS
J.W.ORR SC.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT, CHARACTER AND DATE OF THE PLAY.



HERE are about ten or twelve plots of comic incident that have come down to our times from remote antiquity,—some in the narrative form and others in the dramatic,—which are so rich in unexpected or ludicrous situations and circumstances, so fertile in new suggestions and combinations, that they have passed along from generation to generation, through various languages and widely differing forms of society, always preserving the power of interesting and amusing, and affording to one race of wits and authors after another a happy groundwork for their own gayety or invention.

Among these is the story of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, founded on the whimsical mistakes and confusion arising from the perfect resemblance of twin brothers. Plautus is to us the original author of this amusing plot; but it is quite probable that the old Latin comic writer stands in the same relation to some Greek predecessor that the moderns do to him. There are some Greek fragments preserved of a lost play of Menander's, entitled "*Didymi*, or The Twins," which, there is great probability, was the original comedy here adapted by Plautus, as it is known he did other Greek originals, to the Latin stage. The subject became a favourite one among the dramatists of the continent at an early period of our modern literature. A paraphrastic version or adaptation of the *Menæchmus* was, it is supposed, the very earliest specimen of dramatic composition in the Italian language; and in various forms and additions, more or less farcical, the subject has kept possession of the Italian stage. There is also a Spanish version of it about the date of the COMEDY OF ERRORS. In France, Rotrou, the acknowledged father of the legitimate French drama, introduced a free translation or imitation of Plautus's original upon the French stage. La Noble farcified it some years after into the "Two Harlequins;" and finally, Regnard, in a free and spirited imitation, transferred the scene from Asia Minor to Paris, adapted to French manners and habits, clothed his dialogue in gay and polished verses worthy of the rival of Molière, and made the *Menæchmes* a part of the classic French comedy.

Such was the early and wide-spread popularity of this plot, before and soon after Shakespeare's time, which I mention merely as a curious fact of literary history, or, perhaps, of the philosophy of our lighter literature, than as directly connected with Shakespeare's choice of a subject; for, indeed, there is no clear indication that he had recourse to any other original than the Latin of Plautus himself. Of this there was, indeed, a bald and somewhat paraphrastical translation by Warner, which it is possible (though there is little probability of it) that Shakespeare may have seen in manuscript. This was published in 1595, which is later than the probable date of the COMEDY OF ERRORS. There is also evidence of the existence of an old play called "The Historie of Error" which was acted at court in 1576–7, and again in 1582, and is conjectured by the critics to have been founded on the same plot; but this seems a mere gratuitous conjecture, for which no reason but the use of the word "error" in the title has been assigned. That title would rather indicate a masque or allegorical pageant of Error than a comedy of laughable mistakes. There is no resemblance between Warner's translation and the COMEDY OF ERRORS in any peculiarity of language, of names, or any matter, however slight, which could not (like the main plot) have been drawn from the original, by a very humble Latinist. The accurate Ritson has ascertained that there is not a single name, or thought, or phrase peculiar to Warner to be traced in Shakespeare's play. Stevens, and others, maintain the opinion (to which Collier also seems to incline) that the old court-drama of the "Historie of Error" was the basis of the present play, that much of the dialogue, incident, and character is retained, and that Shakespeare merely remodelled the whole, and added some of those scenes and portions which bear their own evidence that they could have come from his pen alone.

All these conjectural opinions, though made with great confidence by several critics, seem to me wholly unfounded. There is no external evidence whatever of the existence of any such play as is alleged to have been incorporated in this comedy, and the internal evidence seems to me equally clear against a double authorship by writers of different times and tastes. The whole piece is written in the same buoyant spirit, with no more pause to its gayety than was needed to add to the interest by graver narrative dialogue. Broad and farcical as much of it is, it has as much unity of purpose and spirit as MACBETH itself. The dramatist used the Latin comedy, (whether in the original or a translation is immaterial on this occasion,) as he afterwards did Hollingshed's history, using the incidents only as the materials of his own invention; and this was done in an unbroken strain of joyous humour, as if the author enjoyed all the while his own frolic conceptions and the puzzle of his audience. Plautus had on

his stage a pair of resembliug brothers, to form the central action of his plot. Such a resemblance, though rare, is not out of the ordinary probability of life. Resemblances, sufficient to puzzle strangers and occasion ludicrous mistakes, are by no means uncommon; while the judicial annals of France (see "*Causes Célèbres*") in the case of Martin Guerre, and of New York in that of Alexander Hoag, (1804,) exhibit a well-attested chain of perplexities arising from such similarity of persou, etc., even surpassing those of the *Menæchmi*, or the Antipholuses and Dromios. Such a resemblance then, however rare, is within the legitimate range of classic comedy as a picture of ordinary social life; and Regnard has treated the subject accordingly in a pure vein of chastised comic wit. But Shakespeare, writing for a less polished audience, and himself in the joyous mood of frolic youth, boldly overleaped these bounds, added to the twin gentlemen of his pages a pair of undistinguishable buffoon servants, and revelled in the unrestrained iudulgence of broad drollery.

Now, to my apprehension at least, all this is done with that continuous and unbroken spirit which could not have been kept up through a patchwork renovation and improvement of some inferior author. But as this evidence of general spirit and style cannot well be analyzed in words, or put into the shape of formal argument, the reader must decide for himself upon the comedy itself, with the reasons here suggested. The opinion of former critics cannot be more briefly or better stated than they have beeu by Mr. Singer:—

"The general idea of this play is taken from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, but the plot is entirely recast, and rendered much more diverting by the variety and quick succession of the incidents. To the twin brothers of Plautus are added twin servants, and though this increases the improbability, yet, as Schlegel observes, 'when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certainly borders on the incredible, we should not probably be disposed to cavil about the second; and if the spectator is to be entertained with mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied.' The clumsy and inartificial mode of informing the spectator by a prologue of events, which it was necessary for him to be acquainted with in order to enter into the spirit of the piece, is well avoided, and shows the superior skill of the modern dramatist over his ancient prototype. With how much more propriety is it placed in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin brothers, whose character is sketched with such skill as deeply to interest the reader in his griefs and misfortunes. Development of character, however, was not to be expected in a piece which consists of an uninterrupted series of mistakes and laughter-moving situations. Stevens most resolutely maintains his opinion that this was a play only retouched by the hand of Shakespeare, but he has not given the grounds upon which his opinion was formed. We may suppose the doggerel verses of the dramas and the want of distinct characterization in the *dramatis personæ*, together with the farcelike nature of some of the incidents, made him draw this conclusion. Malone has given a satisfactory answer to the first objection, by adducing numerous examples of the same kind of long verse from the dramas of several of his contemporaries; and that Shakespeare was swayed by custom in introducing it into his early plays there can be no doubt; for it should be remembered that this kind of versification is to be found in Love's Labour Lost, and in the Taming of the Shrew. His better judgment made him subsequently abandon it. The particular translation from Plautus, which served as a model, has not come down to us. There was a translation of the *Menæchmi*, by W. W., (Warner,) published in 1595, which it is possible Shakespeare may have seen in manuscript; but, from the circumstance of the brothers being, in the folio of 1623, occasionally styled Antipholus *Erotes* or *Errotis*, and Antipholus *Sereptus*, perhaps for *Surreptus* and *Erraticus;* while, in Warner's translation, the brothers are named Menæchmus *Sosicles*, and Menæchmus *the Traveller*, it is concluded that he was not the Poet's authority. It is difficult to pronounce decidedly between the conteuding opinions of the critics, but the general impression upon my mind is that the whole of the play is from the hand of Shakespeare. Dr. Drake thinks it 'is visible throughout the entire play, as well in the broad exuberance of its mirth, as in the cast of its more chastised parts, a combination of which may be found in the character of Pinch, who is sketched in his strongest and most marked style.' We may conclude with Schlegel's dictum that 'this is the best of all written or possible *Menæchmi;* and if the piece is inferior in worth to other pieces of Shakespeare, it is merely because nothing more could be made of the materials.'"—Singer.

This play was never printed during the author's lifetime, although it has been ascertained that it was performed at court as late as 1604. It was first printed in the folio of 1623. As it was clearly an early production, so it was probably one that the author did not care to remodel or improve; but left it in manuscript to go its rounds, as a popular piece for the stage. The text is not very accurately printed in the folio editions, yet, on the other hand, the misprints may in general be easily corrected; and when the precise correction is not very certain, that is seldom very material, as the interest and jest of the scene depend mainly upon the general effect of droll entanglement or surprise, and little is gained or lost by the change or omission of a bold expression or poetical word, often so important in the poet's loftier strains.

Mr. Collier thus states the evidence of the date of the piece:—

"The earliest notice we have of the Comedy of Errors, is by Meares, in his '*Palladis Tamia*,' 1598, where he gives it to Shakespeare under the name of 'Errors.' How much before that time it had been written and produced on the stage, we can only speculate. Malone refers to a part of the dialogue in act iii. scene 2, where Dromio of Syracuse is conversing with his master about the 'kitchen wench' who insisted upon making love to him, and who was so fat and round—'spherical like a globe'—that Dromio 'could find out countries in her:'—

> *Ant. S.* Where France?
> *Dro. S.* In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.

"It is supposed that an equivoque was intended on the word 'heir,' (which is printed in the folio of 1623 'heire,' at that period an unusual way of spelling 'hair,') and that Shakespeare alluded to the civil war in France, which began in the middle of 1589, and did not terminate until the close of 1593. This notion seems well founded, for otherwise there would be no joke in the reply; and it accords pretty exactly with the time when we may believe the Comedy of Errors to have been written. But here we have a range of four years and a half, and we can arrive at no nearer approximation to a precise date. As a mere conjecture it may be stated, that Shakespeare would not have inserted the allusion to the hostility between France and her 'heir,' after the war had been so long carried on, that interest in, or attention to it, in England would have been relaxed."

The date of 1593, placing this among the author's earlier works, corresponds with various other indications of style and versification, and cast of thought, not decisive in themselves. Thus the alternate rhymes in which the courtship of the Syracusian Antipholus is clothed, is in the taste of Shakespeare's earlier poems, and corresponds also with the versification of some of the love-scenes in the first edition of ROMEO AND JULIET, as well as with passages in LOVE'S LABOUR LOST. The long doggerel lines, in which so much of the more farcical part is written, is a vestige of the older versification still used on the stage at the commencement of Shakespeare's dramatic career. This, in various forms of the longer rhythm, had come down through English literature even from Saxon poetry, and had been employed for the gravest subjects, as not unworthy of epic, narrative, or devotional poetry. It had gradually given way, for such purposes, to more cultivated metres, such as are now in use; but was still used in dramatic composition by Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, for all purposes of dialogue, whether grave or gay. Shakespeare (so far as I can trace the subject) seems to have been the first who perceived the peculiar adaptation of these long hobbling measures for ludicrous effect, and who used them for nothing else.

PERIOD OF THE ACTION.

"In Douce's essay 'On the Anachronisms and some other Incongruities of Shakespeare,' the offences of our Poet in the COMEDY OF ERRORS are thus summed up:—'In the *ancient* city of Ephesus we have ducats, marks, and guilders, and the *Abbess of a Nunnery*. Mention is also made of several modern European kingdoms, and of America; of Henry the Fourth of France,* of Turkish tapestry, a rapier, and a striking-clock; of Lapland sorcerers, Satan, and even of Adam and Noah. In one place Antipholus calls himself a *Christian*. As we are unacquainted with the immediate source whence this play was derived, it is impossible to ascertain whether Shakespeare is responsible for these anachronisms.'

"Douce, seeing that the COMEDY OF ERRORS was suggested by the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, considers, no doubt, that Shakespeare intended to place his action at the same period as the Roman play. It is manifest to us that he intended precisely the contrary. The *Menæchmi* contains invocations in great number to the ancient divinities;—Jupiter and Apollo are here familiar words. From the first line of the COMEDY OF ERRORS to the last we have not the slightest allusion to the classical mythology. Was there not a time, then, even in the *ancient* city of Ephesus, when there might be an abbess,—men might call themselves Christians,—and Satan, Adam, and Noah might be names of common use? We do not mean to affirm that Shakespeare intended to select the Ephesus of Christianity—the great city of churches and councils—for the dwelling-place of Antipholus, any more than we think that Duke Solinus was a real personage—that 'Duke Menaphon, his most renowned uncle,' ever had any existence—or that even his name could be found in any story more trustworthy than that of Greene's 'Arcadia.' The truth is, that in the same way that *Ardennes* was a sort of *terra incognita* of chivalry, the poets of Shakespeare's time had no hesitation in placing the fables of the romantic ages in classical localities, leaving the periods and the names perfectly undefined and unappreciable. Who will undertake to fix a period for the action of Sir Philip Sydney's great romance, when the author has conveyed his reader into the fairy or pastoral land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead? We cannot open a page of Sydney's 'Arcadia' without being struck with what we are accustomed to call anachronisms,—and these from a very severe critic, who, in his 'Defence of Poesy,' denounces with merciless severity all violation of the unities of the drama.

"Warton has prettily said, speaking of Spenser, '*exactness* in his poem would have been like a cornice which a painter introduced in the grotto of Calypso.' Those who would define every thing in poetry are the makers of corniced grottoes. As we are not desirous of belonging to this somewhat obsolete fraternity, to which even Warton himself affected to belong when he wrote what is truly an apology for the 'Faëry Queen,' we will leave our readers to decide,—whether Duke Solinus reigned at Ephesus before 'the great temple, after having risen with increasing splendour from seven repeated misfortunes, was finally burnt by the Goths in their third naval invasion;' or whether he presided over the decaying city, somewhat nearer to the period when Justinian 'filled Constantinople with its statues, and raised his church of St. Sophia on its columus;' or, lastly, whether he approached the period of its final desolation, when the 'candlestick was removed out of its place,' and the Christian Ephesus became the Mohammadan Aiasaluck."—KNIGHT.

COSTUME.

"The costume of this comedy must, we fear, be left conventional. The two masters, as well as the two servants, must of course be presumed to have been attired precisely alike, or the difference of dress would at least have called forth some remark, had it not led to an immediate eclaircissement; and yet that the Syracusian travellers, both master and man, should by mere chance be clothed in garments not only of the same fashion, but of the same colour, as those of their Ephesian brethren, is beyond the bounds of even stage probability. Were the scene laid during the classical era of Greece, as in the *Menæchmi*, on which our comedy was founded, the absurdity would not be quite so startling, as the simple tunic of one slave *might* accidentally resemble that of another; and the chlamys and petasus of the upper classes were at least of one general form, and differed but occasionally in colour; but the appearance of an abbess renders it necessary to consider the events as passing at the time when Ephesus had become famed among the Christian cities of Asia Minor, and at least as late as the first establishment of religious communities, (i. e. in the fourth century.)

"We can only recommend to the artist the Byzantine Greek paintings and illuminations, or the costume adopted from them for scriptural designs by the early Italian painters."—MR. PLANCHE, *in* "*Pictorial Shakespeare.*"

* *Mention* is certainly *not* made of Henry IV.: there is a *supposed* allusion to him.



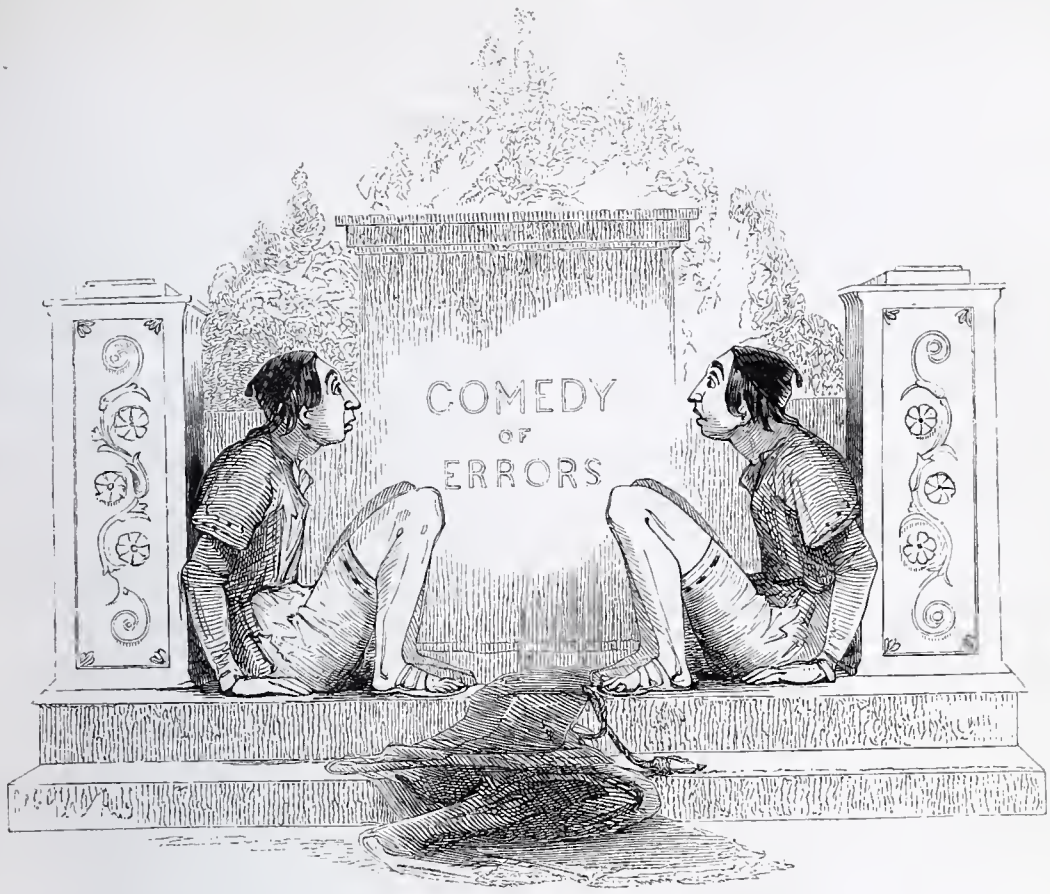
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

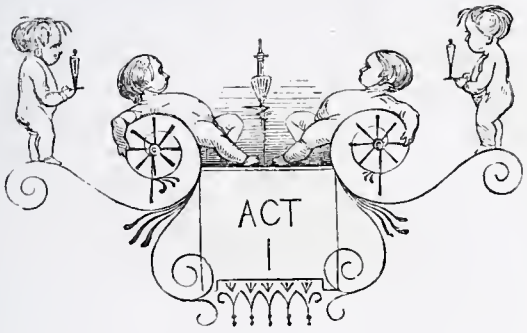
SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.
ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } twin Brothers, and Sons to Ægeon and
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } Æmilia, but unknown to each other.
DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin Brothers, and Attendants on the
DROMIO of Syracuse, } two Antipholuses.
BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.
ANGELO, a Goldsmith.
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse
PINCH, a Schoolmaster and Conjurer.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.
ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA, her Sister
LUCE, her Servant.
A Courtesan.

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

Scene—Ephesus





SCENE I.—*A Hall in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus*, ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracusa*, *Jailer*, *Officers*, *and other Attendants.*

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more.
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,

To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more. if any. born at Ephesus.
Be seen at any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies;
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.
Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
Duke. Well, Syracusian; say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.
Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;

Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy: our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon we came aboard!
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourned for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so,
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock,
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seized on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant (so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him;
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.—
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Public Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O! sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper.
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now.
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come; these jests are out of season:
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner.
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

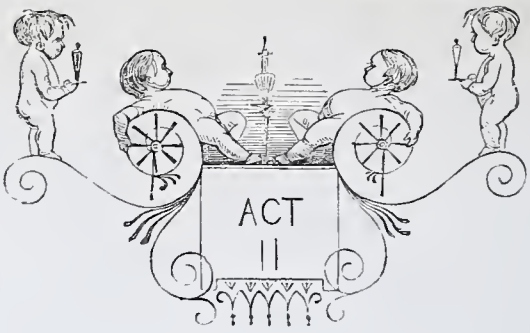
Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave. [*Strikes him.*

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands.
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [*Exit.*





Scene I.—*A Public Place.*

Enter Adriana, *wife to* Antipholus *of Ephesus, and* Luciana *her sister.*

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master?
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O! know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then, let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain;
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—
Here comes your man: now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio *of Ephesus.*

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay; he told his mind upon mine ear.
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; hang up thy mistress;
I know not thy mistress: out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating.
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault; he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage other where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain:
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty: yet though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, an often touching will
Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*



(Ephesus.)

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein.
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use



these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—for urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something, that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric; and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

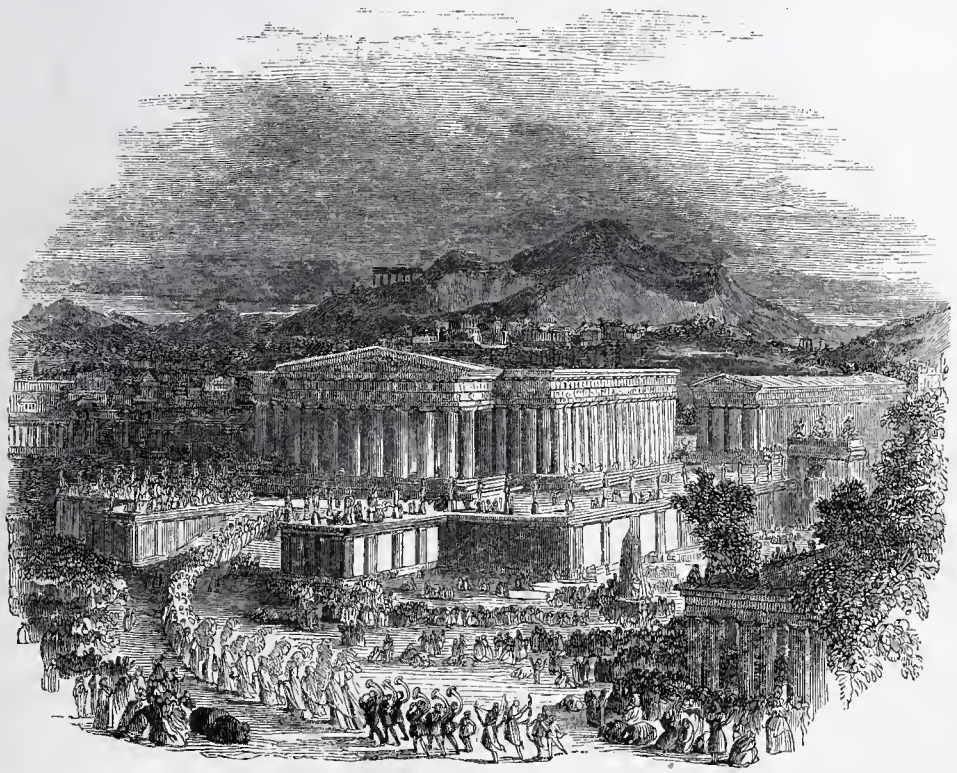
Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers, without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?
Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.
Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.
Dro. S. Sure ones then.
Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.
Dro. S. Certain ones then.
Ant. S. Name them.
Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in 'tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.
Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.
Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en no time to recover hair lost by nature.
Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.
Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.
Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion. But soft! who wafts us yonder?

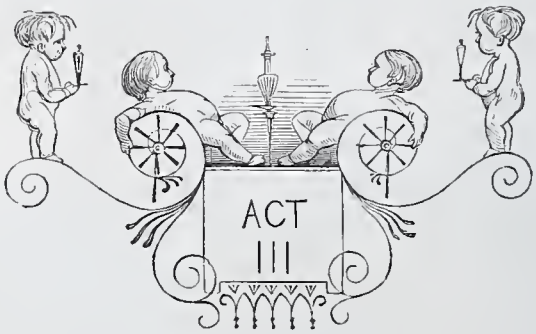
Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'st; and therefore, see, thou do it,
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live disstain'd, thou undishonoured.
Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.
Luc. Fie, brother: how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
Ant. S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. By me?
Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.



(Restoration of the second Temple of Diana, at Ephesus.)

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme!
What, was I married to her in my dream,
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O, spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?
Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her, as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.—
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist, at all adventures, go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*



SCENE I.—*The Same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus*, DROMIO *of Ephesus*, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours.
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home;
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what did'st thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir; but I know what I know.
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.
Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear,
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.
Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: pray God, our cheer
May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.
Ant. E. And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.
Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Gin'!
Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.
Dro. E. What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.
Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.
Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.
Dro. S. Right, sir: I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.
Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not, come again when you may.
Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?
Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir; and my name is Dromio.
Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name:
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.
Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there Dromio: who are those at the gate?
Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.
Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.
Dro. E. O Lord! I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?
Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—when? can you tell?
Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.



Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?
Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.
Dro. S. And you said, no.
Dro. E. So; come, help! well struck; there was blow for blow.
Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luce. Let him knock till it ache.
Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?
Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr. Your wife, sir knave? go, get you from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master: bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou want'st breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in. Go, borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

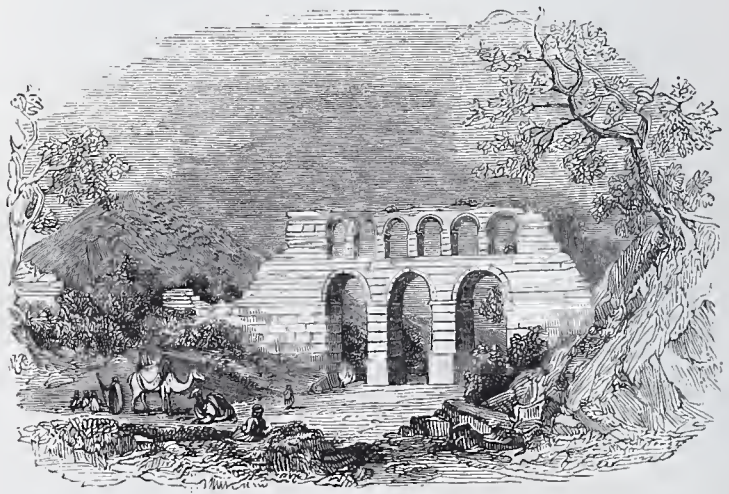
Ant. E. Go, get thee gone: fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O! let it not be so:
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common route,
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet too, gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house. That chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*



(Remains of Aqueduct at Ephesus.)

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter LUCIANA, *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth:
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint:
Be secret-false; what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve,
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again:
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)
Less in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
Luc. What! are you mad, that you do reason so?
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Exit.*

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse, hastily.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where run'st thou so fast?
Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?
Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.
Dro. S. I am an ass; I am a woman's man, and besides myself.
Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.
Ant. S. What is she?
Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.
Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.
Ant. S. What complexion is she of?
Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.
Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.
Dro. S. No, sir; 'tis in grain: Noah's flood could not do it.
Ant. S. What's her name?
Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name is three quarters, that is, an ell; and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.
Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?
Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.
Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.
Ant. S. Where Scotland?
Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness, hard, in the palm of the hand.
Ant. S. Where France?
Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.
Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O! sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O! sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her: told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the road,
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and begone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here,
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir? I bespoke it not.

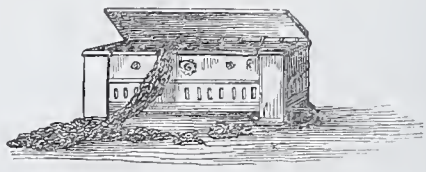
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.

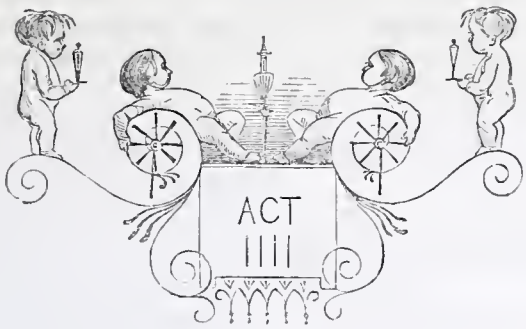
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*





SCENE I.—*The Same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and* DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end, that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a-year? I buy a rope? [*Exit.*

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain,
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me.
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost caract,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then, you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord! you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on: I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me: the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come; you know, I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no?
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do, and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had?
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee: arrest him, officer.—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir. You hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear,
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,

I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim: the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now? a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon.
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats: let her send it.
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant*, ANGELO, *Officer, and* ANT. E.

Dro. S. To Adriana? that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*



(Syracuse.)

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale? or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteor's tilting in his face?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none: the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still:
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk! the purse! sweet, now make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.
Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption? the money in his desk?
Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at;
[*Exit* LUCIANA.
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?
Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?
Adr. What, the chain?
Dro. S. No, no, the bell. 'Tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.
Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
Dro. S. O yes; if any hour meet a serjeant, 'a turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!
Dro. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio: there's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit,
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?
Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?
Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.
Ant. S. I understand thee not.
Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather: the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob, and 'rests them: he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.
Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer?
Dro. S. Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"
Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?
Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.
Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtesan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?
Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!
Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?
Ant. S. It is the devil.
Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, "God damn me," that's as much as to say, "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.
Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.
Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.
Ant. S. Why, Dromio?
Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.
Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*



(Remains of Gate at Ephesus.)

SCENE IV.—*The Same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and a Jailer.*

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger:
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus, with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man: I think he brings the money.—
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Jail. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Jail. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senscless, sir; that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed: you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the Courtesan, and a Schoolmaster called* PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "Beware the rope's end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you; are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home;
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din'd at home! Thou, villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did:—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd:
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome, abject scorn of me;
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and bind ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO.

Adr. O bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company!—the fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Ah me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou, jailer, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Jail. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Jail. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O, most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O, most unhappy strumpet!
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master;
Cry, the devil.—
Luc. God help, poor souls! how idly do they talk.



Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—
[*Exeunt* PINCH *and Assistants, with* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E.
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
Jail. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Jail. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Jail. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, today
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords. Let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Jail. Away! they'll kill us.
[ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and Jailer run out frighted.*

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

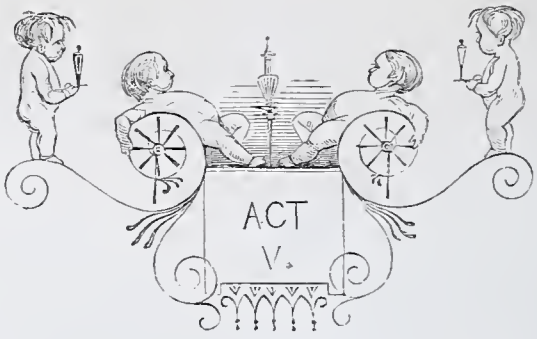
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town: Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.
[*Exeunt.*



('Sing, Syren.')



Scene 1.—The Same. *Before an Abbey.*

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir.
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly: youder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This chain, you had of me: can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think, I had: I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtesan, and others.*

Adr. Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.—
Some get within him; take his sword away.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house!
This is some priory:—in, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt* Antipholus *and* Dromio *to the abbey.*

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad;
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference.
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanc'd it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No; not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in essaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness; for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself,
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approv'd means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit Abbess.*
Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come: we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.



(Remains of the Gymnasium, at Ephesus.)

Enter DUKE *attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,
Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.
Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself.
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool;
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here:
And that is false, thou dost report to us.
Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone.
Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!
Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke! O! grant me justice,
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio!
Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury.
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, did'st thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befal my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal.
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth.
Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates: along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then, altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home

There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever did'st thou draw thy sword on me.
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her, there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess hither.—
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus,
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir?
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. O! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir; but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice? O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull, deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted. But, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbess, with Antipholus *of Syracuse, and* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me!

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea;—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I: I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart: I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see, and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir: I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir: I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you.
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need: thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffered wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and 'till this present hour
My heavy burden undelivered.—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me:
After so long grief such nativity!
Duke. With all my heart: I'll gossip at this feast.
[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess,* Ægeon, *Courtesan, Merchant,* Angelo, *and Attendants.*
Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me.—I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt all, except the two* Dromio *brothers.*
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now, let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*





(Thalia.)

NOTES ON THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"*It hath in solemn synods been decreed,*
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns," etc.

"The offence which Ægeon had committed, and the penalty which he had incurred, are pointed out with a minuteness by which the Poet doubtless intended to convey his sense of the gross injustice of such enactments. In the Taming of the Shrew, written most probably about the same period as the Comedy of Errors, the jealousies of commercial states, exhibiting themselves in violent decrees and impracticable regulations, are also depicted by the same powerful hand."—Knight.

"*Was wrought by nature*"—Not by any criminal intention.

"*Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon we came aboard!*"

With Collier we adhere to the reading of the folios. Almost all the other editors print, on their own authority, thus:—

— I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard;—

The obvious meaning is, that they came "aboard too soon," as a storm immediately followed.

"So *his case was like*"—"So" is the reading of the first folio—not *for*, as in many editions: his case was *so* like that of Antipholus.

"*To seek thy* help *by beneficial* help"—Pope and other editors would substitute *life* for "help," where it first occurs. Stevens recommends *means* for "help," at the end of the line. Collier suggests—

To seek thy *hope* by beneficial help,—

That is, to seek what you hope by beneficial help to acquire—money for your ransom. This is consistent with Ægeon's exclamation just afterwards,—"*Hopeless* and *helpless* doth Ægeon wend," etc. The folios have it as it stands in the text.

Scene II.

"Soon at *five o'clock*"—i. e. About five o'clock. In act iii. scene 2, we have "soon at supper-time." "Soon at night" is a common expression.

"— confounds *himself*"—Is explained by what Antipholus afterwards says,—

So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, *lose* myself;—

as a drop is *lost* in the sea, and *confounded* with the mass of waters.

"*Here comes the* almanack *of my true date*"—i. e. Because he and Dromio were born at the same hour. He mistakes Dromio of Ephesus for his own man.

"*Are* penitent *for your default to-day*"—In the sense of doing penance.

"— score *your fault upon my pate*"—The reference is here to the custom of keeping a score upon a post, instead of entering the item in a book.

"— *is* o'er-raught of"—i. e. Over-reached.

ACT II.—Scene I.

"— *some other* where"—i. e. Somewhere else, as we now familiarly express it. Johnson suggests that we should read "start some other *hare*," and Stevens is for taking "where" as a noun; but no alteration is required. Adriana says afterwards, "I know his eye doth homage other *where*."

"*This* fool-begg'd *patience*"—"She seems," says Johnson, "to mean by 'fool-begg'd patience,' that patience which is so near to idiotical simplicity, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a fool, and beg the guardianship of your fortune."

This would seem a far-fetched interpretation, were it not evident from other dramatic writers, even as late as Congreve, that this abuse of that regal prerogative was a familiar source of sarcastic allusion.

"—*and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce* UNDERSTAND *them*"—i. e. "*Stand under* them. We have the same quibble in the Two GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—'My staff understands me.' Milton does not hesitate to make Belial, 'in gamesome mood,' use a similar play upon words. (See 'Paradise Lost,' book vi. 625.)"—KNIGHT.

"*Am I so* ROUND *with you, as you with me*"—"To be *round* with any one is to be plain spoken; as in HAMLET; 'Let her be *round* with him.' Dromio uses the word in a double sense, when he alludes to the football."—KNIGHT.

"*Whilst I at home* STARVE *for a merry look*"—In Shakespeare's Forty-seventh Sonnet, there is a similar phrase:—

When that mine eye was *famished* for a look.

Also, in the Seventy-fifth:—

Sometimes all full with feeding on his sight,
And, by and by, clean *starved* for a look.

"*My decayed* FAIR"—"Fair" is used for *fairness*, in the sense of *beauty*, by the writers of Shakespeare's time, and by himself in his Sonnets.

"—*poor I am but his* STALE"—"Stale" here means, as Stevens thinks, a pretended wife: the stalking-horse, or pretended horse, behind which sportsmen shot, was sometimes called "a stale." I rather think, with Johnson and Singer, that it is used in the sense of something *cast off*, become stale, which sense is supported by the old dictionaries.

"*Would that alone,* ALONE *he would detain*"—"The meaning is—I wish he would only detain me from the chain alone. The first folio has it, 'Would that alone *a love* he would detain,' which the second folio corrected."—COLLIER.

"—*corruption doth it* SHAME"—In the folio of 1623, this passage stands *literatim* as follows:—

I see the Iewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame.

The passage is evidently so grossly misprinted that it is impossible to ascertain precisely the true reading. All the editors, Pope, Warburton, Stevens, etc., have tried their hands at it. We have followed Collier, not as certainly right, but being probably as near as any. The meaning will then be—I see that the jewel best enamelled will lose his beauty: yet though gold that others touch remains gold, an often touching will wear gold; no man with a name *willingly* shames it by falsehood and corruption.

SCENE II.

"*I must get a* SCONCE *for my head, and* INSCONCE *it too*"—Dromio's joke depends upon the double meaning of "sconce," a head, or, a small fortification. The verb *to insconce* is used in the old poets for "fortifying one's self."

"*May he not do it by* FINE *and* RECOVERY"—In this, (says Knight,) as in all Shakespeare's early plays, and in his Poems, we have the professional jokes of the attorney's office in abundance.

"*That never words were* MUSIC *to thine ear*"—Thus imitated by Pope, in his "Sappho to Phaon:"—

My *music* then you could for ever hear,
And all my words were *music* to your ear.

"*Be it my wrong, you are from me* EXEMPT"—"Exempt" is here used in the sense of *separated* or *parted;* as, in the first part of HENRY VI.:—

And by his reason stand'st thou not attainted,
Corrupted, and *exempt* from ancient gentry?

"*Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine*"—"When Milton uses this classical image, in 'Paradise Lost,'—

— they led the vine
To wed the elm; she, spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable arms,—

the annotators of our great epic Poet naturally give us the parallel passages in Catullus, in Ovid, in Virgil, in Horace. Shakespeare unquestionably had the image from the same sources. Farmer does not notice this passage; but had he done so he would, of course, have shown that there were translations of the 'Georgics' and the 'Metamorphoses' when this play was written. It appears to us that this line of Shakespeare's is neither a translation, nor an imitation, of any of the well-known classical passages; but a transfusion of the spirit of the ancient poets by one who was familiar with them."—KNIGHT.

"*This is the fairy land*"—"In the first act we have a description of the unlawful arts of Ephesus. It was observed by Capell that 'the character given of Ephesus in this place is the very same that it had with the ancients, which may pass for some note of the Poet's learning.' It was scarcely necessary, however, for Shakespeare to search for this ancient character of Ephesus in more recondite sources than the interesting narrative of St. Paul's visit to that city, given in the 19th chapter of the 'Acts.' In the 13th verse we find mention of 'certain of the vagabond Jews, *exorcists;*' and in the 19th verse we are told that 'many of them also which used *curious arts* brought their books together, and burned them before all men.' The ancient proverbial term, *Ephesian Letters*, was used to express every kind of charm or spell."—KNIGHT.

"*We talk with goblins,* OWLS, *and elvish sprites*"—Theobald changed "owls" to *ouphes*, upon the plea that owls could not suck breath and pinch. Warburton maintains that the *owl* here is the *strix* of the ancients—the destroyer of the cradled infant—

Nocte volant, pucrosque petunt nutricis egentes,
Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis.—*Ovid. Fasti*, lib. vi.

"*And* SHRIVE *you*"—i. e. Take confession from you. *Shrift* is confession.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"—*the making of her* CARKANET"—i. e. Necklace: in this instance it means a chain to be worn round the neck.

"—*the doors are* MADE *against you*"—Several editions have altered this, which is the original text, to "the doors are *barred.*" supposing "made" to be a misprint; but "*make* the door" is still a provincial phrase, signifying to "*bar* the door."

"ONCE *this*"—"This expression puzzled Malone and Stevens, who did not perceive that it was elliptical, and meant, 'For *once* let me tell you *this*.' "—COLLIER.

"*And, in despite of* MIRTH, *mean to be merry*"—The meaning is, says Warburton, "I will be merry even out of spite to mirth, which is now of all things the most unpleasing to me."

SCENE II.

"*Not mad, but* MATED"—Those words which follow "mated"—"how, I do not know"—support the notion of Monck Mason, that a play was intended on the double meaning of "mated," as *confounded* and *bewildered*, or, *matched with a wife.*

"*Gaze* WHERE *you should*"—The old copies read *when* for "where."

"—*without he say,* SIR-REVERENCE"—A very old corruption of *save*-reverence, or *Salve reverentiâ!* and used as a form of apology when any thing gross or offensive was said.

"*—that is,* AN ELL"—"Or *a Nell.* This reply has been strangely misprinted and misunderstood by all the commentators: they altered 'is' to 'and,' because they were puzzled by the old punctuation, and because they did not know that 'an ell' Flemish is three quarters of a yard. Dromio merely says, that 'an ell,' or three quarters of a yard, 'will not measure her from hip to hip.'"—COLLIER.

"*— arm'd and reverted, making war against her* HEIR"—Theobald thought, and Malone concurred with him, that Shakespeare, in this passage about France, intended a covert reference to the state of that country after the assassination of Henry III. in 1589, when the people were "making war against the heir" to the throne, Henry IV. In 1591, Elizabeth sent over the Earl of Essex to Henry's assistance, and the conjecture is that the COMEDY OF ERRORS was produced soon afterwards. In this opinion Johnson does not concur, and sees in the passage nothing more than an equivocation respecting the *corona veneris*, a disorder which he supposes Dromio to impute to the kitchen-wench. There can be little doubt that Theobald is right; for if no allusion to the heir of France had been meant, *hair* would, probably, not have been spelt *heire*, as it stands in the oldest copy, though the second folio converts it into *haire*. The words "arm'd and reverted" also would hardly have been employed by Shakespeare, had he not intended more than Johnson saw in the passage.

"*Where America, the Indies*"—"This is certainly one of the boldest anachronisms of Shakespeare; for, although the period of the action of the COMEDY OF ERRORS may include a range of four or five centuries, it must certainly be placed before the occupation of the city by the Mohammedans, and therefore some centuries before the discovery of America."—KNIGHT.

"*— and made me turn i' the wheel*"—i. e. The wheel turning the spit, she being the kitchen-maid. This was the old mode, by a cur-dog, as now in this country they are made to churn. "Steel" and "wheel" seem intended to rhyme, and the elision "i' the," making *in the* one syllable, looks like intended doggerel, as Knight has printed it.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"*Is* GROWING *to me*"—i. e. *Accruing* to me.

"*Enter* DROMIO *of Syracuse*"—'From the Bay," the old copies add, whither his master had not long before sent him, to ascertain whether any vessel was about to sail.

SCENE II.

"*Of his heart's* METEORS *tilting in his face*"—This is an allusion to those meteors which, in superstitious times, were thought to resemble armies meeting in the shock of battle. The same thought occurs in HENRY IV., Part I., speaking of civil wars:—

> Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in the intestine shock
> And furious close of civil butchery.

Milton also finely employs similar imagery in the second book of "Paradise Lost:"—

> As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
> Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
> To battle in the clouds, before each van
> Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
> Till thickest legions close. With feats of arms
> From either end of heaven the welkin rings.

"*—he denied you had in him* NO *right*"—The modern construction would be, "He denied you had in him *a* right;" but this was Shakespeare's phraseology, and that of his time.

"STIGMATICAL *in making*"—That is, *marked* or *stigmatized* with deformity.

"*Far from her nest the lapwing cries away*"—Shakespeare has employed this simile in MEASURE FOR MEASURE, act i. scene 5:—

> With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
> Tongue far from heart.

It was used by many writers, from Chaucer downwards, and became proverbial. Rowley, in his "Search for Money," 1609, has, "This sir dealt like a lapwing with us, and cried furthest off the nest." This quality of the lapwing to cry far from its nest, to lead people away, is well understood.

"*A devil in an* EVERLASTING *garment hath him*"—"Sergeants, such as the one who had arrested Antipholus, were clad in buff, (Dromio just afterwards calls him 'a fellow all in buff,') and, on account of its durability, that dress is here termed 'an *everlasting* garment.'"—COLLIER.

"*A hound that* RUNS COUNTER"—i. e. "The contrary, or wrong way in a chase. The sergeant is said to run '*counter*,' from his carrying debtors to the prison so called."—COLLIER.

"*— and yet* DRAWS DRY-FOOT *well*"—"To 'draw dry-foot' is technical, and means to hunt by the scent of the animal's foot."—COLLIER.

"*One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell*"—i. e. "Carries them to prison (for which *hell* was the cant term) before judgment had been given against them; or, as Malone truly explains it, *upon mesne process.*"—COLLIER.

"*— was he arrested on a* BAND"—"Band" is the ancient mode of writing *bond*, and synonymous with it. Ben Jouson uses it in this sense.

SCENE III.

"*What* HAVE YOU GOT *the picture of old Adam new apparell'd*"—Theobald, and some others, have interpolated this interrogatory by inserting the words *rid of* after "What have you got?" They were not aware that "What have you got?" is still a vulgar phrase for "What have you done with?" or "What is become of?" and they puzzled themselves, and altered the language which Shakespeare thought fit to put into Dromio's mouth. The words, "picture of old Adam new apparell'd," allude to the suit of *buff* in which sergeants dressed officially; referring to the skins which Adam used for attire—a joke very popular among the old dramatists.

"*— he that* SETS UP HIS REST"—"This expression became proverbial, and was applied to a person who took up any fixed position. It was generally used in the card-game of Primero, but here it has immediate reference to the *rest* of the morris-pike, and to the *arrest* by a sergeant."—COLLIER.

"*—than a* MORRIS-PIKE"—i. e. A Moorish pike, a well-known instrument of war.

SCENE IV.

"*— by my* LONG EARS"—Meaning, says Stevens, that his master had lengthened his ears by often pulling them.

"*— welcomed home with it, when I return*"—The writers who maintain Shakespeare's acquaintance with classical literature, against Dr. Farmer and others, insist that this passage alludes to the oft-quoted eulogy of Cicero upon his favourite studies:—"Hæc studia adolescentiam agunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

"*— and bind* ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO"—"And offer to bind him; he strives," is the direction of the old copies; but it is clear, from what follows, that they succeed in binding both. The stage-direction in our text follows Collier, and differs a little from many other editions.

ACT V.—Scene 1.

"— TAKE *a house*"—i. e. Go into a house, as we say "*take* shelter," and as people used to say, "*take* sanctuary," which Antipholus and Dromio do inside "the *priory*," as it is called in the stage-direction of the old copy; but, as a lady abbess presides, it is probably an abbey, not a priory.

"*It was the* COPY *of our conference*"—i. e. *A large part* of our discourse: *copy* is often used in this sense by old writers, from the Latin *copia:* thus, Gosson, in his "School of Abuse," 1579, talks of "*copy* of abuses," or "*abundance* of abuses;" and Cooper, in his Latin "Thesaurus," translates "*copiose et abundanter loqui*," "to use his words with great *copie* and abundance." It was distinguished from *copy*, in its modern sense, by being spelled *copie*, when meaning plenty.

"*Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,*
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair," etc.

Gray, the most exquisite culler and imitator of poetic images, has thus employed these ideas in his "Ode on Eton College:"—

—— Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.
* * * * * *
Lo, in the vale of years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen.

"KINSMAN *to grim and comfortless despair*," etc.

Capell, in order to correct the supposed confusion in the sex of melancholy, reads thus:—

But moody and dull melancholy, *kins-*
Woman to grim and comfortless despair.

Knight compares this to Canning's—

— I studied in the *U-*
Niversity of Gottingen.

While Stevens parallels it with the burlesque on Homer—

— On this, *Agam-*
Memnon began to curse and damn.

"*And at* HER *heels a huge infectious troop*"—So the old copies; Heath and Malone needlessly altered *her* to *their*, when, in fact, only one person is spoken of, viz.: "moody and dull melancholy:" the next line—

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,—

is parenthetical. There is no reason why Shakespeare should not make the personification of melancholy feminine, excepting that he had called her "kinsman" in the preceding line, which yet means no more than near relation, without denoting the sex, just as Portia calls herself—

— the *lord*
Of this fair manor, *master* of my servants,
Queen o'er myself.

Singer proposes to read, just before, "moody madness."

"*To make of him a* FORMAL *man again*"—i. e. To restore him to his senses: to bring him back to the forms of sober behaviour.

"*The place of* DEATH"—The original copy has *depth*, which is followed in the second folio. Rowe made the emendation.

"*At your* IMPORTANT *letters*"—"Important" is used for *importunate*, as in MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, KING LEAR, etc.

"— *by what* STRONG *escape*"—i. e. Escape effected by strength; yet there is some probability that *strong* is a misprint for *strange*.

"*Beaten the maids* A-ROW"—i. e. One after another, *on a row*.

"*His man with scissars* NICKS *him like a fool*"—"Fools," says Malone, "were shaved and *nicked* in a particular manner in our author's time, as appears by the following passage in the 'Choice of Change,' 1598: 'Three things are used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies: 1. They are *shaven* and *notched* on the head, like *fooles*,' etc."

"— *thy master and his man are* HERE"—Meaning that they are in the abbey; the speaker pointing to it.

"*While she with* HARLOTS *feasted in my house*"—*Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men, as well as to wantons among women. Horne Tooke says it originally meant a *hireling*, and derives it from *hire:* it is used only to signify a servant in Chaucer's "Sompnoure's Tale," and in Ben Jonson's "Fox," for a general term of abuse, "out harlot" is applied to the hero of the piece.

"*And this is false you burden me withal*"—He retorts the expression previously used by Adriana.

"*All gather to see* THEM"—Collier restored the stage-direction of the old folios, applicable to the two pairs of twins; while all the other editors, without any reason, substitute *him* for "them."

"*Why, here begins his* MORNING *story right*"—The "*morning* story" is what Ægeon has told the Duke in the first scene of this play.

"*And thereupon these errors* ARE *arose*"—This is the reading of all the folios, but it may be a question whether Shakespeare did not write "these errors *all* arose."

"TWENTY-FIVE *years have I but gone in travail*"—The old copies are read thus:—

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you my sons, and till this present hour
My heavy burthen *are* delivered.

Twenty-five is the correct number; for Ægeon says, in a former part of the play, that he had parted from his son seven years ago, when the boy was only eighteen, making together the "twenty-five years."

There is evidently some error in the next line, which seems best removed by Mr. Collier's slight emendation of "undelivered" for *are delivered* in the last line. The common text reads, on Theobald's conjecture—

— *nor* till this present hour
My heavy *burdens* are delivered.

"*And you the calendars of their nativity*," etc.

These "calendars" are the two Dromios. In act i. Antipholus of Syracuse calls one of them "the almanack of my true date."

"*Exeunt all, exeept the two* DROMIO *brothers*"—The old stage-direction is, "Exeunt omnes. Mane[n]t the two Dromios *and* two brothers." Such may have been the case; but it is more likely that the two Antipholuses went out with Adriana and Luciana, the two Dromios only remaining to conclude the play. I concur with Collier's suggestion that *and* is an error, and should be omitted; and have adapted the stage-direction to that sense.

SCENERY AND LOCAL EMBELLISHMENTS.—The local embellishments of this play, in the present edition, are from those of the Pictorial edition, which are all copied or compiled from the best modern authorities, so as to give authentic representations of the existing remains of ancient Ephesus, and views of the present state of that celebrated city, and of Syracuse.

The engraving of the Temple of Diana, restored, is principally founded upon the descriptions of Pococke, who has given an imaginary ground-plan.

The "Antiquities of Ionia," published by the Dclettanti Society, and the "*Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce*," of M. Choiseul Gouffier, have furnished the authorities for the other engravings of Ephesian remains.

The "Supplementary Notice" of Knight's edition of this play closes with an analysis of the peculiar characteristics of the two pairs of twin brothers, which, though it may be somewhat over-refined, is yet very original and ingenious, and has, too, so much truth in it, that we cannot but transfer it to these pages:—

"Some one has said, that if our Poet's dramas were printed without the names of the persons represented being attached to the individual speeches, we should know who is speaking, by his wonderful discrimination in assigning to every character appropriate modes of thought and expression. It appears to us that this is unquestionably the case with the characters of each of the twin brothers in the COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"The Dromio of Syracuse is described by his master as being—

> A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
> When I am dull with care and melancholy,
> Lightens my humour with his merry jests.

But the wandering Antipholus herein describes himself: he is a prey to 'care and melancholy.' He has a holy purpose to execute, which he has for years pursued without success. Sedate, gentle, loving, the Antipholus of Syracuse is one of Shakespeare's amiable creations. He beats his slave according to the custom of slave-beating; but he laughs with him, and is kind to him almost at the same moment. He is an enthusiast, for he falls in love with Luciana in the midst of his perplexities, and his lips utter some of the most exquisite poetry. But he is accustomed to habits of self-command, and he resolves to tear himself away even from the syren:—

> But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
> I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

As his perplexities increase, he ceases to be angry with his slave—

> The fellow is distract, and so am I,
> And here we wander in illusions.
> Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Unlike the Menæchmus Sosicles of Plautus, he refuses to dine with the courtesan. He is firm, yet courageous, when assaulted by the Merchant. When the 'Errors' are clearing up, he modestly adverts to his love for Luciana; and we feel that he will be happy.

"Antipholus of Ephesus is decidedly inferior to his brother, in the quality of his intellect and the tone of his morals. He is scarcely justified in calling his wife 'shrewish.' Her fault is a too sensitive affection for him. Her feelings are most beautifully described in that address to her supposed husband:—

> Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
> Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
> Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
> Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
> If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
> Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss.

The classical image of the elm and the vine would have been sufficient to express the feelings of a fond and confiding woman; the exquisite addition of the

> Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss,—

conveys the prevailing uneasiness of a loving and doubting wife. Antipholus of Ephesus has somewhat hard measure dealt to him throughout the progress of the 'Errors;'—but he deserves it. His doors are shut against him, it is true;—in his impatience he would force his way into his house, against the remonstrances of Balthazar. He departs, but not 'in patience;'—he is content to dine from home, but not at 'the Tiger.' His resolve—

> —That chain will I bestow
> (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
> Upon mine hostess,—

would not have been made by his brother, in a similar situation. He has spited his wife; he has dined with the courtesan. But he is not satisfied:—

> —go thou
> And buy a rope's end, that will I bestow
> Among my wife and her confederates.

We pity him not when he is arrested, nor when he receives the 'rope's end' instead of his 'ducats.' His furious passion with his wife, and the foul names he bestows on her, are quite in character; and when he has—

> Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,—

we cannot have a suspicion that the doctor was practising on the right patient. In a word, we cannot doubt that, although the Antipholus of Ephesus may be a brave soldier, who took 'deep scars' to save his prince's life,—and that he really has a right to consider himself much injured,—he is strikingly opposed to the Antipholus of Syracuse; that he is neither sedate, nor gentle, nor truly-loving;—that he has no habits of self-command; that his temperament is sensual;—and that, although the riddle of his perplexity is solved, he will still find causes of unhappiness, and entertain—

> —a huge infectious troop
> Of pale distemperatures.

"The characters of the two Dromios are not so distinctly marked in their points of difference, at the first aspect. They each have their 'merry jests;' they each bear a beating with wonderful good temper; they each cling faithfully to their master's interests. But there is certainly a marked difference in the quality of their mirth. The Dromio of Ephesus is precise and antithetical, striving to utter his jests with infinite gravity and discretion, and approaching a pun with a sly solemnity that is prodigiously diverting:—

> The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
> The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
> My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
> She is so hot, because the meat is cold.

Again:—

> I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
> Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
> But not a thousand marks between you both.

He is a formal humourist, and, we have no doubt, spoke with a drawling and monotonous accent, fit for his part in such a dialogue as this:—

> *Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
> *Dro. E.* Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
> *Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?
> *Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.
> *Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
> *Dro. E.* Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

On the contrary, the 'merry jests' of Dromio of Syracuse all come from the outpouring of his gladsome heart. He is a creature of prodigious animal spirits, running over with fun and queer similitudes. He makes not the slightest attempt at arranging a joke, but utters what comes uppermost with irrepressible volubility. He is an untutored wit; and we have no doubt gave his tongue as active exercise by hurried pronunciation and variable emphasis, as could alone make his long descriptions endurable by his sensitive master. Look at the dialogue in the second scene of act ii., where Antipholus, after having repressed his jests, is drawn into a tilting-match of words with him, in which the merry slave has clearly the victory. Look, again, at his description of the 'kitchen-wench,'—coarse, indeed, in parts, but altogether irresistibly droll. The twin-brother was quite incapable of such a flood of fun. Again, what a prodigality of wit is displayed in his description of the bailiff! His epithets are inexhaustible. Each of the Dromios is admirable in his way; but we think that he of Syracuse is as superior to the twin-slave of Ephesus as our old friend Launce is to Speed, in the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. These distinctions between the Antipholuses and Dromios have not, as far as we know, been before pointed out;—but they certainly do exist, and appear to us to be defined by the great master of character with singular force as well as delicacy. Of course the characters of the twins could not be violently contrasted, for that would have destroyed the illusion. They must still

> Go hand in hand, not one before another.

"The myriad-minded man, our and all men's Shakespeare, has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce, in exact consonance with the philosophical prin-

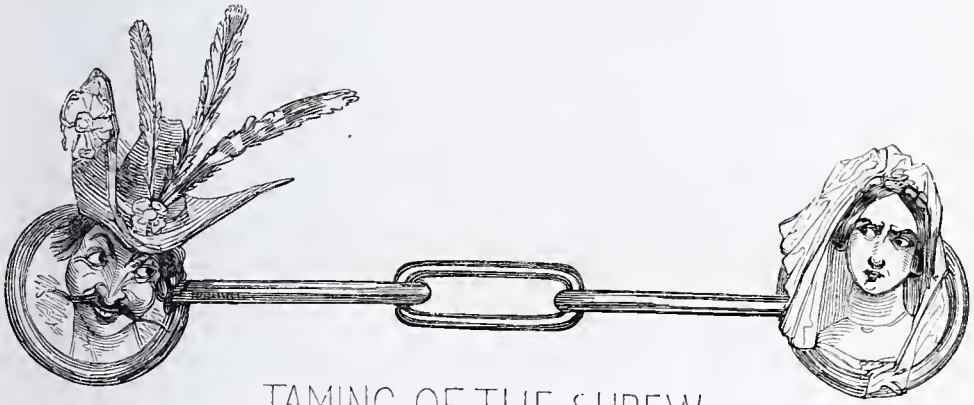
ciples and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable; it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents. *casus ludentis naturæ;* and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate which must be granted."—Coleridge.

"Perhaps Shakespeare, no longer able to restrain his comic humour, gave vent to it in this farce, in a sort of joyous desperation. Regarding it merely as a farce, from the moment the 'Errors' commence, nothing has equalled it. Until I saw it on the stage, (not mangled into an opera,) I had not imagined the extent of the mistakes, the drollery of them, their unabated continuance, till, at the end of the fourth act, they reached their climax with the assistance of Dr. Pinch, when the audience in their laughter rolled about like waves. It was the triumph of farce—of Shakespeare's art in all that belongs to dramatic action.

"Here, it might be thought, that puns could be properly and plentifully introduced, where the twin brothers set the example of personal puns on one another; yet there are few puns to be found. Truth is, the mistakes alone are ludicrous, and the action is serious. To the strange contrast of grave astonishment among the actors with their laughable situations in the eyes of the spectators, who are let into the secret, is to be ascribed the irresistible effect. The two Dromios (Shakespeare's addition, among other matters, to Plautus) form a requisite link between the audience and the *dramatis personæ;*—they invite us to mirth, otherwise we might half subdue it out of sheer principle."—C. A. Brown.







TAMING OF THE SHREW






TAMING
OF THE
SHREW
J.W.ORR.Sc.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

CHARACTER OF THE PIECE, ORIGIN OF THE PLOT, DATE, ETC.



IN preparing the TAMING OF THE SHREW, as we now have it, for the stage, Shakespeare seems to have originally intended nothing more than a revisal or improvement of a play of considerable but very unequal merit, very popular at the time, under the title of "The Taming of *a* Shrew," which he found in possession of the stage, and which was printed in 1594. In retaining the well-known old title, with the whole plot, and all those striking incidents of the action which *tell* most upon the stage, and become most familiar to the public, it was evident that he made no claim to originality, and had no thought of concealing the source of his obligations. But it is as evident that, in the progress of his revision, his busy invention and poetic fancy could not rest contented with the mere corrections and alterations of an editor or a manager; so that he was led to recast and reconstruct the whole story, to change the scene of action from Greece to the Italy of his own times, and to interweave with its incidents some circumstances from a play of Ariosto's, of a similar plot, (the "*Suppositi*,") some time before translated and published (in 1566) under the title of "The Supposes." In doing this, he could not refrain from improving and heightening the humour and interest, by filling the stage with gay and rapid action, and giving more individuality to the characters, such as transforming a common-place serving-man into Grumio—a worthy kinsman of Launcelot Gobbo, Speed, Launce, and the Dromios—yet in no danger of being mistaken for any one of them; and elevating the wife-taming hero (Ferando) of the old play, who is but a coarse and noisy tyrant, into the whimsical and boisterous affectations of the good-natured Petruchio, so well described by Hazlitt as "acting an assumed character to the life with the most fantastical extravagance, with untiring animal spirits, but without a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end."

Finally, he has stamped upon the comedy throughout, and especially in the "Induction," the indelible and unquestionable marks of his own mind, by deliberately rejecting many passages of elaborate and even splendid imagery, such as no poet of that age would have been ashamed of, to substitute other passages and even scenes, of a higher and purer poetry and sweeter melody. These (take, for example, the poetic passages of the second scene with Sly) are, in my judgment, very much in the taste, spirit, and style of the poetry of the MERCHANT OF VENICE, and fix the reconstruction and decoration of the old play somewhere about the same date, (between 1597 and 1601,) after the author had thrown off the peculiar defects of his earlier compositions, and before his style had acquired its later compressed and thought-burdened character, or his mind that habitual tendency to gloomier reflections which casts its shades athwart the most brilliant and glowing conceptions of the middle period of his literary life. On this point, however, the critics differ. Knight refers the remodelling of this piece to a somewhat earlier period, as a task which "Shakespeare would not have undertaken in the 'high and palmy' period of his dramatic career," after the production of his Histories, ROMEO AND JULIET, and several of his most successful comedies. In this view, he agrees with Malone, who places its production as early as 1594. Collier, on the contrary, thus pronounces as to the date:—

"On the question, when it was originally composed, opinions, including my own, have varied considerably; but I now think we can arrive at a tolerably satisfactory decision. Malone first believed that the TAMING OF THE SHREW was written in 1606, and subsequently gave 1596 as its probable date. It appears to me that nobody has sufficiently attended to the apparently unimportant fact that in HAMLET Shakespeare mistakenly introduces the name of Baptista as that of a woman, while in the TAMING OF THE SHREW Baptista is the father of Katharina and Bianca. Had he been aware when he wrote HAMLET that Baptista was the name of a man, he would hardly have used it for that of a woman; but before he produced the TAMING OF THE SHREW he had detected his own error. The great probability is, that HAMLET was written at the earliest in 1601, and the TAMING OF THE SHREW perhaps came from the pen of its author not very long afterwards.

"The recent reprint of the 'Pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissill,' by Decker, Chettle, and Haughton, from the edition of 1603, tends to throw light on this point. It contains various allusions to the taming of shrews; and the old 'Taming of *a* Shrew' was acted by Henslowe's company, and is mentioned by him under the date of 11th June, 1594. One of the passages in 'Patient Grissill,' which seems to connect the two, occurs in act v. sceno 2, where Sir Owen, producing his wands, says to the Marquess, 'I will learn your medicines to tame shrews.' This expression is remarkable, because we find by Henslowe's 'Diary' that, in July, 1602, Decker received a payment from the old manager, on account of a comedy he was writing under the title of 'A Medicine for a curst Wife.' My conjecture is, that Shakespeare, (in coalition, possibly, with some other dramatist, who wrote the portions which are admitted not to be in Shakespeare's manner,) produced his TAMING OF THE SHREW, soon after 'Patient Grissill' had been brought upon the stage, and as a sort of counterpart to it; and that Decker followed up the subject in the summer of 1602 by his 'Medicine for a curst Wife,' having been incited by the success of Shakespeare's TAMING OF THE SHREW at a rival theatre. At this time the old 'Taming of *a* Shrew' had been laid by as a public performance, and Shakespeare having very nearly adopted its title, Decker took a different one, in accordance with the expression he had used two or three years before in 'Patient Grissill.'

"The silence of Meares, in 1598, regarding any such play by Shakespeare, is also important: had it then been written, he could scarcely have failed to mention it; so that we have strong uegative evidence of its non-existence before the appearance of '*Palladis Tamia.*' When Sir John Harriugton, in his 'Metamorphosis of Ajax,' 1596, says, 'Read the booke of 'Taming a Shrew,' which hath made a number of us so perfect that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath her,' he meant the old 'Taming of *a* Shrew,' reprinted iu the same year."

The original play and the reconstruction of it, by Shakespeare, are thus contrasted by Mr. Knight:—

"The 'Taming of *a* Shrew,' upon which the comedy attributed to Shakespeare is undoubtedly founded, first appeared in 1594, under the following title: 'A pleasant conceited Historie called the taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royal Exchange, 1594.'* The comedy opens with an Induction, the characters of which are a Lord, Slie, a Tapster, Page, Players, and Huntsmen. The incidents are precisely the same as those of the play which we must call Shakespeare's. There is this difference in the management of the character of Sly in the original comedy, that, during the whole of the performauce of the 'Taming of *a* Shrew,' he occasionally makes his remarks; and is finally carried back to the alehouse door in a state of sleep. In Shakespeare we lose this most diverting personage before the end of the first act. After our Poet had fairly launched him in the Induction, and given a tone to his subsequent demeanour during the play, the performer of the character was perhaps allowed to coutinue the dialogue extemporally. We doubt, by the way, whether this would have been permitted after Shakespeare had prescribed that the clowns should 'speak no more than what is set down for them.'

"The scene of the old 'Taming of *a* Shrew' is laid at Athens; that of Shakespeare's at Padua. The Athens of the one and the Padua of the other are resorts of learning; the old play opening thus:—

> Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend,
> To Plato's schools, and Aristotle's walks.

Alfonso, a merchant of Athens, (the Baptista of Shakespeare,) has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son of the Duke of Cestus, (Sestos,) is enamoured of one, Polidor of another, and Ferando (the Petruchio of Shakespeare) of Kate, the Shrew. The merchant hath sworn, before he will allow his two younger daughters to be addressed by suitors, that—

> His eldest daughter first shall be espous'd.

The wooing of the Kate of the old play by Ferando is exactly in the same spirit as the wooing by Petruchio in this play; so is the marriage; so the Lenten entertainment of the bride in Ferando's country-house; so the scene with the Tailor and Haberdasher; so the prostrate obedience of the tamed Shrew. The uuder-plot, however, is essentially different. The lovers of the younger sisters do not woo them in assumed characters; though a merchant is brought to personate the Duke of Cestus. The real duke arrives, as Vinceutio arrives in our play, to discover the imposture; and his indignation occupies much of the latter part of the action, with sufficient tediousness. All parties are ultimately happy and pleased; and the comedy ends with the wager, as in Shakespeare, about the obedience of the several wives, the Shrew pronouncing a homily upon the virtue and beauty of submission, which sounds much more hypocritical even than that of the Kate of our Poet. There cannot be a doubt that the latter author had the original play before him; that he sometimes adopted particular images and forms of expression,—occasionally whole lines; but that he invariably took the incidents of those scenes in which the process of taming the shrew is carried forward. There can only be one solution of the motives which led to this bold adaptation of the performance of another, and that not a contemptible production like the 'Famous Victories,' upon which Henry IV. and Henry V. may be said to have been founded. Shakespeare found the old 'Taming of *a* Shrew' a favourite, in its rude mirth and high-sounding language; and in presenting a nearly similar plot to the audience at his own theatre, he was careful not to disturb their recollections of what had afforded them the principal entertainment in what he had to remodel. Infinitely more spirited and characteristic was the drama which he produced; but it would leave the same impressions as the older play upon the majority of his audience. They would equally enjoy the surprise and self-satisfaction of the drunken man when he became a lord; equally relish the rough wooing of the master of 'the taming school;' rejoice at the dignity of the more worthy gender when the poor woman was denied 'beef and mustard;' and hold their sides with convulsive laughter, wheu the Tailor was driven off with his gown and the Haberdasher with his cap. Shakespeare took these incidents as he found them; perhaps, for the purposes of the stage, he could not have improved them."

The story of Christopher Sly, again, is worked up from one of those pleasant old stories which are either founded on facts that have actually occurred in various countries and ages, or have else travelled along from generation to generation, and across the globe, from ancient or eastern tradition or invention.

Mr. Singer has summed up, with his usual perspicuous brevity, much of the curious learning on this subject, collected by the several editors, as well as their leading opinions on the comedy itself:—

'There is an old anonymous play extant with the same title, first printed in 1596, which (as in the case of King John and Henry V.) Shakespeare *rewrote*, 'adopting the order of the scenes, and inserting little more than a few lines which he thought worth preserving, or was in too much haste to alter.' Malone, with great probability, suspects the old play to have been the production of George Peele or Robert Greene.† Pope ascribed it to Shakespeare, and his opinion was current for many years, until a more exact examination of the original piece (which is of extreme rarity) undeceived those who were better versed in the literature of the time of Elizabeth than that poet. It is remarkable that the Induction, as it is called, has not been continued by Shakespeare so as to complete the story of Sly, or at least it has not come down to us; and Pope therefore supplied the deficiencies in this play from the elder performance. They have been degraded from their station in the text, as in some places

* We copy this title from Mr. Collier's "History of Dramatic Poetry." This edition was unknown to the commentators. That of 1606, which Stevens reprinted, has no material variations from this very rare copy.

†There was a second edition of the anonymous play in 1607; and the curious reader may consult it, in "Six old Plays upon which Shakespeare founded, etc.," published by Stevens.

incompatible with the fable and *dramatis personæ* of Shakespeare; the reader will, however, be pleased to find them subjoined to the notes. The origin of this amusing fiction may probably be traced to the sleeper awakened of the 'Arabian Nights;' but similar stories are told of Philip, the good Duke of Burgundy, and of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Marco Paulo relates something similar of the Ismaelian prince Alo-eddin, or chief of the mountainous region, whom he calls, in common with other writers of his time, '*the old man of the mountain.*' Warton refers to a collection of short comic stories in prose, set forth by 'maister Richard Edwards, master of her majesties revels in 1570,' (which he had seen in the collection of Collins, the poet,) for the immediate source of the fable of the old drama. The incidents related by Heuterus, in his '*Rerum Burgund.*,' lib. iv., are also to be found in Goulart's 'Admirable and Memorable Histories,' translated by E. Grimeston, quarto, 1607. The story of Charles V. is related by Sir Richard Barckley, in 'A Discourse on the Felicitie of Man,' printed in 1598; but the frolic, as Mr. Holt White observes, seems better suited to the gayety of the gallant Francis, or the revelry of our own boisterous Henry.

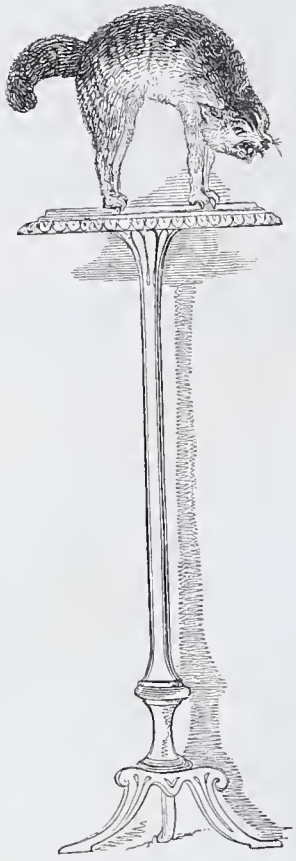
"Of the story of the TAMING OF THE SHREW no immediate English source has been pointed out. Mr. Douce has referred to a novel in the '*Piacevoli Notti*' of Straparola, notte viii. fav. 2, and to '*El Conde Lucanor*,' by Don Juan Manuel, Prince of Castile, who died in 1362,—as containing similar stories. He observes that the character of Petruchio bears some resemblance to that of Pisardo in Straparola's novel, notte viii. fav. 7.

"Schlegel remarks that this play 'has the air of an Italian comedy;' and indeed the love-intrigue of Lucentio is derived from the '*Suppositi*' of Ariosto, through the translation of George Gascoigne. Johnson has observed the skilful combination of the two plots, by which such a variety and succession of comic incident is ensured, without running into perplexity. Petruchio is a bold and happy sketch of a humourist, in which Schlegel thinks the character and peculiarities of an Englishman are visible. It affords another example of Shakespeare's deep insight into human character, that in the last scene the meek and mild Bianca shows she is not without a spice of self-will. The play inculcates a fine moral lesson, which is not always taken as it should be.

"Every one, who has a true relish for genuine humour, must regret that we are deprived of Shakespeare's continuation of this Interlude of Sly, 'who is indeed of kin to Sancho Panza.' We think, with Hazlitt, 'the character of Sly, and the remarks with which he accompanies the play, as good as the play itself.'"

As this play was not printed during the author's life, but appeared first in the folio of 1623, there are no clashing various readings, other than such as have been proposed to correct some evident or probable misprints, which are neither very gross or numerous.





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord - - - - - - - - - -
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker,
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord,
} Persons in the INDUCTION.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of PADUA.
VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of PISA.
LUCENTIO, Son to VINCENTIO, in love with BIANCA
PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of VERONA, a Suitor to KATHARINA.

GREMIO,
HORTENSIO,
} Suitors to BIANCA.

TRANIO,
BIONDELLO,
} Servants to LUCENTIO.

GRUMIO,
CURTIS,
} Servants to PETRUCHIO.

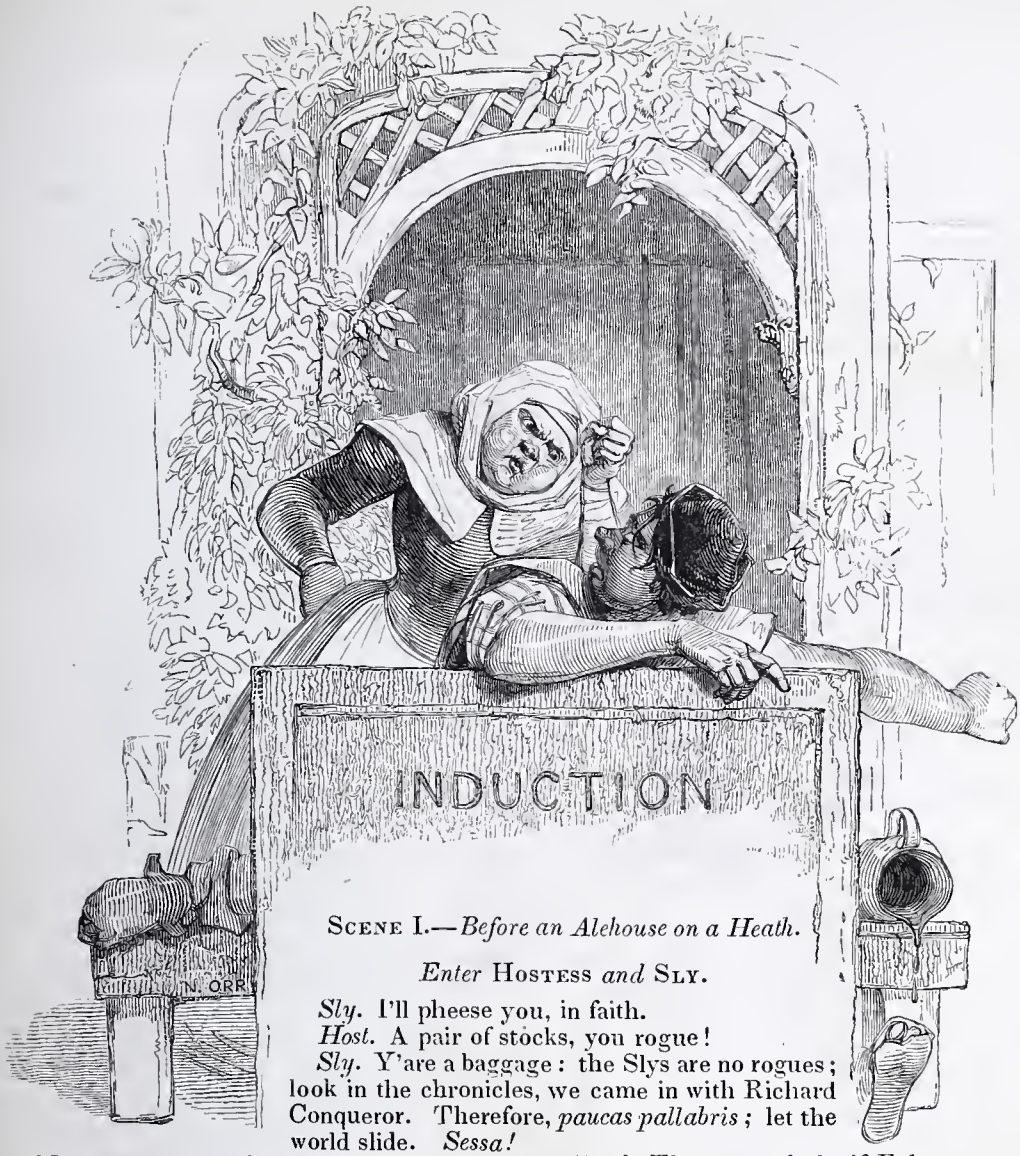
PEDANT, an old Fellow, set up to personate VINCENTIO.

KATHARINA, the Shrew,
BIANCA, her Sister,
Widow.
} Daughters to BAPTISTA.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on BAPTISTA and PETRUCHIO.

SCENE--Sometimes in PADUA; and sometimes in PETRUCHIO's House in the Country.





SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter HOSTESS *and* SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide. *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go, by S. Jeronimy, Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O, monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies.
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest.
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.—
[SLY *is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
[*Exit Servant.*
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
[*To a Servant.*
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.
[*Exit Servant.*
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

SLY *is discovered, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and appurtenances. Enter* LORD, *dressed like a Servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly: call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O! that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by

present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught. Here's—

1 *Serv.* O! this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O! this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord! bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck:
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,



Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak:
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O! yes, my lord, but very idle words;—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.
Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?
Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?
Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord: I am your good-man.
Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.
Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.
Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd. And slept above some fifteen year and more.
Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.
Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not so, until the sun be set,
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.
Sly. Marry, I will let them play it. Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?
Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.
Sly. What, household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of history.
Sly. Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.





ACT I

SCENE I.—Padua. *A Public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being; and my father, first
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time, I study
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me perdonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's ethicks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you:
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. [*To* BAP.] I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis, it is not half way to her heart;
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour, and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master: mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too; may I not?
What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!
[*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool as to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell, but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.
[*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, Tranio! till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness;
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine; I perish, Tranio,

If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.
Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O! yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua, here, Vincentio's son;
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master: then, it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now? where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes,
Or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?
Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?
Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Bion. The better for him; 'would I were so too!
Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio, indeed, had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master, Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio, let's go.—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*
1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.
Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?
Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.
Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'would 'twere done!

SCENE II.—The Same. *Before* HORTENSIO's *House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio! knock, I say.
Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.
Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it:
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.
[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*
Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? *Con tutto il core ben trovato*, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.*
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—"Sirrah, knock me here; rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?" And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge.
Why this? a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua, here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows, but in a few.
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua,
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot



with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough,
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so; why, that's nothing: an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.



Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a school-master
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO, *and* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio: 'tis the rival of my love. Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*

Gre. O! very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand,
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me.—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess.—Take your papers, too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,

As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
Gre. O, this learning! what a thing it is!
Gru. O, this woodcock! what an ass it is!
Pet. Peace, sirrah!
Hor. Grumio, mum!—[*Coming forward.*]—God save you, signior Gremio!
Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.
Trow you, whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress:
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.
Gru. And that his bags shall prove.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well.—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, she is an irksome, brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.
Gre. O! sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange;
But if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.
Gre. Hortensio, hark.
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.
Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled; and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?
Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't he you mean?
Tra. Even he, Biondello.
Gre. Hark you, sir: you mean not her to—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.
Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then, well one more may fair Bianca have,
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head: I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me; insooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed;
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this seek,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O, excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.
Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so.—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*



SCENE I.—The Same. *A Room in* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself
To make a bondmaid, and a slave of me.
That I disdain; but for these other goods,
Unbind my hands I'll put them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O! then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then, you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps.—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd,
[*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What! in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in a mean habit;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a Musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter,
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio: give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir, and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son;
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
Backare: you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O! pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting* LUCENTIO.] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio: pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*To* TRANIO.] methinks, you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.—
Take you [*To* HOR.] the lute, and you [*To* LUC.] the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then, tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands,
And in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume with them:"
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;

Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should? buz—

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.



Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again:
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

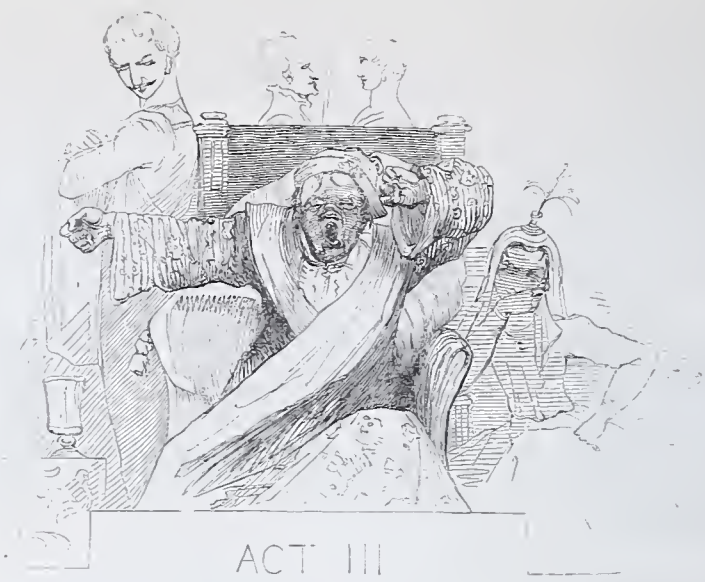
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed.
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on,
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For. by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio. how speed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruchio: she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part.
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O! you are novices: 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your hands:
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA, *severally.*
Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.—
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age, that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:
'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.—
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold:
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
Tra. That "only" came well in.—Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.
Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd.—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.
[*Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*





SCENE I.—*A Room in* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear: you grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then, give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong.
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
[HORTENSIO *retires.*

Luc. That will be never:—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:——

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa.—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. [*Returning.*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. [HORTENSIO *plays.*
O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. [*To* LUCENTIO.] You may go walk, and give me leave awhile:
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside.*] Well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I:*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*
Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best: I am not so nice.
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both: I must be gone. [*Exeunt* BIANCA *and Servant.*

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love.—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—"Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her."

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA, *and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before, and with a half-cheeked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and "the humour of forty fancies" pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd,
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes.
Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, *and* BIONDELLO.
Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exit.*
Tra. But, sir, to love, concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
Tra. And is the bride, and bridegroom, coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed;
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir, Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book,
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."
Tra. What said the wench when he arose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—"A health!" quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo:
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.—
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse!
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself.—
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O, Kate! content thee: pr'ythee, be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house.
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands; touch her whoever dare:
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves:
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* GRUMIO.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast.—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen; let's go. [*Exeunt.*





ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* PETRUCHIO'S *Country-house.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself, for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire: cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast, for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept: the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let

their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsey with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.



Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse.
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir?
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before!

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

"Where is the life that late I led"—

Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

"It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:"—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water here; what, ho!—

Enter Servant, with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence.
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—
[*Exit Servant.*
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water? [*A bason is presented to him.*
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—
What's this? mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.
[*Throws the meat, &c., at them.*
You heedless joltheads, and unmannerd slaves!
What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger:
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient: to-morrow it shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* CURTIS.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed,
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to shew. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Padua. *Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*

Hor. [*Coming forward.*] Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O, despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,
For such a one, as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more: but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women! not their beauteous looks.

Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.
[*Exit* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *advance.*
Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace,
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.
Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?
Tra. Mistress, we have.
Lue. Then we are rid of Licio.
Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.
Bian. He says so, Tranio.
Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

Bion. O master, master! I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Lue. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola.
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir: you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?
Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two;
But then up further, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.
'Tis marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about
Ped. Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy
This will I do, and this I will advise you.
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake,
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should:
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Ped. O! sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand:
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* PETRUCHIO'S *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But, I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That fed'st me with the very name of meat.
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go; get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO *with a dish of meat, and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
Pet. [*Aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
[*To her.*] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy.
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too;
And not till then.
Hor. [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.
Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see 't.
O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hor. [*Aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.
Pet. O, monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st.
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.
Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?
Gru. Thou hast faced many things.
Tai. I have.
Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.
Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.
Pet. Read it.
Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.
Tai. "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown."
Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.
Pet. Proceed.
Tai. "With a small compassed cape."
Gru. I confess the cape.
Tai. "With a trunk sleeve."
Gru. I confess two sleeves.
Tai. "The sleeves curiously cut."
Pet. Ay, there's the villany.
Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.
Tai. This is true, that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.
Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.
Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have no odds.
Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.
Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.
Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!
Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?
Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!
Pet. [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.
Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words.
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*
Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments.
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O! no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV.—Padua. *Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.—
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son, Lucentio,
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness, and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, you son Lucentio, here,
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you know best,
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie, and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome: one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, *Pedant, and* BAPTISTA.

Bion. Cambio!

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's church, is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm.* To the church!—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Public Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name: once more toward our father's.
Good lord! how bright and goodly shines the moon.

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.

An if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say, it is the moon.
Kath. I know, it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun;
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft! company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

[*To* VINCENTIO.] Good-morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.
Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!
Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa,
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.
Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* VINCENTIO.
Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward.
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*





SCENE I.—Padua. *Before* LUCENTIO'S *House.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home: therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and* BIONDELLO.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house;
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go.
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir: so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* VINCEN.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.
[*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!
[*Exit, from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O, immortal gods! O, fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman.

Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir: you mistake, sir. Pray what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master.—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused.—O, monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO *with* LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and Pedant run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to,
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. [*To* LUCENTIO.] But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to; but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* LUC. *and* BIAN.

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *advance.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What! art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* LUCENTIO'S *House.*

A Banquet set out; Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the Pedant*, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and Widow.* TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe.
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore, I'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a better jest or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio;
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me, like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife,
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match! 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word,
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse: she will not come! O vile!
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress; say,
I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA, *and Widow.*

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say, she shall:—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[*To* LUCENTIO.
And, being a winner, God give you good night.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATH.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*





(Wincot.)

NOTES ON TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.—Scene I.

"*I'll* PHEESE *you, in faith*"—In the old "Taming of *a* Shrew" this is printed *fese*. Ben Jonson uses the word in his "Alchemist," and spells it, in his folio of 1616, *feize*. It is the same word, however spelled; and Gifford, a West-of-England man, says that in that part of England it means "to beat, chastise, or humble," etc. See "Jonson's Works," vol. iv. p. 133. Dr. Johnson, on the authority of Sir Th. Smith, "*De Sermone Anglico*," says that it means "to separate a rope, or twist into single threads." Such may have been its original sense, but there is no doubt that it is used figuratively in the way Gifford has explained.

"*Therefore,* PAUCAS PALLABRIS; *let the world slide.* SESSA!"

"*Pocas palabras*" is Spanish for "few words," a phrase common in the time of Shakespeare. "*Sessa*" is the Spanish word *cessa*, cease. It occurs also in the form of "*sessy*," in KING LEAR, act iii. scene 4.

"—*the glasses you have* BURST"—i. e. Broken. John of Gaunt "*burst* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshal's men."

"*Go, by S. Jeronimy*," etc.—This sentence is generally printed, in the majority of modern editions, "Go by, says Jeronimy:—Go to thy cold bed," etc. Theobald pointed out that in the old play of "Hieronymo" there is the expression "Go by, go by." On this authority, Mason altered the "Go by S. Jeronimie" of the original copy to "Go by, *says* Jeronimy." With Knight we retain the old reading, and agree with him that "the tinker swears by Saint Jerome, calling him Saint Jeronimy, 'Go, by S. Jeronimy,' etc."

"—*I must go fetch the* THIRDBOROUGH"—In the original folio this is printed *headborough*, by which mistake the humour of Sly's answer is lost. The "thirdborough" is a name given in old law-books, and in the statute of 23 Hen. VIII., to the officer more generally since called *constable*. The name appears, from a quotation of Ritson's, to be still retained in Warwickshire.

"*I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.* [Lies down on the ground," *etc.*

The older play opens thus:—

Enter a Tapster, *beating out of his doors,* SLIE, *drunken.*

Tap. You whoreson, drunken slave, you had best be gone
And empty your drunken paunch somewhere else,
For in this house thou shalt not rest to-night.
Slie. Tilly vally; by crisee, Tapster, I'll fese you anon,
Fill's the other pot, and all 's paid for, look you.
I do drink it of mine own instigation.
Here I'll lie a while. Why, Tapster, I say,
Fill 's a fresh cushen here.
Heigh-ho, here 's good warm lying. [*He falls asleep.*

The comic part of the original drama is feeble. The more serious portions are better, and not unworthy of Greene, to whom the play is ascribed by Knight and others, with much probability.

The next extract, which immediately follows the above, affords a fair specimen:—

Enter a Nobleman, *and his* Men, *from hunting.*

Lord. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drisling looks,
Leaps from th' antaretic world unto the sky,

And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
And darksome night o'ershades the crystal heavens,
Here break we off our hunting for to-night.
Couple up the hounds, let us hie us home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they have all deserved it well to-day.
But soft, what sleepy fellow is this lies here?
Or is he dead? See one what he doth lack.
Serv. My lord, 'tis nothing but a drunken sleep:
His head is too heavy for his body,
And he hath drunk so much that he can go no further.
Lord. Fie, how the slavish villain stinks of drink!
Ho, sirrah, arise! What, so sound asleep?—
Go take him up, and bear him to my house,
And bear him easily, for fear he wake;
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the board,
And put my richest garments on his back,
Then set him at the table in a chair;
When that is done, against he shall awake,
Let heavenly music play about him still.—
Go two of you away, and bear him hence,
And then I 'll tell you what I have devised.
[*Exeunt two, with* SLIE.
Now take my cloak, and give me one of yours:
All fellows now, and see you take me so:
For we will wait upon this drunken man,
To see his countenance when he doth awake
And find himself clothed in such attire,
With heavenly music sounding in his ears.
And such a banquet set before his eyes;
The fellow sure will think he is in heaven;
But we will be about him when he wakes;
And see you call him lord at every word;
And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad;
And thou his hawk, and hounds to hunt the deer;
And I will ask what suit he means to wear;
And whatsoe'er he saith, see you do not laugh,
But still persuade him that he is a lord.

"BRACH *Merriman,—the poor cur is* EMBOSS'D," etc.

"In LEAR, act. iii. scene 5, Shakespeare uses the word 'brach' as indicating a dog of a particular species, or elass:—

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, *brach* or lym.

But he in other places employs it in the way indicated in an old book on sports, called 'The Gentleman's Recreation:'—'A *brach* is a *mannerly name* for all hound bitches.' The Lord is pointing out one of his pack—'Brach Merriman'—adding, 'the poor cur is *emboss'd*,' that is, swollen by hard running. Ritson, however, would read—'*Bathe* Merriman,' and Hanmer—'*Lecch* Merriman.'"—KNIGHT.

"A dog, when strained with hard running, will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *embossed*." T. WARTON.

"*And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams,*" etc.

"The sentence is left imperfect," observes Blackstone, "because the Lord does not know what to call him,—as if he had said, 'when he says he is *so* and *so*.'" Hanmer would insert *poor*, and Johnson *Sly*, although the Lord could not know the name of the beggar. No change is necessary, and the metre of the line is perfect as it stands.

Thus the editors generally; yet there is some probability in the correction suggested by the typographical experience of Z. Jackson:—"And *what* he says he is, say that he dreams," which corresponds with the First Huntsman's reply:—

— he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than *what* we say he is.

SCENE II.

"SLY *is discovered*," etc.—"The old stage-direction is, 'Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants,' etc.; the meaning of which is, that Sly and those about him were represented in a balcony at the back of the stage, whence they were to witness the performance of the actors. Such appears to have been invariably the case when 'a play within a play' was represented in the old theatres; the reverse of our modern practice, where the play within a play is exhibited on a raised platform at the back of the stage, and the actors in the main play are in front."—COLLIER.

"*For God's sake, a pot of* SMALL ALE"—This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers' Company for the year 1558:—"For a stande of small ale." It is supposed to be the same liquor as is now called small beer; no mention being made of the last in the same accounts, though "duble berc" and "duble ale" are frequently recorded. Sly subsequently reverts to his first request:—"Once again, a pot o' the smallest ale." Its thinness, which might have been an objection on the preceding day, is now its most desirable quality to the parched palate of the recovering drunkard.

"*— by transmutation a* BEAR-HERD"—i. e. Bearward, or keeper of bears for baiting.

"*Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot*"—Doubtless, Marian Hacket was living and well known at Wincot, about four miles from Stratford-upon-Avon, about the time this play was written. Afterwards, "Cicely Hacket" is spoken of by one of the servants.

"*What! I am not* BESTRAUGHT"—"Bestraught" was used by Warner, and also Lord Surrey. It is explained by Minshew as synonymous with *distraught*, or *distracted*.

"*—nor* CHRISTOPHER *Sly*"—The modern editions print this *Christophero*, to make out the metre. I have preferred retaining the old reading, because it marks a change in pronunciation; "Christopher" having anciently the accent on the syllable before the last.

"*—present her at the* LEET"—i. e. At the court-leet or manor-court, which had special jurisdiction over innholders and abuses in selling liquor by other measures than the *sealed* or licensed quarts.

"*— and old* JOHN NAPS OF GREECE"—Blackstone suggested that we ought to read, *o' the Green*, instead "of Greece;" and it is the more probable, as *green* was formerly almost invariably spelled with a final *e*. "John Naps of Greece" seems nonsense, notwithstanding Stevens shows "a hart of greece," or grease, meant a fat hart; and hence he argues that it was only a mode of calling John Naps a fat man.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

"*To see fair Padua, nursery of arts*," etc.

"During the ages when books were scarce and seminaries of learning few, men of accomplishment in literature, science, and art, crowded into cities which were graced by universities. Nothing could be more natural and probable than that a tutor, like Licio, should repair to Padua from Mantua:—

His name is Licio, born in Mantua—

or, a student, like Lucentio, from Pisa,—

— as he that leaves
The shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,—

or, 'a Pedant,' (act iv. scene 2,) turning aside from the road to 'Rome and Tripoly,' to spend 'a week or two' in the great 'nursery of arts' of the Italian peninsula. The University of Padua was in all its glory in Shakespeare's day; and it is difficult to those who have explored the city to resist the persuasion that the Poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its 'ingenious studies.' There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play; and the visitor of to-day sees other Lucentios and Tranios in the knots of students who meet and accost in the 'public places,' and the servants who buy in the market; while there may be many an accomplished Bianca among the citizens' daughters who take their walks along the arcades of the venerable streets. Influences of learning, love, and mirth, are still abroad in the place, breathing as they do in the play.

"The University of Padua was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, early in the thirteenth century, and was, for several hundred years, a favourite resort of learned men. Among other great personages, Petrarch, Galileo, and

Christopher Columbus studied there. The number of students was once (we believe in Shakespeare's age) eighteen thousand. Now that universities have multiplied, none are so thronged; but that of Padua still numbers from fifteen hundred to twenty-three hundred. Most of the educated youth of Lombardy pursue their studies there, and numbers from a greater distance. 'The mathematics' are still a favourite branch of learning, with some 'Greek, Latin, and other languages;' also natural philosophy and medicine. History and morals, and consequently politics, seem to be discouraged, if not omitted. The aspect of the University of Padua is now somewhat forlorn, though its halls are respectably tenanted by students. Its mouldering courts and dim staircases are thickly hung with the heraldic blazonry of the pious benefactors of the institution. The number of these coats-of-arms is so vast as to convey a strong impression of what the splendour of this seat of learning must once have been."—KNIGHT.

"—*fruitful Lombardy,*
The pleasant garden of great Italy."

"The rich plain of Lombardy is still like 'a pleasant garden,' and appears as if it must ever continue to be so, sheltered as it is by the vast barrier of the Alps, and fertilized by the streams which descend from their glaciers. From the walls of the Lombard cities, which are usually reared on rising grounds, the prospects are enchanting, presenting a fertile expanse, rarely disfigured by fences, intersected by the great Via Æmilia—one long avenue of mulberry trees; gleaming here and there with transparent lakes, and adorned with scattered towns, villas, and churches, rising from among the vines. Corn, oil, and wine, are everywhere ripening together; and not a speck of barrenness is visible, from the northern Alps and eastern Adriatic, to the unobstructed southern horizon, where the plain melts away in sunshine." KNIGHT.

"MY *trusty servant*"—So the folio. The word has been changed by some editors to *most*.

"—*and* HAPLY *institute*"—"In the modern editions, 'haply' is misprinted *happily*, which is a distinct word, with a different etymology. 'Haply' means *perhaps*, and not *fortunately*. So, at the end of the first scene of the Induction, the Lord says—

—*haply*, my presence
May well abate, etc.

In both cases, the line requires a word of two and not of three syllables. When the line requires that 'haply' should be pronounced as a trisyllable, it was generally spelled 'happily.' Act iv. scene 4, of this comedy affords examples of 'happily' used in both senses."—COLLIER.

"*Gave me my being; my father, first*
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii."

This is the original folio reading, and though not without obscurity, may well be understood and intended to say thus—"My father, who is firstly a merchant of the highest class, is also a noble, Vincentio, descended from the illustrious Bentivolii. It shall, therefore, become his son, myself, to deck that name and fortune with virtuous acts." Few of the later editors, however, are satisfied with this reading and explanation, and they adopt Hanmer's emendation—"Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii," as meaning, that "Pisa gave me being, and before me my father, that father descended of the Bentivolii."

"ME PERDONATO"—"*Me Pardonato*" is the original text, for which Stevens and Malone say that we should read *Mi Pardonate;* and this emendation has been generally adopted. We retain the old text, with the change of a letter, for the reason well stated by Mr. C. Armitage Brown, who thus objects to *Mi Pardonate*:—

"Indeed we should read no such thing as two silly errors in two common words. Shakespeare may have written *Mi perdoni*, or *Perdonatemi;* but why disturb the text further than by changing the syllable *par* into *per?* It then expresses, (instead of *pardon me,*) *me being pardoned;* and is suitable both to the sense and the metre—

Me perdonato,—gentle master mine."

"*Or so devote to Aristotle's* ETHICKS"—The original text has "Aristotle's *checks*," which Knight and other editors retain. There is no very evident sense of *checks* which will suit the context, and therefore Judge Blackstone considered this as a misprint or error of a copyist for "ethicks;" which supposition is right. The error is natural for a copyist or compositor, and the context supports the correction. Tranio, speaking of the sciences, runs over the circle of them according to the familiar division of the times, and speaks of logic, rhetoric, music, poetry, mathematics, metaphysics; and "ethicks" would follow of course in such an enumeration. Besides, Aristotle's "Ethicks" were familiar to the stage, for Ben Jonson mentions them in his "Silent Woman."

"BALK *logic*"—This word of the original was changed into *talk*, by Rowe, and is adopted in most editions, except those of Knight and Singer. "Balk" seems to me used in its primitive sense, "to pass over; to leave untouched;" and Tranio means—Leave logic alone with your acquaintance, and talk rhetoric with them, etc.

"*To make a* STALE *of me*"—"She means, 'Do you intend to make a *strumpet* of me among these *companions?*' But the expression seems to have a quibbling allusion to the chess term of *stale-mate*. So in Bacon's 'Twelfth Essay'—'They stand like a *stale* at chess, where it is no *mate*, but yet the game cannot stir.' Shakespeare sometimes uses 'stale' for a *decoy*, as in the second scene of the third act of this play."—SINGER.

"*A pretty* PEAT!"—"Peat or pet," says Johnson, "is a word of endearment, from *petit*, little."

"—*for to* CUNNING *men*"—i. e. Knowing, learned. "Cunning," or *conning*, was originally knowledge, or skill; and is so used in our translation of the Bible. Shakespeare, in general, uses "cunning" in the modern sense, as in LEAR:—

Time shall unfold what plaited *cunning* hides.

But, in this play, the adjective is used in two other instances in its older sense:—

Cunning in music, and the mathematics.
—*cunning* in Greek, Latin, and other languages.

"THEIR *love is not so great*"—"It seems that we should read '*Your* love:' yr in old writing, stood for either *their* or *your*. If 'their' love be right, it must mean—The goodwill of Baptista and Bianca towards us."—MALONE.

"*I will* WISH *him to her father*"—i. e. I will *recommend* him: to wish was often used in this sense. In act i. scene 2, of this play, Hortensio says, "And *wish* thee to a shrewd ill-favoured wife."

"*Happy man be his* DOLE"—A proverbial expression. "Dole" is any thing dealt out or distributed. The phrase is equivalent to "happy man be his *lot* or *portion*."

"*He that runs fastest gets the* RING"—"An allusion," as Douce remarks, "to the sport of running at the *ring*."

"REDIME TE CAPTUM," etc.—This line is in Lily's "Grammar," and, as Dr. Farmer observes, it is quoted as it stands in the Grammar, and not as in TERENCE.

"*Because she* WILL *not be annoy'd with suitors*"—Thus the old folios; the meaning being, that Bianca *wishes* not to be fruitlessly annoyed with suitors. Rowe, and other editors, substituted *shall* for "will."

"BASTA; *content thee*"—i. e. *Enough;* Italian and Spanish. The same word is used by Beaumont and Fletcher.

"— *and* PORT, *and servants*"—i. e. State, or show. Thus, in the MERCHANT OF VENICE:—

And the magnificoes of greatest *port*.

"— COLOUR'D *hat and cloak*"—"Fashions have now changed. Servants formerly wore clothes of sober hue; black or sad colour: their masters bore about the hues of the rainbow in their doublets and mantles, and hats and feathers. Such gay vestments were called emphatically *coloured*."—KNIGHT.

"*My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play*"—The old stage-direction before these interlocutions is, "The Presenters above speak;" meaning, Sly, the attendants, etc., in the balcony. Afterwards, before the next scene, the marginal direction is, "They sit and mark."

SCENE II.

"— *two and thirty,—a* PIP *out?*"—"This passage has escaped the commentators; yet it is more obscure than many they have explained. Perhaps it was passed over because it was not understood? The allusion is to the old game of 'Bone-ace,' or 'One-and-thirty.' A 'pip' is a spot upon a card. The old copy has it *peepe*. The same allusion is in Massinger's 'Fatal Dowry,' act ii. scene ii.:—'You think, because you served my lady's mother [you] are *thirty-two* years old, which is a *pip out*, you know.' There is a secondary allusion (in which the joke lies) to a popular mode of inflicting punishment upon certain offenders. For a curious illustration of this, the reader may consult Florio's 'Italian Dictionary,' in v. *Trentuno*."—SINGER.

"— *what* HE 'LEGES *in Latin*"—Grumio is supposed to mistake Italian for Latin; for though Italian were his native language, as Monck Mason observes, he speaks English, and Shakespeare did not mean to treat him otherwise than as an Englishman. Tyrwhitt's suggestion for reading *be leges*, instead of "he 'leges," is, however, ingenious.

"*Where small experience grows, but in a few.*"

With Collier we preserve the old reading, the meaning being, that only a few have the power to gain much experience at home. The common reading is, "But in a few," meaning, as Johnson says, "in a few words—in short."

"*Be she as foul as was Florentius' love*"—The story of Florentius, or Florent, is told in Gower's "*Confessio Amantis*," lib. i.; and also in Lupton's "Thousand Notable Things," the earliest edition of which was printed in 1586. Florentius married over-night, for the sake of wealth, and next morning found his wife—

— the lothest wighte
That ever man caste on his eye.

"*Were she as rough*
As are the swelling Adriatic seas."

"The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by 'the swelling Adriatic seas,' which pour over into the Lagunes."—KNIGHT.

"— *or an* AGLET-*baby*"—*Aglets*, or properly *aiguillettes*, Fr., were the ends or tags of the strings used to fasten or sustain dress. In the "Twenty-fifth Coventry Play," edited by Mr. Halliwell, the Devil, disguised as a gallant, says that he has—

Two doseyn poyntys of cheverelle, the *aglottes* of sylver feyn.

These aglets not unfrequently represented figures; and hence Grumio's joke about "an aglet-baby."

"— *he'll rail in his* ROPE-TRICKS"—A blunder on the part of Grumio for *rhetorics*. Sir T. Hanmer substituted *rhetoric*, not seeing the joke.

"*Rope*-tricks," says Seymour, "seems to tally with the modern vulgar phrase—"*gallows*-tricks."

"— *eyes to see withal than a* CAT"—The learned efforts to explain this seem to be lost labour. Mr. Boswell justly remarks, "that nothing is more common in ludicrous or playful discourse than to use a comparison where no resemblance is intended."

"— *half so great a blow to* THE EAR"—The old copies have *to hear*; which, with Hanmer, Stevens, and others, I think is a natural misprint for "the car,"—a more probable as well as poetical phrase, and one familiar to the Poet: as, in KING JOHN—

Our *ears* are cudgelled; not a word of his
But buffets, etc.

"— FEAR *boys with* BUGS"—i. e. *Frighten* boys with hobgoblins. Douce has given us a curious passage from Mathews's Bible, Psalm xci. 5, "Thou shalt not nede to be afraied for any *bugs* by night." The English name of the *punaise* was not applied till late in the seventeenth century, and is evidently metaphorical.

"*Hark you, sir: you mean not her to—*"

In the old copies there is a dash after "to," as if Gremio were interrupted by Tranio, who appears to have anticipated that Gremio meant to conclude by the word *woo*.

"AND *if you break the iee, and do this* SEEK"—Rowe substituted *feat* for "seek," but unnecessarily. Tranio refers to Petruchio's enterprise to "seek" and "achieve the elder." Modern editors have here abandoned the ancient authorities. "And do this seek" is equivalent to "and do this *one* seek."

"—*we all rest generally* BEHOLDING"—"Such was the language of the time, though modern editors have substituted *beholden*. Shakespeare employs the active participle, and it was the universal practice of his contemporaries."—COLLIER.

"*Please ye we may* CONTRIVE *this afternoon*"—i. e. Spend the afternoon, or wear out the afternoon: from the Latin *contero*. The word is used in this sense in the novel of "Romeo and Juliet," in Painter's "Palace of Pleasure:"—"Juliet, knowing the fury of her father, etc., retired for the day into her chamber, and *contrived* that whole night more in weeping than sleeping."

"*And do as* ADVERSARIES *do in* LAW"—"By 'adversaries in law,' our author meant, not suitors, but *barristers*; who, however warm in their opposition to each other in the courts, live in greater harmony and friendship in private than those of any other of the liberal professions. Their clients seldom 'eat and drink with their adversaries as friends.'"—MALONE.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"*For shame, thou* HILDING"—A mean-spirited person.

"BACKARE: *you are marvellous forward*"—This is a word of doubtful etymology and frequent occurrence: it is possibly only a corruption of "Back there!" for it is always used as a reproof to over-confidence. In "Ralf Roister Doister," act i. scene 2, we meet with it:

Ah, sir! Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow.

And this expression is introduced by old John Heywood into his "Proverbs." The mode of employing the word is uniform.

"*And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.*"

"It is not to be supposed that the daughters of Baptista were more learned than other ladies of their city and their time.

"Under the walls of universities, then the only centres of intellectual light, knowledge was shed abroad like sunshine at noon, and was naturally more or less enjoyed by all. At the time when Shakespeare and the Univer-

sity of Padua flourished, the higher classes of women were not deemed unfitted for a learned education. Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, the daughters of Sir Thomas More, and others, will at once occur to the reader's recollection in proof of this. 'Greek, Latin, and other languages,' 'the mathematics,' and 'to read philosophy,' then came as naturally as 'music' within the scope of female education. Any association of pedantry with the training of the young ladies of this play is in the prejudices of the reader, not in the mind of the Poet."—KNIGHT.

"*As morning roses newly* WASH'D *with dew*"—Milton has honoured this fine image by adopting it in his "*Il Allegro*:"—

And fresh-blown roses *wash'd* in dew.

"*Good-morrow, Kate, for that 's your name, I hear.*"

This is founded upon a similar scene in the old play. Our readers may compare Shakespeare and his predecessor:—

"*Alf.* Ha, Kate, come hither, wench, and list to me:
Use this gentleman friendly as thou canst.
Fer. Twenty good-morrows to my lovely Kate.
Kate. You jest, I am sure; is she yours already?
Fer. I tell thee, Kate, I know thou lov'st me well.
Kate. The devil you do! who told you so?
Fer. My mind, sweet Kate, doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marry bonny Kate.
Kate. Was ever seen so gross an ass as this?
Fer. Ay, to stand so long, and never get a kiss.
Kate. Hands off, I say, and get you from this place;
Or I will set my ten commandments in your face.
Fer. I prithee do, Kate; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better, for I would have thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for fear it reach your ear.
Fer. No, Kate, this hand is mine, and I thy love.
Kate. I'faith, sir, no, the woodcock wants his tail.
Fer. But yet his bill will serve if the other fail.
Alf. How now, Ferando? what, my daughter?
Fer. She 's willing, sir, and loves me as her life.
Kate. 'Tis for your skin, then, but not to be your wife.
Alf. Come hither, Kate, and let me give thy hand
To him that I have chosen for thy love,
And thou to-morrow shalt be wed to him.
Kate. Why, father, what do you mean to do with me,
To give me thus unto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?
[*She turns aside and speaks.*
And yet I will consent and marry him,
(For I, methinks, have liv'd too long a maid,)
And match him too, or else his manhood's good.
Alf. Give me thy hand; Ferando loves thee well,
And will with wealth and ease maintain thy state.
Here, Ferando, take her for thy wife,
And Sunday next shall be our wedding-day.
Fer. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man?
Father, I leave my lovely Kate with you,
Provide yourselves against our marriage-day,
For I must hie me to my country house
In haste, to see provision may be made
To entertain my Kate when she doth come.
Alf. Do so; come, Kate, why dost thou look
So sad? Be merry, wench, thy wedding-day 's at hand;
Son, fare you well, and see you keep your promise.
[*Exit* ALFONSO *and* KATE."

"*Should be? should? buz*"—This has been ordinarily printed—

Should be? Should buz.

We follow the original with Knight, understanding with him, "buz" to be an interjection of ridicule; as, in HAMLET:—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.
Ham. Buz, buz.

"—*you crow too like a* CRAVEN"—"A 'craven' cock, and a 'craven' knight were each contemptible. The knight who had *craven*, or craved, life from an antagonist, was branded with the name which he had uttered in preferring safety to honour. The terms of chivalry and cock-fighting were synonymous in the feudal times, as those of the cock-pit and the boxing-ring are equivalent now. *To show a white feather* is now a term of pugilism, derived from the ruffled plumes of the frightened bird."—KNIGHT.

"*And bring you from a* WILD KATE *to a Kate*
Conformable, as other household Kates."

This is the original text. Doubtless, a play on words was meant, which anciently, when *a* was more broadly sounded than now, would be obvious—"wild Kate" and *wild cat*. This, however, does not authorize our printing it *wild cat*, as Stevens and others have done.

"—*she will prove a second* GRISSEL"—Alluding to the story of "Griselda," so beautifully related by Chaucer, and taken by him from Boccaccio. It is thought to be older than the time of the Florentine, as it is to be found among the old *fabliaux*, according to Douce.

"*She* VIED *so fast*"—To "vie" was a term at cards, and sometimes we meet with *revie; outvie* occurs in this play afterwards. It meant to *challenge*, or *stake*, or *brag*; and the phrases were used in the old games of Gleek and Primero, superseded by the Brag of the present day.

"—*'tis a* WORLD *to see*"—The meaning is—It is *worth* a world to see. So, in B. C. Rydley's "Brief Declaration," (1555,) quoted by Collier:—"*It is a world to see* the answer of the Papists to this statement of Origen."

"*A* MEACOCK *wretch*"—i. e. A cowardly wretch. "Meacock" has been derived by some from *meek* and *cock*, (but *mes coq*, Fr., Skinner,) and it is used by old writers both as an adjective and as a substantive.

"—*I will unto Venice,*
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day."
* * * * * *
"—*my house within the city*
Is richly furnished with plate and gold," etc.

"If Shakespeare had not seen the interior of Italian houses when he wrote this play, he must have possessed some effectual means of knowing and realizing in his imagination the particulars of such an interior. Any educated man might be aware that the extensive commerce of Venice must bring within the reach of the neighbouring cities a multitude of articles of foreign production and taste. But there is a particularity in his mention of these articles, which strongly indicates the experience of an eye-witness. The 'cypress chests,' and 'ivory coffers,' rich in antique carving, are still existing, with some remnants of 'Tyrian tapestry,' to carry back the imagination of the traveller to the days of the glory of the republic. The 'plate and gold' are, for the most part, gone, to supply the needs of the impoverished aristocracy, who (to their credit) will part with everything sooner than their pictures. The 'tents and canopies,' and 'Turkey cushions 'boss'd with pearl,' now no longer seen, were appropriate to the days when Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were dependencies of Venice, scattering their productions through the eastern cities of Italy, and actually establishing many of their customs in the singular capital of the Venetian dominion. After Venice, Padua was naturally first served with importations of luxury.

"Venice was, and is still, remarkable for its jewellery, especially its fine works in gold. 'Venice gold' was wrought into 'valence'—tapestry—by the needle, and was used for every variety of ornament, from chains as fine as if made of woven hair, to the most massive form in which gold can be worn. At the present day, the traveller who walks round the Piazza of St. Mark's is surprised at the large proportion of jeweller's shops, and at the variety and elegance of the ornaments they contain,—the shell necklaces, the jewelled rings and tiaras, and the profusion of gold chains."—KNIGHT.

"—*we will be married o' Sunday*"—"Parts of these lines read as if from a ballad. If any such be in print, it has never been pointed out by the commentators; but the following, from the recitation of an old lady, who heard it from her mother, (then forty,) at least sixty years ago, bears a strong resemblance to what Petruchio seems to quote:

To church away!
We will have rings
And fine array,
With other things,
Against the day,
For I'm to be married o' Sunday.

There are other ballads with the same burden, but none so nearly in the words of Petruchio."—COLLIER.

"*Shall have* MY *Bianca's love*"—Malone and Stevens omit "my," without any reason; the line, being a hemistich, could require no amendment.

"BASONS *and* EWERS, *to lave her dainty hands*"—These were articles formerly of great account. They were usually of silver, and probably their fashion was much attended to, because they were regularly exhibited to the guests before and after dinner, it being the custom to wash the hands at both those times.

"COUNTERPOINTS"—i. e. Counterpanes, as we now call them; and thus named originally because composed of contrasted points, or panes, of various colours. They were a favourite article of ancient pomp. Among the other complaints against Wat Tyler's men was, their having destroyed in the royal wardrobe at the Savoy, a counterpane worth a thousand marks.

"*Costly apparel,* TENTS, *and* CANOPIES"—"Tents" were hangings,—*tentes,* Fr., probably being so named from the *tenters* upon which they were hung; *tenture de tapisserie* signified a *suit of hangings.* The following passage shows that a "canopy" was sometimes a *tester:* "A canopy properly, that hangeth aboute beddes to keepe away gnattes; sometimes a tent or pavilion; some have used it for a testorne to hange over a bed."—*Baret, in voce.*

"PEWTER *and brass*"—"Pewter" was considered as such costly furniture, that we find in the Northumberland household-book, *vessels of pewter* were hired by the year.

"—*is lying in* MARSEILLES' *road*"—This name is spelled *Marcellus* in the old copy, and was probably pronounced as a trisyllable.

"—*with a* CARD OF TEN"—This expression seems to have been proverbial: cards "of ten" were the highest in the pack.

At the end of this act, Mr. Pope introduced the following speeches of the *Presenters,* as they are called, from the old play:—

Slie. When will the fool come again?
Sim. Anon, my lord.
Slie. Give 's some more drink here; where's the tapster?
Here, Sim, eat some of these things.
Sim. I do, my lord.
Slie. Here, Sim, I drink to thee.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"— REGIA CELSA SENIS"—The lines are from Ovid's "*Epist. Her. Penelope Ulyssi,*" v. 33.

"*To* CHANGE *true rules for* ODD *inventions*"—The reading of the folio, 1623, is, "To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions." The folio, 1632, reads "change" for *charge,* and Theobald altered *old* into "odd." *Old* would be inconsistent with the meaning of the speaker, who has already said, "Old fashions please me best." Both errors were mere misprints.

SCENE II.

"— OLD *news*"—"Old" is wanting in the early editions. Rowe added it in consequence of Baptista's following question "Is it new and old too?" which shows that the word has been accidentally omitted. It was very common in the time of Shakespeare to use "old" as a species of superlative.

"—*and* CHAPELESS"—i. e. Without a hook to the scabbard; according to Todd.

"—*with* TWO BROKEN POINTS"—Johnson says, "How a sword should have two broken points I cannot tell." The *points* were among the most costly and elegant parts of the dress of Elizabeth's time; and to have *two broken* was certainly indicative of more than ordinary slovenliness.

"—*his horse* HIPPED *with an old mothy saddle*"—Shakespeare (says Knight) describes the imperfections and unsoundness of a horse with as much precision as if he had been bred in a farrier's shop. In the same way, in the VENUS AND ADONIS, he is equally circumstantial in summing up the qualities of a noble courser:—

Round hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrils wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttocks, tender hide.

"—*infected with the* FASHIONS"—i. e. *Farcins,* a well-known disease in horses, often mentioned by old writers; as in Rowland's "Looke to it, for I'll Stabbo you," 1604:—

You gentle puppets of the proudest size,
That are, like horses, troubled with the *fashions.*

"— *past cure of the* FIVES"—i. e. Vives, or avives, another disorder in horses.

"— SWAYED *in the back*"—"*Waid* in the back," old copies.

"— NE'ER-LEGGED *before*"—The folio has it "*neere* legged;" which some editors have given as here, and others *near*-legged. Malone thus supports the first:—

"*Ne'er-legged before,* i. e. foundered in his forefeet; having, as the jockeys term it, *never* a *fore leg* to stand on. The subsequent words—'which being restrained to keep him from *stumbling*'—seem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read *near-legged* before; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horse."

Lord Chadworth (an accomplished and unfortunate nobleman, of whose taste and acquirements many traces are to be found in the literature of his times) thus maintains the other reading:—"I believe *near-legged* is right; the near leg of a horse is the left, and to set off with that leg first is an imperfection. This horse had (as Dryden describes old Jacob Tonson) two left legs; i. e. he was awkward in the use of them; he used his right leg like the left."

"—*an old hat, and 'the humour of forty fancies' prick'd in't for a feather*"—It seems likely that this "humour of forty fancies" was either a ballad so called, or a collection of ballads, stuck in the "lackey's" hat instead of a feather.

"*And yet not many*"—This is undoubtedly a scrap of some old ballad, which Biondello was led to recollect by his mention of "the humour of forty fancies" just before.

"— *quaff'd off the muscadel*"—T. Warton and Reed have shown, from numerous quotations, that the custom of having wine and sops distributed immediately after the marriage ceremony in the church, is very ancient. It existed even among our Gothic ancestors, and is mentioned in the ordinances of the household of Henry VII. "For the Marriage of a Princess:"—"Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with *soppe,* and to be borne to the estates; and to take a soppe and drinke." It was also practised at the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester Cathedral; and at the marriage of the Elector-Palatine to the daughter of James I., in 1612–13. It appears to have been the custom at all marriages. In Jonson's "Magnetic Lady" it is called a *knitting cup:* in Middleton's "No Wit like

a Woman's," the *contracting cup*. The *kiss* was also part of the ancient marriage ceremony, as appears from a ruhric in one of the Salisbury Missals.

"*I must away to-day, before night come.*"

We subjoin the parallel scene in the earlier play:—

"*Fer.* Father, farewell, my Kate and I must home. Sirrah, go make ready my horse presently.

Alf. Your horse! what, son, I hope you do but jest; I am sure you will not go so snddenly.

Kate. Let him go or tarry, I am resolved to stay, And not to travel on my wedding-day.

Fer. Tut, Kate, I tell thee we must needs go home. Villain, hast thou saddled my horse?

San. Which horse—your curtall?

Fer. Zounds! you slave, stand you prating here! Saddle the hay gelding for your mistress.

Kate. Not for me, for I will not go.

San. The ostler will not let me have him; you owe tenpence For his meat, and sixpence for stuffing my mistress' saddle.

Fer. Here, villain, go pay him straight.

San. Shall I give them another peck of lavender?

Fer. Out, slave! and bring them presently to the door.

Alf. Why, son, I hope at least you 'll dine with us.

San. I pray you, master, let 's stay till dinner be done.

Fer. Zounds, villain, art thou here yet?

[*Exit* SANDER.

Come, Kate, our dinner is provided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I mean to dine: I'll have my will in this as well as you; Though you in madding mood would leave your frieuds, Despite of you I'll tarry with them still.

Fer. Ay, Kate, so thon shalt, bnt at some other time: When as thy sisters here shall be espoused, Then thou and I will keep our wedding-day In better sort than now we can provide; For here I promise thee before them all, We will ere long return to them again. Come, Kate, stand uot on terms, we will away; This is my day, to-morrow thou shalt rule, And I will do whatever thon command'st. Geutlemen, farewell, we'll take our leaves, It will be late before that we come home.

[*Exeunt* FERANDO *and* KATE."

"—*the oats have eaten the horses*"—Grumio, (according to Stevens.) means to disparage Petruchio's horses by saying that they are not worth the oats they have eaten.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"—*was ever man so* RAYED"—i. e. Bewrayed, or made dirty.

"—*fire, fire: cast on no water*"—This is an allusion to an old popular catch, consisting of these lines:—

Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.
Fire, fire;—Fire, fire;
Cast on some more water.

"*I am no beast*"—Grumio impliedly calls Curtis a beast hy calling him his fellow, having first called himself a beast.

"—'*Jack, boy! ho boy!*'"—"The commencement of an old drinkiug-ronnd: 'jack' was the name for the black-leather jug in which drink was served."—COLL.

"*Come, you are so full of* CONY-CATCHING"—"Cony-catching" means *cheating* or *deceiving*, and is a word of common occurrence. Its etymology has reference to the facility with which *coneys*, or rabbits, are caught.

"—*the* CARPETS LAID"—To cover the tables. The floors were strewed with rushes.

"*Both* OF *one horse*"—With Collier we here preserve the phraseology of the time, which other editors have modernized to "both *on* one horse." They take the same liberty later in this play, (act v. scene 2.) where Petruchio says, "I'll venture so much *of* my hawk, or hound."

"—*how she was* BEMOILED"—Bemired.

"—*and their garters of an* INDIFFERENT *knit*"—Grumio is not accurate enough in his diction to deserve the critical pains that learned annotators have taken to explain this phrase. Maloue, on no very clear authority, maintains it to mean "party-coloured garters;" while Johnson and others assert that the garters ought to correspond, and that "indifferent" here meant *not* different. A more obvious sense is that intimated hy Nares, in his "Glossary:"—"Tolerable, or ordinary." Then—"Let their garters (which were worn outside) be decent."

"*Where be these knaves*"—This scene is one of the most spirited and characteristic in the play; and we see a joyous, revelling spirit shining through Petruchio's affected violence. The Ferando of the old "Taming of *a* Shrew' is a coarse bnlly, without the fine animal spirits and the real self-command of our Petruchio. The following is the parallel scene in that play; and it is remarkable how closely Shakespeare copies the incidents:—

"*Enter* FERANDO *and* KATE.

Fer. Now welcome, Kate. Where 's these villains Here? what, not supper yet upon the board, Nor table spread, nor uothing done at all? Where 's that villain that I seut before?

San. Now, *adsum*, sir.

Fer. Come hither, you villain. I'll cut your nose. You rogue, help me off with my boots; will 't please Yon to lay the cloth? Zouuds! the villain Hurts my foot: pull easily, I say, yet agaiu!

[*He beats them all.*

[*They cover the board, and fetch in the meat.*

Zounds, burnt and scorch'd! Who dress'd this meat?

Wil. Forsooth, Johu Cook.

[*He throws down the table, and meat, and all, and beats them all.*

Fer. Go, you villains, bring me snch meat! Out of my sight. I say, and bear it hence: Come, Kate, we'll have other meat provided. Is there a fire in my chamber, sir?

San. Ay, forsooth. [*Exeunt* FERANDO *and* KATE.

[*Manent* Serving-meu, *and eat up all the meat.*

Tom. Zounds! I think of my conscieuce my master's mad siuce he was married.

Wil. I laughed, what a hox he gave Sander for pulling off his boots.

Enter FERANDO *again.*

San. I hurt his foot for the nonce, man.

Fer. Did you so, you damned villain?

[*He beats them all out again.*

This humour must I hold me to awhile, To bridle and hold back my headstrong wife, With cnrbs of hunger, ease, and want of sleep: Nor sleep, nor meat shall she enjoy to-night. I'll mew her up as meu do mew their hawks, And make her gently come uuto the lure: Were she as stubhorn, or as full of strength, As was the Thracian horse Alcides tamed, That king Egens fed with flesh of men, Yet would I pull her down, and make her come, As hungry hawks do fly unto their lure. [*Exit.*"

"*It was the friar of orders grey,*
As he forth walked on his way."

These lines, and those that precede them in the text, "Where is the life that late I led," are, no doubt, scraps of some ancient ballad. There are many such dispersed through Shakespeare's plays. Dr. Percy has, too, availed himself of some of them in the "moderu Gothic," entitled "The Friar of Orders Grey:"—

It was a Friar of orders grey,
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now, heaven thee save, thou reverend friar:
I pray thee tell to me
If ever, at your holy shrine
My true-love thou did see.

And how should I your true-love know
From any other one?
O, by his cockle-hat and staff,
And by his sandal-shoon.

The holy father thus replied:
O lady, he is dead and gone,
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Weep no more, lady; lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile,
Beneath yon cloister wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the wind,
And drizzling rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzling rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.

"— *to* MAN MY HAGGARD"—To tame my hawk. In the technical language of hawking, to *watch* or *wake*, was one of the means of taming, by preventing sleep. To *bate* is to flutter.

SCENE II.

"*An ancient* ANGEL *coming down the hill*"—"For 'angel,' Theobald, and after him, Hanmer and Warburton, read *engle;* which Hanmer calls a *gull*, deriving it from *engluer*, Fr., to catch with bird-lime; but without sufficient reason. Mr. Gifford, in a note on Jonson's 'Poetaster,' is decidedly in favour of *enghle*, with Hanmer's explanation, and supports it by referring to Gascoigne's 'Supposes,' from which Shakespeare took this part of his plot:—'There Erostrato (the Biondello of Shakespeare) looks out for a person to gull by an idle story, judges *from appearances* that he has found him, and is not deceived:—'At the foot of the hill I met a gentleman, and, *as methought by his habits and his looks, he should be none of the wisest.*' Again: 'this gentleman being, as I guessed at the first, *a man of small sapientia.*' And Dulippo, (the Lucentio of Shakespeare,) as soon as he spies him coming, exclaims: 'Is this he? go meet him: by my troth, HE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SOUL; he that fisheth for him *might be sure to catch a cods-head.*'—Act ii. scene i. These are the passages,' says Mr. Gifford, 'which our great Poet had in view; and these, I trust, are more than sufficient to explain why Biondello concludes, at first sight, that this 'ancient piece of formality' will serve his turn.' This is very true; and yet it is not necessary to change the reading of the old copy, which is undoubtedly correct, though the commentators could not explain it. 'An ancient *angel*,' then, was neither more nor less than the *good soul* of Gascoigne; or, as Cotgrave (often the best commentator on Shakespeare) explains it:—'AN OLD ANGEL, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old sound honest and worthie stamp—*un angelot à gros escaille.*' One who, being honest himself, suspects no guile in others, and is therefore easily duped. I am quite of Mr. Nares's opinion, that *enghle* is only a different spelling of *ingle*, which is often used for a *favourite*, and originally meant one of the most detestable kind: we have no example adduced of its ever having been used for a *gull.*"—SINGER.

"*Master, a mercatantè,*" etc.—*Mareantant* is the word given in the old folio; "mercatantè" is the Italian for *merchant:* Biondello did not know whether he was a merchant or a pedant. "Mercatantè" is the amendment of Stevens.

"*Nor never needed that I should entreat*"—This line (by mere typographical carelessness) is omitted in "Malone's SHAKESPEARE," by Boswell, and in very many of the best editions since 1803, when it was first dropped in Reed's edition of Johnson and Stevens's text. The omission has been corrected in Knight's "Pictorial," and in some other modern editions.

"*No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.*"

"We subjoin the parallel scene from the old play:—

'*Enter* SANDER *and his* Mistress.

San. Come, mistress.

Kate. Sander, I prithee help me to some meat,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.

San. Ay, marry, mistress, but you know my master has given me a charge that you must eat nothing, but that which he himself giveth you.

Kate. Why, man, thy master needs never know it.

San. You say true, indeed. Why look you, mistress, what say you to a piece of beef and mustard now?

Kate. Why, I say 'tis excellent meat; canst thou help me to some?

San. Ay, I could help you to some, but that I doubt the mustard is too choleric for you. But what say you to a sheep's head and garlic?

Kate. Why, anything, I care not what it be.

San. Ay, but the garlic I doubt will make your breath stink, and then my master will curse me for letting you eat it. But what say you to a fat capon?

Kate. That's meat for a king, sweet Sander, help mo to some of it.

San. Nay, by'rlady! then 'tis too dear for us; wo must not meddle with the king's meat.

Kate. Out, villain! dost thou mock me?
Take that for thy sauciness. [*She beats him.*'

"Grey has been hastily betrayed into a remark, upon this scene in Shakespeare, which is singularly opposed to his usual accuracy:—'This seems to be borrowed from Cervantes's account of Sancho Panza's treatment by his physician, when sham governor of the island of Barataria.' The first part of 'Don Quixote' was not published till 1605; and our Poet unquestionably took the scene from the old 'Taming of *a* Shrew,' which was published in 1594."—KNIGHT.

"— *is sorted to no* PROOF"—i. e. Approof, or approbation.

"— *his* RUFFLING *treasure*"—Pope changed this to *rustling*. "Ruffling" was familiar to the Elizabethan literature. In Lily's "Euphues" we have, "Shall I *ruffle* in new devices, with chains, with bracelets, with rings, with robes?" In Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," we find, "Lady, I cannot *ruffle* it in red and yellow."

"*Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.*"

The imitation by Shakespeare of the scene in the old play, in which the Shrew is tried to the utmost by her husband's interference with her dress, is closer than in almost any other part. The "face not me," and "brave not me," of Grumio, are literal transcripts of the elder jokes. In the speech of Petruchio after the Tailor is driven out, we have three lines taken, with the slightest alteration, from the following:—

Come, Kate, we now will go see thy father's house,
Even in these honest, mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be rich, our garments plain.

And yet how superior in spirit and taste is the *rifacimento!*—

"*Enter* FERANDO *and* KATE, *and* SANDER.

San. Master, the haberdasher has brought my mistress home her cap.

Fer. Come hither, sirrah: what have you there?

Haberdasher. A velvet cap, sir, an it please you.

Fer. Who spoke for it? didst thou, Kate?

Kate. What if I did? Come hither, sirrah, give mo the cap; I'll see if it will fit me.
[*She sets it on her head.*

Fer. O monstrous! why, it becomes thee not:
Let me see it, Kate. Here, sirrah, take it hence,
This cap is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good enough: belike you mean to make a fool of me.

Fer. Why, true, he means to make a fool of thee,
To have thee put on such a curtal'd cap.
Sirrah, begone with it.

Enter the Tailor *with a Gown.*

San. Here is the tailor, too, with my mistress' gown.

Fer. Let me see it, tailor: what, with cuts and jags? Zounds, thou villain, thou hast spoiled the gown!

Tailor. Why, sir, I made it as your man gave me direction. You may read the note here.

Fer. Come hither, sirrah. Tailor, read the note.

Tailor. Item, a fair round compassed cape.

San. Ay, that 's true.

Tailor. And a large trunk sleeve.

San. That 's a lie, master, I said two trunk sleeves.

Fer. Well, sir, go forward.

Tailor. Item, a loose-bodied gown.

San. Master, if ever I said loose bodied gown, sew me in a seam, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread.

Tailor. I made it as the note bade me.

San. I say the note lies in his throat, an thou too an thou sayest it.

Tailor. Nay, nay, ne'er be so hot, sirrah, for I fear you not.

San. Dost thou hear, Tailor, thou hast braved many men: brave not me. Thou hast faced many men—

Tailor. Well, Sir?

San. Face not me: I'll neither be faced nor braved at thy hands, I can tell thee.

Kate. Come, come, I like the fashion of it well enough;
Here's more ado than needs; I'll have it, ay,
And if you do not like it, hide your eyes;
I think I shall have nothing by your will."

"*A custard-*COFFIN"—A *coffin*, (says Stevens,) was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard.

"—*a* CENSER *in a barber's shop*"—Stevens tells us that these "censers" were like modern brasiers. They were probably curiously ornamented.

"—*take thou the* BILL. *give me thy* METE-YARD, *and spare not me*"—"The joke intended is lost, unless we remember that 'bill' meant either a piece of paper, or, a weapon such as was carried by watchmen. etc., in the time of Shakespeare. On the title-page of Decker's 'Lanthorne and Candle-light,' quarto, (1609,) is a representation of a watchman armed with a 'bill.'"—COLL.

"*Exeunt Tailor* AND HABERDASHER"—Collier was the first editor who took pity on the Haberdasher, and dismissed him from the stage, for his exit is not mentioned in any prior edition. He had, perhaps, stood trembling by, after producing the cap.

After this *exeunt* (conclusion of scene iii.) the characters, before whom the play is supposed to be exhibited, were introduced, from the old play, by Mr. Pope, in his edition:—

Lord. Who's within here? [*Enter Servants.*] Asleep again? Go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.

Serv. It shall be done, my lord; come help to bear him hence. (*They bear off* SLIE.

Johnson thought the fifth act should begin here.

SCENE IV.

"*I cannot tell,* EXPECT *they are busied about a counterfeit assurance*"—The first folio reads "expect," which is changed to *except* in the later editions. "Expect" is here used, as frequently by old authors, in what is now its *Yankee* sense, i. e. *Believe, think,* that they are busied, etc.

Here, in the old play, (conclusion of scene iv.,) the tinker speaks again:—

Slie. Sim, must they be married now?

Lord. I, my lord.

Enter FERANDO *and* SANDER.

Slie. Look, Sim, the foole is comme againe now.

SCENE V.

"*Good lord! how bright and goodly shines the moon.*"

We follow Knight's example in going on with the more striking scenes from the old play. The incidents are literally copied by Shakespeare, and although the poetic imagery substituted in the improved play has more truth and spirit, yet there is some splendour (however overloaded) in the more elaborate passages of the original, so that, indeed, Pope thought them worth extracting and preserving in his edition, as "seeming to have been from the hand of Shakespeare himself," as a part author even of the earlier play.

"*Fer.* Come, Kate, the moon shines clear to-night, methinks.

Kate. The moon? why, husband, you are deceiv'd,
It is the sun.

Fer. Yet again, come back again, it shall be
The moon ere we come at your father's.

Kate. Why, I'll say as you say; it is the moon.

Fer. Jesus, save the glorious moon!

Kate. Jesus, save the glorious moon!

Fer. I am glad, Kate, your stomach is come down;
I know it well thou know'st it is the sun,
But I did try to see if thou wouldst speak,
And cross me now as thou hast done before;
And trust me, Kate, hadst thou not named the moon,
We had gone back again as sure as death.
But soft, who's this that's coming here?

Enter the DUKE *of* CESTUS, *alone.*

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princely court and noble train,
To come to Athens, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But stay, here's some, it may be, travels thither;
Good sir, can you direct me the way to Athens?

Fer. [*speaks to the old man.*] Fair, lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonix or purple rocks
Of amethysts or glittering hyacinth,
More amiable far than is the plain,
Where glittering Cepherus in silver bowers
Gazeth upon the Giant, Andromede.
Sweet Kate, entertain this lovely woman.

Duke. I think the man is mad; he calls me a woman.

Kate. Fair, lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning washed with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks,
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Inhabitable like the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face."

"*I know, it is* THE MOON"—"The repetition by Katharine is most characteristic of her humbled deportment. Stevens strikes out '*the moon,*' and says 'the old copy *redundantly* reads,' etc."—KNIGHT.

"—*seemeth green*"—"This is another proof of Shakespeare's accurate observation of all natural phenomena. When one has been long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green. The reason is assigned by writers on optics."—SINGER.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"—*a scarlet cloak! and a* COPATAIN *hat*"—The last article is the conical or sugar-loaf hat, once much in vogue. Stubbs says, (1595,) "Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the spear or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowns of their heads."

"*Why, sir, what* 'CERNS *it you*"—Thus the folio of 1623: it is a colloquial abbreviation of *concerns*, which is substituted in the folio of 1632, and in very many later editions.

"*While counterfeit* SUPPOSES *blear'd thine eyne*"—This may be an allusion to Gascoigne's comedy, entitled "Supposes," from which several of the incidents were borrowed. Gascoigne's original was Ariosto's "*I Suppositi.*" The word "supposes" was often used by Shakespeare's contemporaries; one instance, from Drayton's epistle of King John to Matilda may suffice:—

And tell me those are shadows and *supposes.*

To "blear the eye" anciently signified to *deceive*, to *cheat.* The reader will remember Milton's—

— spells
Of power to *cheat the eye* with *blear* illusion.

"*My cake is dough*"—A proverbial expression, when any disappointment was sustained. Gremio has already used it, act i. scene 1, of this play, with an addition, "our cake 's dough on both sides," more emphatically to indicate how completely expectation had failed.

SCENE II.

"TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending*"—According to the old stage-direction, "the servingmen with Tranio bring in a banquet." A banquet, as Stevens observes, properly meant what we now call *a dessert*, though often taken generally for a feast; and to this Lucentio refers when he says—

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer.

"*Have at you for a* BETTER *jest or two*"—So the old copies; but Capell suggested "*bitter* jest or two," and he has been usually followed. Petruchio means "a better jest or two" than Bianca's last, about "head and horn."

"*I'll venture so much* OF *my hawk*," etc.—"So all the old copies. The modern editors, objecting to Shakespeare's phraseology, have uniformly represented him to have written '*on* my hawk,' etc."—COLLIER.

"*Then* VAIL *your stomachs*"—i. e. Lower, or abate, your pride.

"—*though you hit the* WHITE"—Te "hit the *white*' is a phrase borrowed from archery; the "white" being the centre of the target.

"*Exeunt*"—The old play continues thus:—

Then enter two, bearing SLIE *in his own apparel againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out; then enters the* Tapster.

Tapster. Now that the darksome night is overpast,
And dawning day appeares in christall skie,
Now must I haste abroade: but softe! who's this?
What, Slie? O wondrous? hath he laine heere all night!
Ile wake him; I think he's starved by this,
But that his belly was so stufft with ale:
What now, Slie? awake for shame.

Slie. (*Awaking.*) Sim, give 's more wine.—What all the players gone?—Am I not a lord?

Tap. A lord, with a murrain? come, art thou drunk still?

Slie. Who's this? Tapster?—Oh I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard'st in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

Slie. Will she? I know how to *tame a shrew.* I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had; but I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.

Mr. Brown's remarks on this play, as a comedy bearing the "peculiar feature and stamp" of Italy are very curious, and show that if Shakespeare did not actually visit Italy (according to Mr. Brown's supposition) some time between the composition of the earlier ROMEO AND JULIET and the date of the MERCHANT OF VENICE, and the remodelling of this play,—he had certainly, in that interval, become very familiar with the scenery, manners, customs, and cities of Italy, through some other source. They serve also to strengthen the conclusion to which the internal evidence of style had led my mind, as to the date of this piece; that it was not one of his very early works, (in which no such familiarity with Italy is manifest,) but belongs to the period of the MERCHANT OF VENICE:—

"This comedy was entirely rewritten from an older one by an unknown hand, with some, but not many, additions to the fable. It should first be observed that in the older comedy, which we possess, the scene is laid in and near Athens, and that Shakespeare removed it to Padua and its neighbourhood; an unnecessary change, if he knew no more of one country than of the other.

"The *dramatis personæ* next attract our attention. Baptista is no longer erroneously the name of a woman, as in HAMLET, but of a man. All the other names, except one, are pure Italian, though most of them are adapted to the English ear. Biondello, the name of a boy, seems chosen with a knowledge of the language,—as it signifies a little fair-haired fellow. Even the shrew has the Italian termination te her name, Katharina. The exception is Curtis, Petruchio's servant, seemingly the housekeeper at his villa; which, as it is an insignificant part, may have been the name of the player; but, more probably, it is a corruption of Cortese.

"'Act I. Scene I. *A Public Place.*' For an open place or a square in a city, this is not a home-bred expression. It may be accidental; yet it is a literal translation of *una piazza publica*, exactly what was meant for the scene.

"The opening of the comedy, which speaks of Lombardy and the University of Padua, might have been written by a native Italian:—

Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy.—
* * * * *
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.

"The very next line I found myself involuntarily repeating, at the sight of the grave countenances within the walls of Pisa:—

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

They are altogether a grave people, in their demeanour, their history, and their literature, such as it is. I never met with the anomaly of a merry Pisan. Curiously enough, this line is repeated, word for word, in the fourth act.

"Lucentio says, his father came 'of the Bentivolii:' this is an old Italian plural; a mere Englishman would write 'of the Bentivolios.' Besides, there was, and is, a branch of the Bentivolii in Florence, where Lucentio says he was brought up.

"But these indications, just at the commencement of the play, are not of great force. We now come to something more important; a remarkable proof of his having been aware of the law of the country in respect to the betrothment of Katharina and Petruchio, of which there is not a vestige in the older play. The father gives her hand to him, both parties consenting, before two witnesses, who declare themselves such, to the act. Such a ceremony is as indissoluble as that of marriage, unless both parties should consent to annul it. The betrothment takes place in due form, exactly as in many of Goldoni's comedies:—

Bap. * * Give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
Grc. and Tra. Amen! say we; we will be witnesses.

Instantly Petruchio addresses them as 'father and wife;' because, from that moment, he possesses the legal power of a husband over her, saving that of taking her to his own house. Unless the betrothment is understood in this light, we cannot account for the father's so tamely yielding afterwards to Petruchio's whim of going in his 'mad attire' with her to the church. Authority is no longer with the father; in vain he hopes and requests the bridegroom will change his clothes; Petruchio is peremptory in his lordly will and pleasure, which he could not possibly be, without the previous Italian betrothment.

"Padna lies between Verona and Venice. at a snitable distance from both, for the conduct of the comedy. Petruchio, after being securely betrothed, sets off for Venice, the very place for finery, to bny 'rings and things, and fine array' for the wedding; and, when married, he takes her to his conntry-house, in the direction of Verona, of which city he is a native. All this is complete; and in marked opposition to the worse than mistakes in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, which was written when he knew nothing whatever of the country.

"The rich old Gremio, when questioned respecting the dower he can assure to Bianca, boasts, as a primary consideration, of his richly furnished honse:—

> First, as you know, my house within the city
> Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
> Basons and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
> My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
> In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,
> In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
> Costly apparel, tents, and canopies;
> Fine linen, Turkey cushions 'boss'd with pearl,
> Valance of Venice gold in needlework;
> Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
> To house or house-keeping.

"Lady Morgan, in her 'Italy,' says, (and my own observation corroborates her account,) "there is not an article here described, that I have not fonnd in some one or other of the palaces of Florence, Venice, and Genoa —the mercantile republics of Italy—even to the 'Turkey cnshions 'boss'd with pearl.' She then adds, 'this is the knowledge of genius, acquired by the rapid perception and intnitive appreciation,' etc.; never once suspecting that Shakespeare had been an eye-witness of such furnitnre. For my part, (unable to comprehend the intuitive knowledge of genins,) in opposition to her ladyship's opinion, I beg leave to quote Dr. Johnson: 'Shakespeare, however favonred by nature, could impart only what he had learned.' With this text as onr guide, it behooves ns to point out how he conld obtain snch an intimate knowledge of facts, without having been, like Lady Morgan, an eye-witness to them.

"In addition to these instances, the whole comedy bears an Italian character, and seems written as if the author had said to his friends,—'Now I will give you a comedy, built on Italian manners, neat as I myself have imported.' Indeed, did I not know its archetype, with the scene in Athens, I might snspect it to be an adaptation of some unknown Italian play, retaining rather too many local allnsions for the English stage.

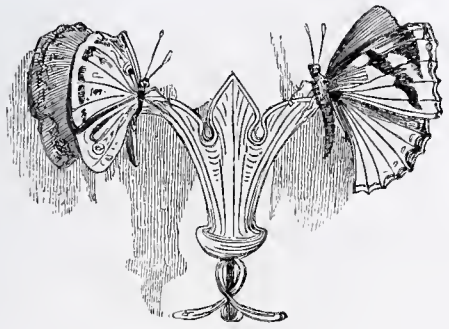
"Some may argue that it was possible for him to learn all this from books of travels now lost, or in conversation with travellers; but my faith recoils from so bare a possibility, when the belief that he saw what he described, is, in every point of view, without difficulty, and probable. Books and conversation may do mnch for an author; but should he descend to particular descriptions, or ventnre to speak of manners and cnstoms intimately, is it possible he should not once fall into error with no better instruction? An objection has been made, imputing an error, in Gramio's inquiring after the 'rushes strewed.' But the custom of strewing rushes, as in England, belonged also to Italy: this may be seen in old anthors; and their very word *giuncare*, now ont of use, is a proof of it. English Christian-names, incidentally introdnced, are but translations of the same Italian names, as Catarina is called Katharine and Kate; and, if they were not, comedy may well be allowed to take a liberty of that nature."—C. A. Brown.



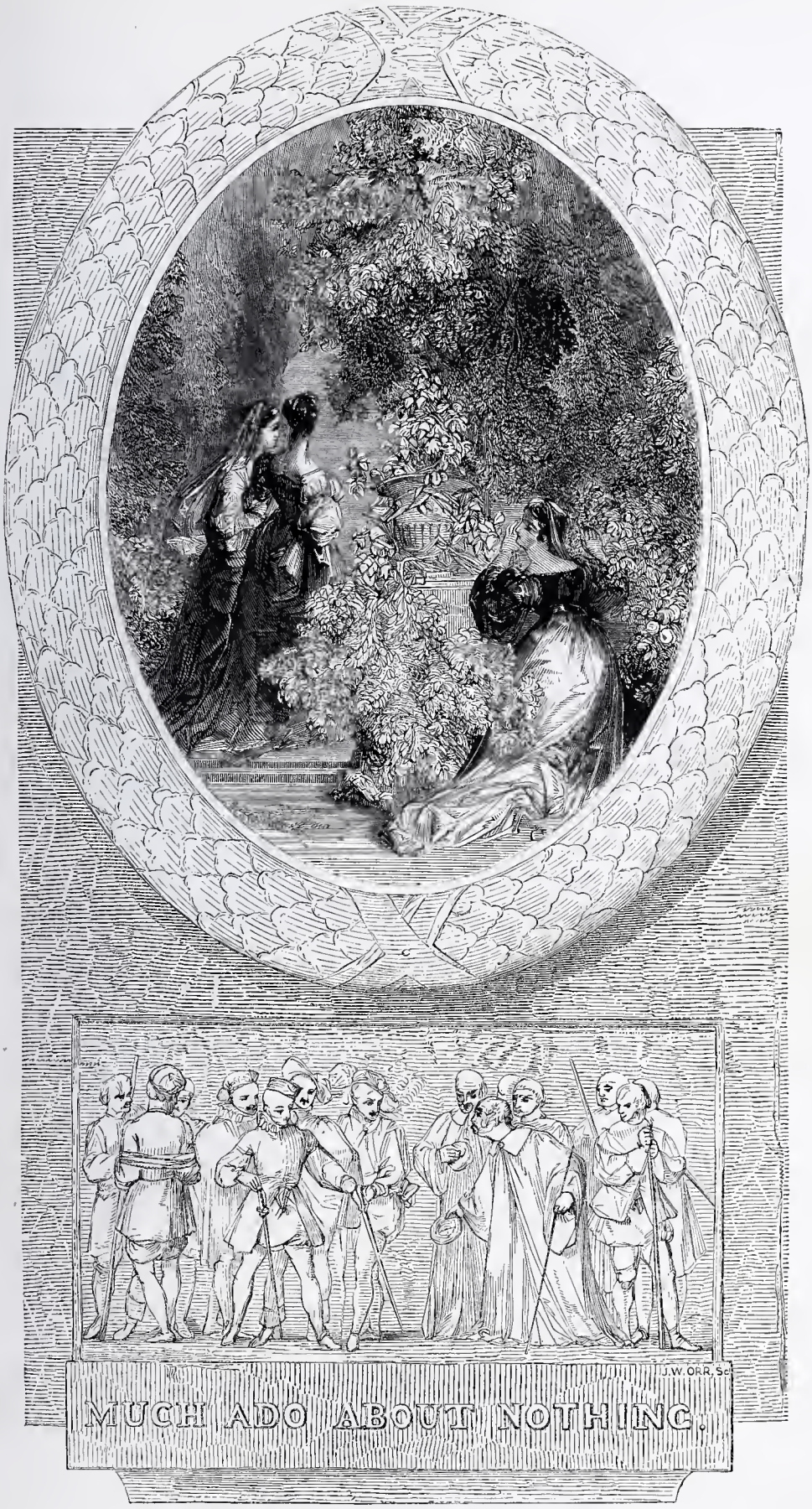
(An Argosy.)



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING






J.W. ORR, Sc.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

DATE OF THE PLAY,—ITS CHARACTER, STYLE, AND SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

HIS comedy was first printed in 1600, when it appeared in the small quarto pamphlet customary in those days for such publications. Its title was "Much Adoe about Nothing; as it hath been sundry times publickly acted," etc., etc. This phrase of "sundry times publickly acted" would seem to intimate that it had not been long enough on the stage to have become a stock-piece; though, as this was rather a common-place expression of theatrical title-pages in that day, it is by no means conclusive that it might not have been some few years on the stage. But it is not among the titles of those plays, in the often-cited list given by Meares, 1598, as the works upon which Shakespeare's fame had already been securely placed among the contemporaries of his earlier days; nor is there any quotation from it, in the collection called "England's Parnassus," (1600,) which has aided in adjusting several literary dates of this period.

This last-mentioned fact is probably to be accounted for from the comedy not having been in print long enough to fall into the hands of the compiler of the "Parnassus," or not having been published until after the collection was printed, as they both bear the date of the same year. The circumstance of the title not being found in Meares's catalogue, is conclusive that the play had not appeared in any way before 1593; for the critic who then enumerated the Comedy of Errors, the Two Gentlemen of Verona, etc., as the works which had gained and justified the dramatic reputation of his contemporary, could not well have omitted in his list the title of this brilliant and always very popular comedy. That it was thus popular soon after its first representation, Mr. Collier has furnished us with very strong presumptive evidence, by showing, from extracts from the "Stationers' Register," that in 1600 a *caveat* had been entered to stay its publication, evidently to prevent the publication of some pirated or unfairly obtained copy of this play, and also of Henry V.

Thus the date of authorship may, with the highest probability, be placed in or about 1599, that is to say—for this is the chief point of interest in such inquiries—about the author's thirty-fifth or sixth year, after the production of the Merchant of Venice, and between the first and second editions of Romeo and Juliet. It may be added that it was probably written not long before or after the composition of Hamlet, in that form in which it first reached the press. It may seem extravagant to associate this play with Romeo and Juliet, or Hamlet, for, to a hasty consideration, there may appear to be little in common in these dramas with the comedy; as if, though the work of the same author, they were the productions of wholly different and distinct faculties. Yet there is more than one point indicating their common origin; but that which led to this comparison was the indication given in this comedy, as compared with the earlier ones, (the Two Gentlemen of Verona, for instance,) of the author's personal ascent in social life, and the wider as well as nearer means of observation of life and manners thus opened to him. This appears from the ease, familiarity and truth, such as are gained by actual converse alone, with which he had learned to depict the social manners and conversation of that class of society who have leisure and taste to cultivate the elegances of life, and the ornamental graces and decorations of mind and manners. Much of this is always conventional and transitory, but much is also the result of habitual attention to the minor graces, and of variety of association wearing away the peculiarities of the individual, or his occupation. But as the most successful personators either of broad humour or of deep passion, and tragic dignity,—the great tragedians, or the laugh-provoking drolls of the stage,—are often alike awkward in the gay man of fashion; so the young poet, who might study truth and nature, and the intricacies of the human heart, and the capricious oddities of human character, in his humble native village, and idealize them all in exquisite fancy, yet could not have learned to pourtray the high gentlemanly bearing of Hamlet, or the careless pleasantry of the wits, nobles, and ladies of Much Ado about Nothing, without something more than a distant glance at such scenes in real life. The Valentine and Proteus, of 1585, are but gentlemen and lovers painted at second-hand from books, when compared with the characters and scenes of this play, all drawn rapidly and boldly from the life, and carrying throughout the plot the lively grace and brilliant effect of one of Watteau's pictures of courtly gayety.

In the occasional passages of a higher poetic strain, into which the Poet sometimes rises, as his subject happens to suggest, such especially as the Friar's speeches, in act iv., the versification and imagery are clearly those of the middle stage of his genius, with little of the peculiarity of his later diction. But it is very clear that the Poet did

not here propose to his own mind either a drama of stirring passion, or even a dramatic tale around which the more delicate flowers of fancy might spontaneously cluster. He meant obviously only to interest and amuse, by an exhibition of life and character, and dwelt no more on the graver incidents and stronger emotions involved in his plot, or suggested by it, than was necessary to keep up the interest of the story, while he luxuriates now in gay dialogue and the keen encounters of wit, and now in the broadest drollery; entering with his whole soul into the invention of Benedick and Beatrice, and the immortal Dogberry and Verges. The main object he always keeps in view is lively dramatic effect on the stage, and this is apparent, not only in his characters and dialogue, but in his plot and incidents.

"The story (says Pope) is taken from Ariosto, ('Orlando Furioso,' book v.") Others find its original in Phedon's tale of Philemon's treachery in the "Faërie Queene," (book ii., canto 4;) of which Spenser, with the rightful license of genius, took the outline from Ariosto, and turned it to a nobler moral. Shakespeare was certainly familiar with the "Faërie Queene," and had doubtless read Ariosto, if not in the original, yet at least in Harrington's translation of the whole of the "Orlando," (1591,) or in Beverley's older one of the tale of "Ariodant and Genevra." Yet I see no ground for thinking that he had either of these poets in his mind; and the resemblance of his comedy to their tales extends little beyond the incident common to romance-writers, of the deception of the lover by a personation of his lady-love by a false "maiden." Its origin is to be traced more distinctly to a tale, or short romance, of Bandello, the same Italian novelist to whom, through Arthur Brooke, Shakespeare had been much more largely indebted for the materials of Romeo and Juliet. Most of the editors have chosen to trace the plot to Ariosto, or Spenser, in preference to this source, because it has not been ascertained that Bandello's novels had been translated; and it did not suit their theory to allow that Shakespeare had, after fifteen or more years of literary pursuits, acquired enough of the fashionable tongue of Europe to read a short and simply told Italian tale. But whether he read it in its author's language, or, as Collier suggests, in some version now lost, it is quite clear that the plot of the comedy was suggested by Bandello's story of "Timbreo de Cardona (Claudio) and Fenicia;" for, besides the similarity of the leading incidents, he has adopted (with Bandello) Messina as the scene of his plot, and preserved the names of Don Pedro and Leonato.

The laborious and faithful Augustine Skottowe gives the following outline of Bandello's tale:—

"Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato, a gentleman of Messina, is betrothed to Timbreo de Cardona. Girondo, a disappointed lover of the young lady, resolves, if possible, to prevent the marriage. He insinuates to Timbreo that his mistress is disloyal, and offers to show him a stranger scaling her chamber-window. Timbreo accepts the invitation, and witnesses the hired servant of Girondo, in the dress of a gentleman, ascending a ladder and entering the house of Lionato. Stung with rage and jealousy, Timbreo the next morning accuses his innocent mistress to her father, and rejects the alliance. Fenicia sinks into a swoon; a dangerous illness succeeds; and, to stifle all reports injurious to her fame, Lionato proclaims that she is dead. Her funeral rites are performed in Messina, while in truth she lies concealed in the obscurity of a country residence.

"The thought of having occasioned the death of an innocent and lovely female strikes Girondo with horror; in the agony of remorse he confesses his villany to Timbreo, and they both throw themselves on the mercy, and ask forgiveness, of the insulted family of Fenicia. On Timbreo is imposed only the penance of espousing a lady whose face he should not see previous to his marriage: instead of a new bride, whom he expected, he is presented, at the nuptial altar, with his injured and beloved Fenicia."

This is sufficient to show that while Bandello's tale is the probable original of the plot, yet that it did little more than furnish two or three leading and effective incidents, and the naked outline of the drama; as if, after having been once read, and its story adopted, the book was not looked into again, and the dramatist suffered the current of his own inventive imagination to flow on in its own course. Thus, while he fills the scene with accomplished and brilliant personages—whose originals might very probably have been recognized in the gay life of that day—he changed the revengeful rejected lover, who works all the mischief of the older story, into the less commonplace but truly drawn character of the Bastard John; a moody and disappointed man, who broods over his own malignant feelings till his spirits are taught to "toil in frame of villanies," which he puts in execution, though without any personal motive to gratify. This leads to another fortunate variation of the plot, which has enriched our comic literature with the matchless Dogberry and his companions, while it exhibits a lively picture of one of those incidents not uncommon in real life, where the most cunningly devised plans of craft and wickedness are baffled by humble ignorance and imbecility.

THE TEXT.

This play was not reprinted from the time of its first publication, in quarto, 1600, until it appeared in Heminge & Condell's folio, 1623. This would seem not to have been a direct reprint of the quarto, (though Mr. Collier so pronounces it,) but rather to have been printed from a play-house manuscript. This appears from the omission of several passages, doubtless for the purposes of the stage, and from the circumstance of the names of actors being more than once substituted for those of the dramatic personages. Thus, act ii. scene 3, the folio has—"Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilson*," (the last in place of Balthazar.) So, in act iv., *Kempe* and *Cowley* are substituted for Dogberry and Verges.

The two editions, thus independent copies, agree substantially with each other, and leave but little room for doubting or disputing as to the readings. Much Ado about Nothing is, therefore, not one of the favourite debateable grounds of the commentators for the exercise of their critical ingenuity.

COSTUME.

Mr. Planché, the contributor of this head of illustration to the "Pictorial" SHAKESPEARE, applies to this play his sensible rule that, "in affixing by the costume a particular period to any of Shakespeare's plays which are not historical, care should be taken to select one as near as possible to the time at which it was written. The comedy of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING commences with the return of certain Italian and Spanish noblemen to Sicily, after the wars. Now, the last war in which the Italians, under Spanish dominion, were concerned, previous to the production of this comedy, was terminated by the peace of Cambray, called 'La Paix des Dames,' in consequence of its being signed (August 3d, 1529) by Margaret of Austria, in the name of the Emperor Charles V., and by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, in that of her son Francis I. This peace secured to Charles the crown of Naples and Sicily; and, after vanquishing the Saracens at Tunis, he made triumphal entries into Palermo and Messina, in the autumn of 1535." Of the costume of this period, some illustrations will be found in the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA; and elsewhere in this edition.



Messina, from the Sea.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.
JOHN, his bastard Brother.
CLAUDIO a young Lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.
BENEDICK, a young Lord of Padua, favoured likewise by Don Pedro.
LEONATO, Governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his Brother.
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Don Pedro.
BORACHIO, CONRADE, } followers of John.
DOGBERRY, VERGES, } two Officers.
FRIAR FRANCIS.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

HERO, Daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, Niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, URSULA, } Gentlewomen attending on Hero.

Messengers, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Scene—Messina.





MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

ACT I

Scene I.—*Before* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, *and others, with a Messenger.*

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are

no faces truer than those that are so washed: how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O! he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you,



how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don PEDRO, JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, *and others.*

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble; the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain, but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick: no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat. But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all.—Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato: we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With whom?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat

winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, "Here is a good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign,—"Here you may see Benedick the married man."

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it.—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience. and so I leave you. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O! my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand,
Than to drive liking to the name of love;



Act. I. Scene 1.—STREET IN MESSINA.

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars—

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force,
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no: we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it.—[*Several Persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*



ACT. I. SCENE 2.—Walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard.

SCENE III.—*Another Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter JOHN *and* CONRADE.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea; but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he, for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty-room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

John. Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*





ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks: I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then, half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if a' could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so, deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens: he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece,—[*to Hero*]—I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:" but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer: for, hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical: the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room!

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and Maskers.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

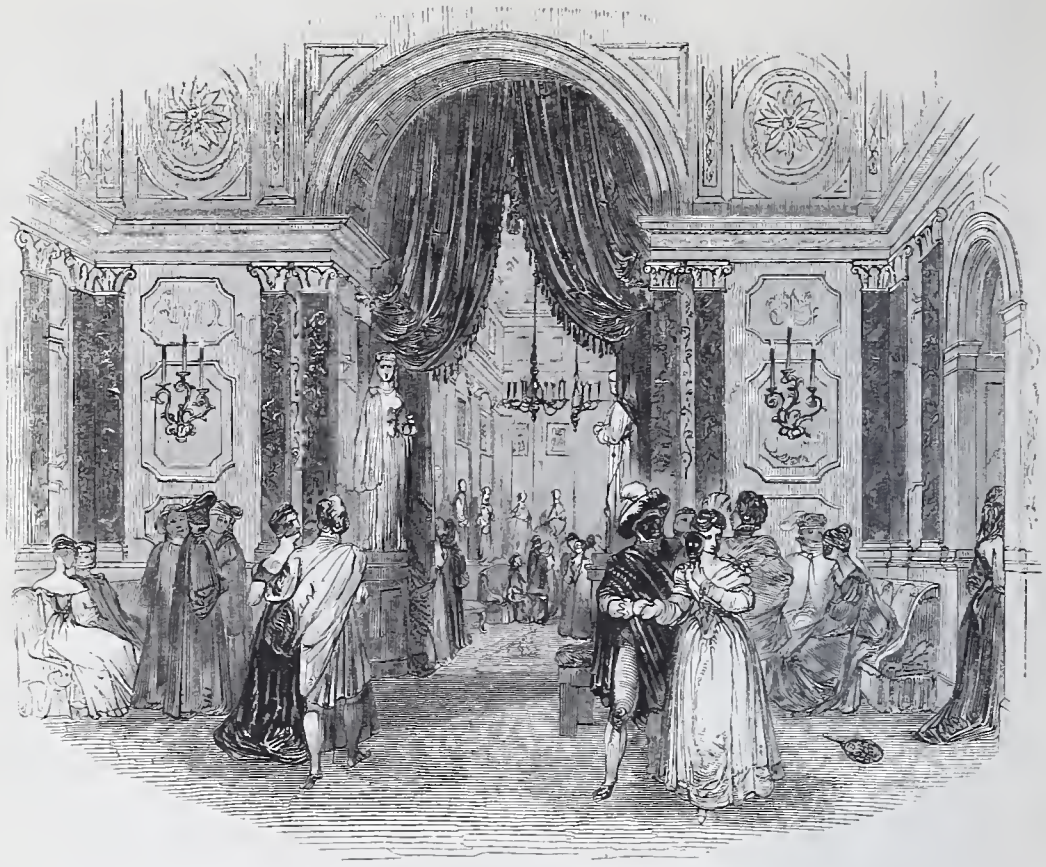
Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.



Act II. Scene 1.—My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough: you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come: do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred merry Tales."—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy, for he both pleases men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him. I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me!

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night.—[*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then, exeunt all but* John, Borachio, *and* Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well: I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* John *and* Borachio.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so:—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent, for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.——But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman, that danced with her, told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O! she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poignards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither, so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and, his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—

Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord! for alliance thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned: I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O! by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours, which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother: spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, (as in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,) that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial; offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—LEONATO'S *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Boy!

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—[*Exit Boy*]—but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*



Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, *with music.*

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note notes, forsooth, and nothing! [*Music.*

Bene. [*Aside.*] Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish'd!—Is it not strange, that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

THE SONG.

Balth. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,*
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, etc.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no, no; faith, thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell.—[*Exeunt* BALTHAZAR *and Musicians.*]—Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. [*Aside to* PEDRO.] O, ay:—stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.—[*Aloud.*]—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [*Aside.*] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection: it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.



ACT II SCENE III. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No, and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she, now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there she will sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper.—My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her:—"I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leon. She doth indeed: my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and out of all suspicion she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. [*Aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. [*Advancing from the arbour.*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry.—I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me"—that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain: if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*





ACT III.

SCENE I.—LEONATO'S *Garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her: say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.—There will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man;
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister:
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed:
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds:
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air: O! she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.



Urs. O! do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?
Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow. Come, go in:
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.
Urs. [*Aside.*] She's lim'd, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.
Hero. [*Aside.*] If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt* Hero *and* Ursula.

Beat. [*Advancing.*] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on: I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, *and* Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.
Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.
D. Pedro. Nay; that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,

he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and in despite of all dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—



Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter JOHN.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

John. [*To* Claudio.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she has been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night, why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no further, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*A Street.*

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How, if a' will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none



but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How, if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay by'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to-bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigitant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside.*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year: a' goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No: 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Sees thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like God Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night.—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret, and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was known in the commonwealth.



1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them: I know him, a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters!

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 *Watch.* Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit* Ursula.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o'gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, under-borne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think,

you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body. Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—"Light o' love;" that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, "Light o' love," with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin: 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill.—Heigh ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled carduus benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why benedictus? you have some moral in this benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not, but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous; palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers: but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me? ha!

Dogb. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man: an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i'faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and Messenger.*

Dogb. Go, good partner, go: get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a *non com:* only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter Don PEDRO, JOHN, LEONATO, *Friar*, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, *etc.*

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her; friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer; none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato; take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on the seeming! I will write against it,
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True? O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God, defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero:
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
John. Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,
Not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[HERO *swoons.*
Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?
John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.
[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO.
Bene. How doth the lady?
Beat. Dead, I think:—help, uncle!—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!
Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand:
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.
Beat. How now, cousin Hero?
Friar. Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Dost thou look up?
Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For did I think thou would'st not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?"
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O! she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!
Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.
Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence! from her; let her die.
Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.
Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury: she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know, that do accuse me: I know none.
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O, my father!
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.
Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.
Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter, here, the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?



(Cathedral of Messina.)

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd
Of every hearer; for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us,
Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented: presently away,
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt Friar*, Hero, *and* Leonato.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not: I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour: I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here:—there is no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height of a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain: we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down Borachio.——Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir: I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way:—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had reeeived a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass; you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O, that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass. [*Exeunt.*





ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry—sorrow wag! and hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.
Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leon. I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.
Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied,
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio hastily.
D. Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords,—
D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.
D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembler, thou.—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villainy.
Claud. My villainy?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.
Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first:—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—
Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow me.
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother—
Ant. Content yourself. God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead; slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—
Leon. Brother Antony—
Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all!
Leon. But, brother Antony—
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord!—
D. Pedro. I will not hear you.
Leon. No?
Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.—
Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see: here comes the man we went to seek.
Claud. Now, signior, what news?
Bene. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.
Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.
Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.
Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?
Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?
D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw to pleasure us.
D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?
Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me.—I pray you, choose another subject.
Claud. Nay then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.
D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.
Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.
Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?
Claud. God bless me from a challenge!
Bene. You are a villain.—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.
Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.
D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?
Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?
Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes easily.
D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," said she, "a fine little one:" "No," said I, "a great wit:" "Right," says she, "a great gross one:" "Nay," said I, "a good wit:" "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody:" "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise:" "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman:" "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues:" "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.
Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.
D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.
Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.
D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?
Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man!"
Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.
[*Exit* BENEDICK.
D. Pedro. He is in earnest.
Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.
D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?
Claud. Most sincerely.
D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!
Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.
D. Pedro. But, soft you; let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the Watch, with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.
D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound? Borachio, one?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done? thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence? sixth and lastly, why they are committed? and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offenee?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery.—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come: bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter. And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, *and the Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina, here,
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night.—
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O! noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming:
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was packed in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go: I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well: God restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and Watch.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LEONATO'S *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* MARGARET.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [Singing.]
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to "lady" but "baby," an innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn," a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool," a babbling rhyme—very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. "Then" is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question:—why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants, with music and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads.*]

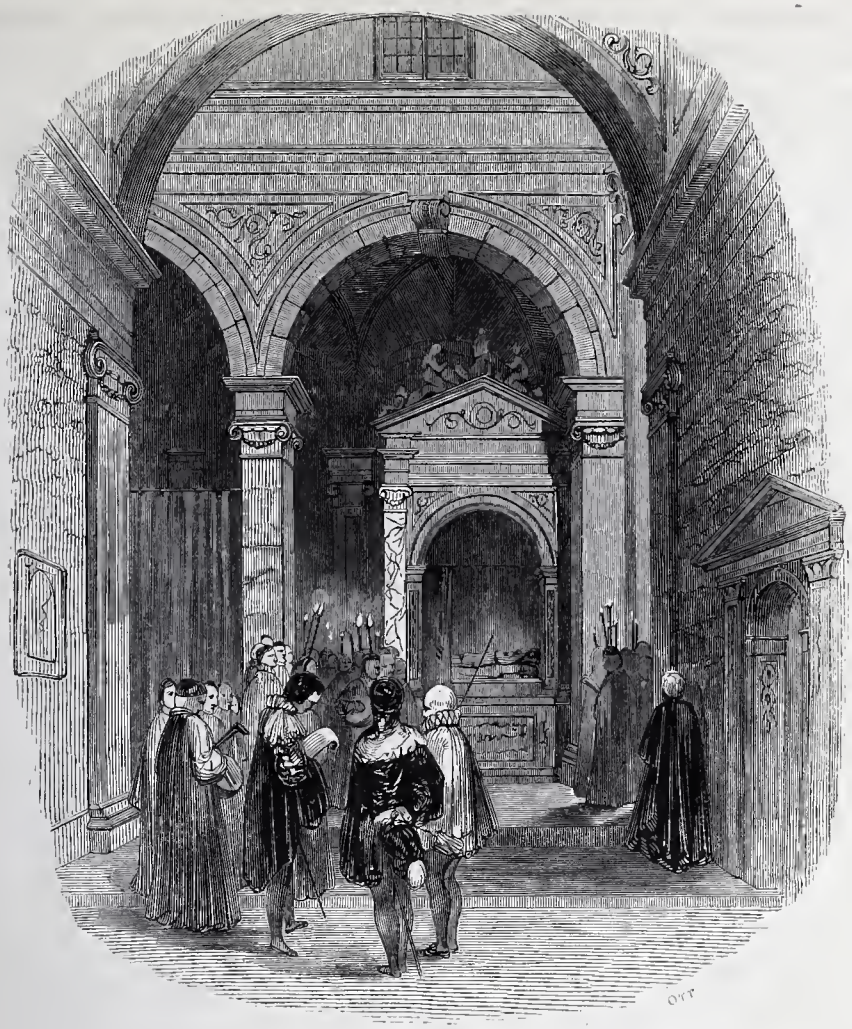
EPITAPH.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.



Act. V. Scene 3.—Hero's Tomb.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters: put your torches out.
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.
D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Ursula, *Friar, and* Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior.
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
Here come the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with Attendants.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind were she an Ethiop.
Leon. Call her forth, brother: here's the friar ready. [*Exit* ANTONIO.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.—
Tush! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the Ladies, masked.*

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar:
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:
[*Unmasking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
Beat. I answer to that name.—[*Unmasking.*]—What is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived: they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no such matter.—Then, you do not love me?



Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts.—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.
Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth.
D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?
Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.
Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends.—Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

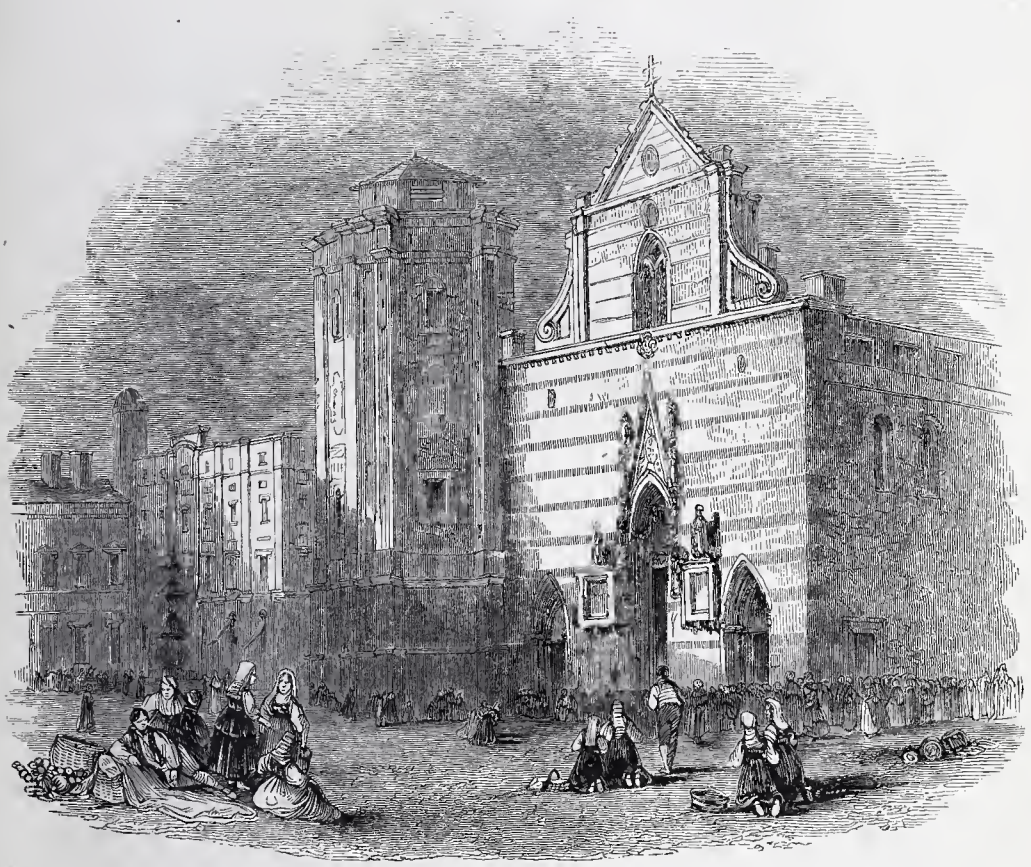
Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore, play, music!—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

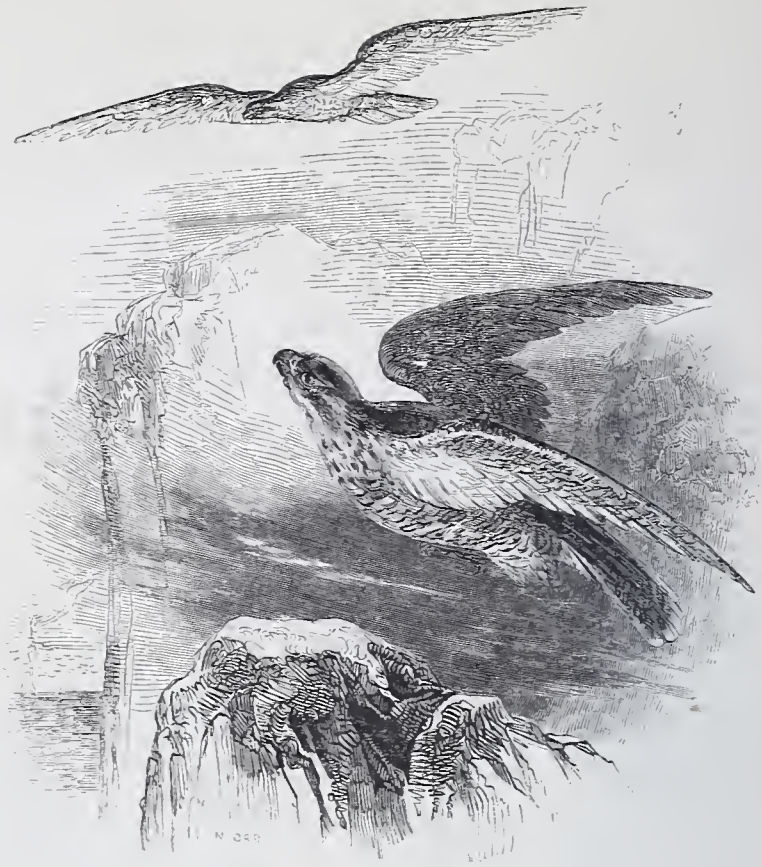
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.*



(Exterior of the Cathedral of Messina.)



Act. III. Scene 1.—Haggards of the Rock.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"—*with a Messenger*"—The old stage-direction runs thus, explaining the relations of the parties to each other, there being originally no list of characters:—"Enter Leonato, governor of Messina, Imogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, with a messenger." It is clear, therefore, that the mother of Hero made her appearance before the audience, although she says nothing throughout the comedy.

"*I know none of that name*"—Beatrice asks after Benedick by a term of the fencing-school, "Montanto:" a term with which Capt. Bobadil has made most readers familiar—"Your punto, your reverso, your stoccato, your *montanto*," etc. The humour of this the messenger does not understand, and answers, "I know none of that name, lady."

"*He set up his bills*"—To "set up bills" was to give public notice of a challenge, by *posting placards*.

"—*challenged Cupid at the* flight"—"'Flights' were long and light-feathered arrows, that went directly to the mark; *bird-bolts*, short thick arrows, without a point, and spreading, at the extremity, into a blunt or nobbed head. The meaning of the whole is—Benedick, from a vain conceit of his influence over women, challenged Cupid at the 'flight'—i. e. to shoot at hearts. The fool, to ridicule this piece of vanity, in his turn challenged Benedick at the bird-bolt—an inferior kind of archery, used by fools, who, for obvious reasons, were not permitted to shoot with pointed arrows: whence the proverb—'A fool's *bolt* is soon shot.'"—Douce.

"—*he'll be* meet *with you*"—i. e. He will be *even* with you, or he will be your *match*—a phrase common in old dramatists, and other writers; and still preserved, in colloquial use, in the midland counties of England.

"—stuffed *with all honourable virtues*"—"Stuffed," in this first instance, has no ridiculous meaning. Mede, in his discourses on Scripture, quoted by Edwards, speaking of Adam, says—"He whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities." And, in the Winter's Tale, we have—

> —of *stuff'd* sufficiency.

Beatrice starts an idea at the words *stuffed man*, and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A stuffed man appears to have been one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold.

"—*four of his five* wits"—The five *senses*, long before the time of Shakespeare, were called the "five wits." In his time *wits* became the general name for the intellectual powers, and these, by analogy to the senses, "the inlets of ideas," were also supposed to be five in number. Shakespeare, in his One hundred and forty-first "Sonnet," distinguishes the "five wits" from the *five senses*:—

> But my *five wits*, nor my *five senses*, can
> Dissuade one foolish heart from loving thee.

"—*the fashion of his* hat, *it ever changes with the next* block"—"In the perpetual change of fashions which was imputed to the English in Elizabeth's day, the *hat* underwent every possible transition of form. We had intended to have illustrated this by exhibiting the principal varieties which we find in pictures of that day; but if our *blocks* had been as numerous as these blocks, we should have filled pages with the graceful or grotesque caprices of the exquisites from whom Brummell inherited his belief in the powers of the hat. 'Why, Mr. Brummell, does an Englishman always look better dressed than a Frenchman?' The oracular reply was, ''Tis the hat.' We present, however, the portrait of one ancient Brummell, with a few hats at his feet to choose from."—Knight. (See cut, end of scene, p. 44.)

"—*the gentleman is not in your books*"—"The meaning of this expression, which we retain to the present day, is generally understood. He who is 'in your books'—or, as we sometimes say, in your *good* books—is he whom you *think well of*—whom you *trust*.

It appears obvious that the phrase has a commercial origin; and that, as he who has obtained *credit*, buys upon *trust*, is in his creditor's *books*, so he who has obtained in any way the confidence of another, is said to be *in his books*. None of the commentators, however, have suggested this explanation. Johnson says it means 'to be in one's codicils, or will;' Stevens, that it is to be in one's visiting-book, or in the books of a university, or in the books of the Herald's Office; Farmer, and Douce, that it is to be in the list of a great man's retainers, because the names of such were entered in a book. This is the most received explanation. Our view of the matter is more homely, and for that reason it appears to us more true."—KNIGHT.

"— *Is there no young* SQUARER *now*"—i. e. *Quarreller*. To *square* is the first position for *boxing*—to *dispute*, to *confront hostilely*. So, in A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM:—

> And now they never meet in grove, or green,
> By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
> But they do *square*.

"— JOHN"—Most editors call him "*Don* John," but in the old quarto and folio copies he is called "John," "John the Bastard," and "Sir John," in the stage-directions, and in the assignment of the speeches.

"— *the lady fathers herself*"—i. e. Resembles her father. The phrase (Stevens tells us) is still common in some parts of England.

"— *Vulcan a rare carpenter*"—Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a good carpenter? Do you mean to amuse us with improbable stories?

"— *to* GO *in the song*"—i. e. To *join* in the song you are singing.

"— *he will wear his cap with suspicion*"—The cap alluded to is the nightcap; as Iago says, "I fear Cassio with my nightcap, too."

"*Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.*"

Mr. Blakeway, in Boswell's edition of SHAKESPEARE, has given an illustration of this passage, in his own recollections of an "old tale," (to which our Poet evidently alludes,) "and which has often froze my young blood, when I was a child, as, I dare say, it had done his before me:"—

"Once upon a time there was a young lady, (called Lady Mary in the story,) who had two brothers. One summer they all three went to a country-seat of theirs, which they had not before witnessed. Among the other gentry in the neighbourhood, who came to see them, was a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, with whom they, particularly the young lady, were much pleased. He used often to dine with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day that her brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither, and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived at the house and knocked at the door, no one answered. At length she opened it, and went in. Over the portal of the hall was written, 'Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.' She advanced—over the staircase, the same inscription. She went up—over the entrance of a gallery, the same. She proceeded—over the door of a chamber, 'Be bold, be bold, but not too bold, lest that your heart's-blood should run cold.' She opened it—it was full of skeletons, tubs full of blood, etc. She retreated in haste. Coming down stairs, she saw, out of a window, Mr. Fox advancing towards the house, with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by her hair. Lady Mary had just time to slip down and bide herself, under the stairs, before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady up stairs, she caught hold of one of the bannisters with her hand, on which was a rich bracelet. Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword: the hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got home safe to her brothers' house.

"After a few days Mr. Fox came to dine with them, as usual; (whether by invitation, or of his own accord, this deponent saith not.) After dinner, when the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, Lady Mary at length said she would relate to them a remarkable dream she had lately had. 'I dreamed,' said she, 'that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I would go there one morning. When I came to the house, I knocked, etc., but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall was written, 'Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.' But,' said she, turning to Mr. Fox, and smiling, 'it is not so, nor it was not so.' Then she pursues the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with, 'It is not so, nor it was not so,' till she comes to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, and said, 'It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so;' which he continues to repeat at every subsequent turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand; when, upon his saying, as usual, 'It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so,' Lady Mary retorts, 'But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show,' at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap:—whereupon, the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces."

"— *in the force of his will*"—Warburton has rightly pointed out the allusion here to the definition of heresy in the scholastic divinity, as consisting not simply in error of opinion, but in a wilful adherence to it against the Church. This whole question had been so much canvassed, in that day of bitter religious animosity and persecution, that such a reference to the familiar topics of controversial theology neither of course implied any profound learning in the author, nor would appear obscure, or pedantic, to the mass of his audience, or readers.

"— *a* RECHEAT *winded in my forehead*"—A "recheat" is the species of sound on the bugle by which hounds are called back. Benedick means, he will not wear the horns on his forehead, by which such an operation may be performed. "Shakespeare (says Johnson) had no mercy on the poor cuckold: his horn is an inexhaustible subject of merriment." The "bugle," etc., contains a similar allusion.

"— *clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam*"—This passage is supposed to refer to Adam Bell, one of three noted outlaws, (Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslee, being the others,) who were formerly as famous, in the north of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows in the midland counties. (See the "Outlaws' Ballad," in Percy's "Reliques of English Poetry.")

"'*In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke*'"—This line is from the old tragedy of "Hieronymo," which was long a favourite subject of ridicule.

"— *if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice*"—Few of the readers of Byron and Rogers need to be informed that Venice was, in its day of splendour, the capital of pleasure and intrigue; and the allusion would be as readily applied as a similar one to Paris would be in our own day.

"— GUARDED *with fragments*"—Clothes were said to be "guarded," when they were *ornamented* with lace.

"— *flout* OLD ENDS *any further*"—i. e. "Old ends," or *conclusions*, of letters. It was very common formerly to finish a letter with the words used by Benedick, Claudio, and Don Pedro:—"And so I commit you to the tuition of God: From my house, the sixth of July, your loving friend," etc. There are many such in the "Paston Letters," lately reprinted.

"*The fairest grant is the necessity*"—Warburton conceives the speaker here to mean, that no one can have a better reason for granting a request than the necessity of its being granted. Hayley (the poet) suggests that there is a misprint, and that the true reading is "*to* necessity," which has great probability.

"—*'tis* ONCE, *thou lovest*"—The word "once" has here the sense of *at* once, or *once for all*. It is so used in CORIOLANUS, and in the COMEDY OF ERRORS.



FULK-GREVILLE, FIRST LORD BROOKE.



SCENE II.

"—*a thick*-PLEACHED *alley*"—i. e. Thickly *interwoven*. So, afterwards, "the *pleached* bower."

"—*Cousins, you know what you have to do*"—It was anciently common to enroll distant relations among the dependents, and even domestics, of a great family.

SCENE III.

"*What the good year*"—The commentators say that the original form of this exclamation was the *gougere*—i. e. *morbus gallicus*—which became obscure, and was corrupted into the "good year:" a very opposite form of expression, and used without any such reference.

"—*I cannot hide what I am*"—"This is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. 'An envious and unsocial mind, too prond to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence."—JOHNSON.

"*I had rather be a* CANKER *in a hedge*"—The allusion is to the *canker-rose*—i. e. the dog-rose. The speaker means, he would rather live in obscurity than owe dignity, or estimation, to his hated brother, who, Conrade reminds him, had "taken him into his grace."

"—*That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow*"—It has already been intimated, (see "Introductory Remarks,") that, in the character of the chief villain of the drama, the Poet has wholly departed from the plot of Bandello's tale, which furnished him with the outline of the story. The novelist had ascribed the base deception, on which his story turns, to the revenge of a rejected lover, who, at the catastrophe, makes some amends for his guilt, by remorse and frank confession. Shakespeare has chosen to pourtray a less common and obvious, but unhappily too true character,—one of sullen malignity, to whom the happiness or success of others is sufficient reason for the bitterness of hatred, and cause enough to prompt to injury and crime. This character has much the appearance of being the original conception and rough sketch of that wayward, dark disposition, which the Poet afterwards painted more elaborately, with some variation of circumstances and temperament, in his "honest Iago."

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"—*in earnest of the* BEAR-WARD"—Spelled *berrord* in the old copies—a colloquial corruption of *bear-ward*, and not *bear-herd*, as many editors have it. Yet, in the "Induction" to the TAMING OF THE SHREW, we find *bear-heard*: that, however, was a corruption of "bear-ward."

"—*if the prince be too* IMPORTANT"—i. e. *Importunate*; as in the COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"—DANCE *out the answer*"—The technical meaning of *measure*, a particular sort of grave measured dance, like the minuet of the last age, is here opposed to its ordinary sense. (See ROMEO AND JULIET, act i.)

"—BALTHAZAR; JOHN"—The quarto and folio here both read—"Balthazar, *or dumb* John." Reed argues that Shakespeare might have called John "*dumb* John," on account of his taciturnity; while others take it, more probably, as a misprint for *Don* John.

"—*God defend, the lute should be like the case*"—i. e. God forbid that your face should be like your mask.

"—*within the house is Jove*"—The line, which is in the rhythm of Chapman's "Homer," and Golding's "Ovid," is an allusion to the story of Baucis and Philemon; and perhaps Shakespeare was thinking of Golding's version of the original. The subsequent speeches of Hero and Don Pedro complete a couplet. The "thatch'd" refers to Ovid's line, as translated by Golding:—

> The roof thereof was thatched all with straw and fennish reede.

"—*the 'Hundred Merry Tales'*"—An old jest-book, of which only a fragment remains. Being unknown to the older editors, this was supposed to allude to the "Decameron" until part of the book was found, and it was reprinted in 1835. It was originally printed by Rastell, between 1517 and 1533. No doubt it was a chap-book well known to the audiences of the Globe.

"—*like an usurer's chain*"—Chains of gold were at this time worn by persons of wealth, as usurers generally were.

"—*it is the base*, THOUGH *bitter disposition*"—So the quarto and folio. There seems to be no reason whatever for changing "thongh" into *the*, as it stands in Malone's SHAKESPEARE, and Singer's useful edition. In the old copies, "though bitter" is in parentheses. Thongh severe, she is grovelling in mind.

"—*as melancholy as a lodge in a warren*"—I see no reason for supposing, with Stevens, that this image of solitariness was suggested by the "lodge in a garden of cucumbers" of Isaiah. Shakespeare has another picture of loneliness,—"at the *moated grange* resides this dejected Marianna:"—(MEASURE FOR MEASURE, act iii. scene 1.)

"—*with such impossible* CONVEYANCE"—i. e. With a rapidity equal to that of jugglers, whose "conveyances," or *tricks*, appear *impossibilities*. "Impossible" may, however, be used in the sense of *incredible*, or *inconceivable*, both here and in the beginning of the scene, where Beatrice speaks of "impossible slanders."

"—CIVIL *as an orange*"—A very common play on words, in Old-English literature, upon the *Seville* orange—the fruit of that kind best known in London.

"—*thus goes every one to the world but I*"—To "go to the world" is again used by Shakespeare in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, act i. scene 3, to signify being married. When Beatrice adds, "I am sun-burned," she means that her beauty is damaged, as the phrase is used in TROILUS AND CRESSIDA—"The Grecian dames were sun-burned." See, also, AS YOU LIKE IT, act v. scene 3, where Audrey desires to be "a woman of the world."

SCENE II.

"—*hear Margaret term me* CLAUDIO"—Theobald altered the name, in this passage, to *Borachio*, which, as it is supported by plausible reasons, has been followed in most editions, until the later English editors, who restore "Claudio," the original reading. It appears evident that, at the time of speaking, Borachio intended there should be a change of his appellation, as well as in that of Margaret; for where would be the wonder that Claudio should hear him called by his own name? He prevails upon Margaret (whom he expressly states to have no ill intention towards her mistress) to take part in the plot, under the impression that she and Borachio were merely amusing themselves with a masquerade representation of the courtship of her lady and Claudio. It has also been suggested, that Claudio might well be made to believe that the perfidious Hero received a clandestine lover, whom she *called* Claudio, in order to decieve her attendants, should any be within sight or hearing; and this, of course, in Claudio's estimation, would be a great aggravation of her offence. The reader will find, in the "Variorum" SHAKESPEARE, a large array of argument on both sides of the question.

SCENE III.

"—*in the* ORCHARD"—"Orchard," in Shakespeare's time, signified a *garden*. So, in ROMEO AND JULIET:—

> The *orchard* walls are high and hard to climb.

This word was first written *hort-yard*, then, by corruption, *hort-chard*—and hence *orchard*.

"—*her hair shall be of what colour it please God*"—Some of the editors explain this very literally, as meaning, "If I can find all these excellences united, I shall not trouble myself about the colour of the lady's hair"—certainly a reasonable conclusion. But it appears, from many passages, that our author had an especial and somewhat whimsical dislike to all disguises of the head by art. Like his own Biron, (LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST,) he mourned that—

> —painting and usurping hair
> Should ravish doters with a false aspect.

The fashions of colouring the hair, wearing artificial curls, etc., were as familiar in Elizabeth's reign as in that of Victoria; and were assailed by the wits, as well as more solemnly denounced from the pulpit. He, therefore, makes Benedick the mouth-piece of his own taste in this matter, by summing up his catalogue of all imaginary female perfections,—as wit, virtue, wisdom, riches, mildness, talents for music or discourse,—with insisting, with ludicrous exaggeration, that her hair shall be of the colour that nature made it.

"*We'll fit the* KID-FOX"—"'Kid-fox' has been supposed to mean *discovered*, or *detected* fox. *Kid* certainly meant *known*, or discovered, in Chaucer's time. It may have been a technical term in the game of *hide-fox*: old terms are sometimes longer preserved in jocular sports than in common usage. Some editors have printed it *hid-fox;* and others explained it *young*, or *cub-fox*."—NARES.

The last sense is adopted by Richardson, in his "Dictionary," and is approved by Dyce. It sorts well with the speaker, and with Benedick's character.

"*Note notes, forsooth, and* NOTHING"—"This is the reading of the old copies, and ought to be preserved in preference to *noting*, which Theobald substituted, and which has stood in the text ever since. Don Pedro means to play upon the similarity of sound between *noting* and 'nothing,' and to indicate his opinion of the worth of Balthazar's 'crotchets.'"—COLLIER.

"—STALK *on; the fowl sits*"—An allusion to the *stalking-horse*, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game.

"—*hide* HIMSELF *in such reverence*"—"Himself" has been printed *itself*, in many editions; but Shakespeare meant to *personify* knavery; and so it is printed in the older copies.

"—*she tore the letter into a thousand* HALFPENCE"—i. e. Into a thousand *pieces*. The word *farthing* was also used to signify any small particle, or division. Chaucer says of his Prioress—

> In hirre cuppe was no ferthing sene
> Of grese, when she dronken had hirre draught.

"—DAFF'D *all other respects*"—To "daff" is to *doff;* to *do off*, or *put aside*.

"—*hath a* CONTEMPTIBLE *spirit*"—i. e. *Contemptuous*. The difference of these two words was not yet accurately settled, even in the next generation. Drayton confounds them: and in the argument to "Darius," a tragedy, by Lord Sterline, (1603,) it is said that Darius wrote to Alexander "in a proud and *contemptible* manner."

"—*the conference was* SADLY *borne*"—i. e. *Seriously* conducted. *Sad* and "sadly" were often used for *serious* and *seriously*, *grave* and *gravely*.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*To listen our* PROPOSE"—A few lines above we had—"*Proposing* with the Prince and Claudio." "Propose" is *conversation*, from the French *propos;* and so the quarto reads here; for which the folio has *purpose*. Beatrice was to come to overhear what Hero and Ursula were saying, not what they intended to do. Reed, however, has showed that *purpose*, when accented like *propose*, on the last syllable, had the same sense—it being taken in the modern sense when pronounced as it is now always.

"—HAGGARDS *of the rock*"—Wild or untamed *hawks*, from the mountains. (See cut, p. 42.)

"*If black, why, nature, drawing of an* ANTICK," etc.

The "antick" was the *fool*, or *buffoon*, of the old farces. By "black" is meant only (as in the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA) a man of a dark or swarthy complexion, in which sense it was used as late as the "Spectator;" but Douce says that here it means one with merely a black beard.

"—*an* AGATE *very vilely cut*"—Warburton, followed by several editors, substituted *aght*, a tag of gold or silver, anciently used. But the allusion is to the *agate stone* worn in rings, and cut into figures—a general fashion of the day; as Queen Mab is said, in ROMEO AND JULIET, to be "no bigger than an agate stone on the fore-finger of an alderman." Falstaff says of his page, "I was never manned with an *agate* till now."

"—*press me to death with wit*"—By the old common-law, the punishment called *peine fort et dure* was inflicted on persons who refused to plead to their indictment. They were pressed to death by weights placed upon the stomach.

"*What fire is in mine ears*"—The popular opinion here alluded to is as old as Pliny:—"Moreover, is not this an opinion generally received, that when our ears do glow and tingle, some there be that in our absence do talk of us?"—(Holland's "Translation," book xxviii.)

Scene II.

"—*to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it*"—Shakespeare seldom repeats himself; but, in Romeo and Juliet, there is a passage similar to the above:—

> As is the night before some festival,
> To an impatient child that hath new robes
> And may not wear them.

"—*all* slops"—i. e. Large *breeches*, or *trousers*. Hence, a *slop-seller*, for one who furnishes seamen, etc., with clothes.

"—*his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string*"—i. e. His jocular wit is now employed in the inditing of love-songs, which, in Shakespeare's time, were usually accompanied on the lute. The "stops" are the frets of the lute, and those points on the finger-board on which the string is pressed, or stopped, by the finger.

"*Good* den, *brother*"—"Good *den*" is a colloquial abridgment of *good even*, but it was also used for *good day:* and, in act v. scene 1, Don Pedro says, *good den*, and Claudio, *good day*.

Scene III.

"—*have a care that your* bills *be not stolen*"—The bill" was a formidable weapon in the hands of the old English infantry. "It gave (says Temple) the most ghastly and deplorable wounds." Dr. Johnson states that, when he wrote, the "bill" was still carried by the watchmen of Litchfield, his native town. It was a long weapon, with a point shaped somewhat like an axe.

"*If you hear a child cry in the night*"—This part of the sapient Dogberry's charge may have been suggested by some of the amusing provisions contained in the "Statutes of the Streets," imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595. For instance—"22. No man shall blow any horne in the night, within the citie, or *whistle* after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of imprisonment.—30. No man shall, after the houre of nyne at night, keep any rule, whereby any such suddaine outcry be made in the still of the night; as making any affray, or *beating his wife* or servant, or singing or revyling [revelling] in his house, to the disturbance of his neighbours, under paine of iii*s.* iiii*d.*," etc., etc.

"—*Keep your fellows' counsels and your own*"—"This is part of the oath of a grand juryman; and is one of many proofs of Shakespeare's having been very conversant, at some period of his life, with legal proceedings and courts of justice."—Malone.

"*I know that Deformed*"—In the induction to his "Bartholomew Fair," we find Ben Jonson aiming a satirical stroke at this scene:—"And then a substantial watch to have stole in upon 'em, and taken them away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is in the stage practice." Jonson himself, however, in his "Tale of a Tub," makes his wise men of Finsbury blunder in the same manner. Boswell, in his edition of Malone's Shakespeare, points out examples of this sort of humour before Shakespeare's time. Nash, in his "Anatomy of Absurditie," (1589,) speaks of "a misterming clowne in a comedie;" and in "Selimus, Emperor of the Turks," (1594,) this speech is put into the mouth of Bullithrumble, a shepherd:—"Well, if you will keepe my sheepe truly and honestly, keeping your hands from lying and slandering, and your tongue from picking and stealing, you shall be Maister Bullithrumble's servitures."

"—reechy *painting*"—i. e. Painting (says Stevens) *discoloured by smoke*.

"—smirched, *worm-eaten tapestry*"—i. e. *Soiled, obscured*.

"—*a' wears a lock*"—It was one of the fantastic fashions of Shakespeare's day, for men to cultivate a favourite lock of hair, which was brought before, tied with ribands, and called a love-lock. It was against this practice that Prynne wrote his treatise on the "Unlovelyness of Love-locks." It appears from Manzoni's Italian novel, "*I Promessi Sposi*," that, in the sixteenth century, wearing a lock was made penal, in Lombardy, as the sign of a lawless life. Italian fashions were so much talked of in England, that the Poet might have known this, and alluded to it.

Scene IV.

"—*your other* rabato"—An ornament for the neck, a kind of *ruff*, such as we often see in the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. Decker calls them "your stiff-necked *rebatoes*." Menage derives it from *rebattre*—to put back.

"—*set with pearls, down sleeves*"—i. e. The pearls are to be set down the sleeves.

"—*side sleeves*"—*Long* sleeves, or *full* sleeves—from the Anglo-Saxon *sid;* ample, long. The "deep and broad sleeves" of the time of Henry IV. are thus ridiculed by Hoccleve:—

> Now hath this land little neede of broomes
> To sweepe away the filth out of the streete,
> Sen *side-sleeves* of pennilesse groomes
> Will it up licke, be it drie or weete.

"—'*Light o' love*'"—This is the name of an old dance tune, mentioned in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, act i. scene 2. (See Chappell's "Ancient English Airs," where the words of a song to the tune of "Light o' Love" are given.)

"—*the letter that begins them all*, H"—This conceit, as well as similar jokes in contemporary writers, shows that the word, which we now pronounce *ake*, was, in Shakespeare's time, pronounced *aitch*. Beatrice says, she is ill for an *H*, (aitch,) the letter that begins each of the three words—hawk, horse, and husband. J. P. Kemble had a long contention with the public on this point. When playing Prospero, he always persisted in saying, "Fill all thy bones with *aitches;*" and the public (particularly those of the upper regions, who are always most intolerant of singularity) as pertinaciously hissed him for presuming to be right, out of season.

> The *gods* and Cato did in this divide.

W. Scott gives the history of J. P. Kemble's threatening Caliban with *aitches*, with great humour.

Another authority in the actor's favour is found in Heywood's "Epigrams," (1566:)—

> *H* is worst among letters in the cross-row;
> For if thou find him, either in thine elbow,
> In thine arm or leg, in any degree;
> In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;—
> Into what place soever *H* may pike him,
> Wherever thou find *ache*, thou shalt not like him.

"—*an you be not turned Turk*"—This phrase was commonly applied to express a change of condition, or opinion. Hamlet talks of his fortune turning Turk.

"—*carduus benedictus*"—"Carduus benedictus, or *blessed thistle*, (says Cogan, in his 'Haven of Health,' 1589,) so worthily named for the singular virtues that it hath."

Scene V.

"—palabras, *neighbour Verges*"—How this Spanish word came into our language, and to be in familiar use with the lower orders, it is difficult to ascertain. Sly, in the "Induction" to the Taming of the Shrew, has *pocas palabras;* and the same words are found in the popular old play, the "Spanish Tragedy," where they are spoken by Hieronimo, act iv. scene 4.

"*— if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship*"—Hazlitt remarks upon the quaint blundering of the inimitable Dogberry and Verges, that they are "a standing record of that formal gravity of pretension, and total want of common understanding, which Shakespeare, no doubt, copied from real life; and which, in the course of two hundred years, appear to have ascended from the lowest to the highest offices of the state." The political sarcasm, as to the inheritance of the wisdom of these functionaries, has, I hope, but little application on our side of the Atlantic; but the desire to bestow all their tediousness upon their friends is, unquestionably, a characteristic in which the public men of America are not a jot behind the municipal dignitaries of the Messina watch.

ACT IV.—Scene I.

"*— some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!*"—Benedick quotes from the "Accidence."

"*— word too* LARGE"—"So he uses 'large' *jests*, in this play, for *licentious*—not restrained within due bounds."—Johnson.

"*Out on* THE *seeming*"—The original quarto and folio have, "Out on *thee* seeming," which Collier alone, of modern editors, retains; understanding it that Claudio addresses Hero as the personification of "seeming," or *hypocrisy*. Pope, followed by many others, altered the phrase to "Out on *thy* seeming;" which gives a good sense, and is a probable correction. We have, however, preferred that of Knight, as most congruous to the context; and think, with him, that the sense is—"Out on the *specious resemblance*—I will write against it;" that is, against this false representation, along with this deceiving portrait—

You seem to me as Dian in her orb, etc.

"*True? O God!*"—This is Hero's exclamation on John's assertion—"these things are true." It is usually printed as if Hero answered, "True, O God!" to Benedick's observation, "This looks not like a nuptial."

"*— a* LIBERAL *villain*"—i. e. Licentiously *free*; as, in Othello—"Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?"

"*Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,*
Not to be SPOKEN *of*," etc.

This is the metrical arrangement of the two original editions, of which, until Collier, all later editors attempted to make what they thought a more regular metre, by printing—

Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of.

The quarto of 1600 has *spoke*, the folio (1623) *spoken*; which I mention as indicating the gradual increase of attention to stricter grammatical distinctions.

"*The story that is printed in her blood*"—"The story that her blushing discovers to be true."—Johnson.

This explanation has been doubted, but it is confirmed, as the Poet's thought, by the Friar's notice of the "blushing apparitions on her face."

"*— frugal nature's* FRAME"—i. e. *Ordinance, arrangement*, or *framing* of things; as in this play it is said of John—

His spirits toil in *frame* of villainies.

"*Who* SMIRCHED *thus*"—The folio substitutes *smeared* for "smirched" in the quarto. "Smirched" is also found in Hamlet, As You Like It, etc.; but, as Nares (Glossary) informs us, has hitherto been found in no other author. Our Poet was fond of using it. We have "smirched" in this play in the sense of *soiled*.

"*— BEAT away those blushes*"—We follow Collier in retaining "beat," the reading of the original quarto, (1600;) printed in the folio, and all other editions, *bear*.

"*— we* RACK *the value*"—i. e. We *raise* the estimate to the utmost—a sense now retained only in the phrase *rack rent*.

"*— count confect*"—Beatrice gives him this title in contempt. We still speak of *caraway confects*. She first calls him "count," and then mentions his title, "count confect"—"a *sweet* gallant, surely!" This is the old reading, which, without reason, has been changed to "a goodly count-confect."

Scene II.

"*Sexton*"—He is called "town-clerk" in the old stage-directions, probably because, being able to read and write, he acted as clerk for the town, or for such of the inhabitants as had not his accomplishments.

ACT V.—Scene I.

"*Cry—sorrow wag!*"—"'And sorrow, wag! cry hem, when he should groan,' is the reading of the old quarto, and of the folios, which may be reconciled to sense, and therefore ought not to be disturbed. The meaning is clear, though not clearly expressed. 'And, sorrow, wag,' is, *and sorrow away!* (for which, indeed, it may have been misprinted;) similar to the exclamation, 'care, away!' The reading substituted by the commentators has usually been—

Cry sorrow, wag! *and* hem, when he should groan—

which has no warrant. Heath's suggestion of—'And *sorrowing*, cry hem, when he should groan,' is the most plausible emendation."—Collier.

Rowe, Theobald, Hanmer, Tyrwhitt, Warton, Stevens, Ritson, and Malone have respectively offered the following emendations:—"And *hallow*, wag;" "And sorrow *wage;*" "And sorrow *waive;*" "And sorrow *gag;*" "And *sorrowing* cry;" "And *sorry* wag;" "And sorrow *waggery;*" "*In* sorrow wag." The emendation of Dr. Johnson—

Cry, sorrow wag! and hem, when he should groan—

requires merely the transposition of *cry* with *and*—a correction of a very common sort of error—and the sense is then so clear that it has been generally adopted. Knight, however, adopts Johnson's first suggestion, which gives the same sense, though harshly expressed—

And, sorrow wag! cry hem; when he should groan.

"Sorrow go by!" is said to be still a common Scotism.

"*With* CANDLE-WASTERS"—By "candle-wasters" is probably meant *drunkards*, or midnight revellers. There is, however, a passage in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," (act iii. scene 2,) which seems to show that the epithet was applied, in ridicule, to students—"Spoiled by a whoreson book-worm, a candle-waster." Leonato may mean to say, that a misfortune like his is not to be drugged, or made drunk, by the book-philosophy of mere theorists. His whole speech is directed against comforters of this description.

"*— louder than* ADVERTISEMENT"—i. e. Than *admonition;* than moral instruction.

"*And made a* PUSH"—Pope and others print this, "make a *pish*"—i. e. treat with contempt; but "push" is the reading of the old copies, that being the old mode of spelling. Collier refers to instances in proof of it, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maids' Revenge;" in Chapman's "Gentleman Usher;" and repeatedly in Middleton's plays. Boswell would derive the expression from fencing, and tells us that, "to make a *push* at any thing is to contend against it, or defy it." Shakespeare's meaning is evident, taking "push" as an interjection.

"*Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow me.*"

"Stevens destroys this most characteristic line—and his reading is that of all popular editions—by his old fashion of metre-mongering. He reads—

Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me."

Knight.

"— *your* FOINING *fence*"—i. e. *Thrusting*.

"— *as we do the minstrels*"—i. e. As we bid minstrels draw their instruments out of their cases.

"— *he knows how to turn his girdle*"—Stevens says that the Irish have an expression corresponding to that quoted:—"If he is angry, let him tie up his brogues." He supposes both phrases merely to mean, that the angry man should employ himself till he is in a better humour. Instances are quoted to show that it was a common expression of defiance. Mr. Holt White plausibly accounts for the origin of the term, by saying that the buckle was usually worn in front of the belt; but, in wrestling, it was turned behind, in order to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle.

"— *Shall I not find a woodcock too*"—A jesting allusion to the supposed fact that the woodcock has no brains, and is therefore easily caught; alluding to the success of the plot against Benedick. The joke is common in old plays.

"*But, soft you; let* ME *be*"—Most modern editions read, "let be," in opposition to the older, which have, "let *me* be;" meaning merely "let me alone." *Let be* is, however, good old colloquial English for "Let things be as they are."

"— INCENSED *me to slander*"—i. e. "*Incited* me. The word is used in the same sense in RICHARD III. and HENRY VIII."—M. MASON.

"*Art* THOU *the slave*"—The folio repeats *thou*—"Art thou, *thou*, the slave?" which Knight retains, as expressive of passion. It may be right, but it rather seems an accidental repetition, such as often occurs. The quarto reading is as in our text, and the metre agrees with it.

"*Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb*"—It was the custom to attach, upon the tomb of celebrated persons, a written inscription, either in prose or verse, generally in praise of the deceased. (See Bayle, in "Aretin, [Pierre,"] note H.)

"*And she alone is heir to both of us*"—This appears to be a lapse of memory in the author, as mention is made, in act i. scene 2, of a son of Antonio.

"— *was* PACKED *in all this wrong*"—The old copies have *packt*, which Collier prints *pact*, and explains *bargain*, or *contract;* Margaret, one party to the *pact*, being spoken of as the contract itself. We read, with all the other editors, "packed," in the sense retained in speaking of a "*packed* jury," *combined*, an *accomplice*,—a sense common in SHAKESPEARE; as, "Were he not *pack'd* with her," (COMEDY OF ERRORS;) "There's *packing*," etc., (TAMING OF THE SHREW.) Bacon uses it in the same way.

"— *God save the foundation*"—This was a customary old phrase with those who received alms at the gates of religious houses.

"— *this* LEWD *fellow*"—"Here 'lewd' has not the common meaning, nor can it be used in the more uncommon sense of *ignorant;* but rather means *knavish, ungracious, naughty*, which are the synonymes used with it in explaining the Latin *pravus*, in dictionaries of the sixteenth century."—SINGER.

SCENE II.

"— *I give thee the bucklers*"—To "give the bucklers" was to *yield the victory;* by which an enemy obtained his adversary's shield, and retained his own. The phrase was proverbial.

"*How pitiful I deserve*"—The beginning of an old ballad by William Elderton.

"*An old, an old instance*"—The words "an old" are repeated in the quarto, as well as in the folios, for greater emphasis.

"— *Yonder's* OLD *coil at home*"—"Old" is the common ancient augmentative: "*old* coil" means great confusion.

"— *in* GUERDON *of her wrongs*"—"Guerdon," *reward.*

"— *virgin knight*"—"*Diana's* knight, or 'virgin knight,' was the common poetical appellation of virgins in Shakespeare's time. So, in the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' (1634:)—

> O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
> —— who to thy *female knights*, etc."

MALONE.

"HEAVENLY, HEAVENLY"—We have here, with Knight, followed the reading of the folios, in preference to the quarto, which has—"*Heavily, heavily.*" To *uttcr* is here to *put out*—to *eject.* Death is expelled "heavenly"—by the power of heaven. The passage has evidently reference to the sublime verse in "Corinthians." All the other editors have read, "Heavily, heavily," and understand, with Boswell, "till death be spoken of," or, with Stevens, "till songs of death be uttered;" and then *heavily* would be appropriate. The folio reading seems to me more poetical and probable, and the sense at least as clear.

"*This same is she*"—The old copies give this speech to Leonato; but, since Theobald, it has been arbitrarily assigned to Antonio.

"WHY, *no*"—"Stevens rejects the 'why,' upon the old principle of its being 'injurious to metre.' When Benedick, in the same way, replies to the question of Beatrice—

> Do not you love me?—

the Poet throws a spirit and variety into the answer, by making it—

> *Troth*, no; no more than reason.

Stevens cuts out the "troth:" the metre (says he) is overloaded. It would matter little what Stevens did with his own edition, but he has furnished the text of every popular edition of Shakespeare extant; and for this reason we feel it a duty perpetually to protest against his corruptions of the real text."—KNIGHT.

"— *get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn*"—The "staff" is *marriage.* Benedick supposes it to be a welcome and respectable support to so "giddy a thing as man," although he cannot avoid a final flout at the "horn," which forms the handle of the staff, and an emblem of the destiny which he has all along attributed to married men. Witness the "recheat in the forehead," etc. To this day, it is common to see old-fashioned sticks, or canes, surmounted with horn handles. Stevens and Malone will have it, that the allusion is to the *baston*, or "staff tipped with horn," used by combatants in the wager of battle; but we are not informed how the passage in the text is at all explained by the use of these weapons.

Coleridge has selected this comedy as affording a special example of a pervading characteristic of Shakespeare's dramas, which distinguishes them from those of all other dramatic poets. It is that of the independence of dramatic interest without the plot:—

"The interest (says he) in the plot is on account of the characters, not *vice versâ*, as in almost all other writers; the plot is a mere canvass, and no more. Hence arises the true justification of the same stratagem being used in regard to Benedick and Beatrice—the vanity in each being alike. Take away from MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING all that which is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, at best, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action; take away Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of Hero—and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character; in

Shakespeare it is so, or is not so, as the character is in itself calculated, or not calculated, to form the plot. Don John is the main-spring of the plot of this play; but he is merely shown, and then withdrawn."

Among the most original and ingenious of the Shakespeare critics of Germany is Dr. Ulrici, whose "Essay on Shakespeare's Dramatic Wit, and his Relation to Calderon and Goëthe" is founded mainly on the idea that Shakespeare's peculiar and essential difference from other dramatic poets consists in a view of human life suggested or unfolded by Christian revelation, in opposition to one derived from mythological paganism or natural reason. The reader will readily acknowledge a share of truth in this proposition; while, in the bold and unqualified manner in which it is announced, and the extent to which it is carried, it has much the air of paradoxical hypothesis. We are indebted to an excellent paper on Shakespearian literature, in the "Edinburgh Review," for 1840, for the following abridgment of Ulrici's analysis of the comedy before us:—

"Ulrici's theory, as to the leading idea of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, is exceedingly ingenious. He considers the play as a representation of the contrast and contradiction between life, in its real essence, and the aspect which it presents to those who are engaged in its struggle. And this contradiction, he tells us, is set forth in an acted commentary on the title of the drama—a series of incidents which, in themselves neither real nor strange, nor important, are regarded by the actors as being all these things. The war at the opening, it is said, begins without reason and ends without result; Don Pedro seems to woo Hero for himself, while he gains her for his friend; Benedick and Beatrice, after carrying on a merry campaign of words without real enmity, are entrapped into marriage without real love; the leading story rests in a seeming faithlessness, and its results are a seeming death and funeral, a challenge which produces no fighting, and a marriage in which the bride is a pretender; and the weakness and shadowiness of human wishes and plans are exposed with yet more cutting irony in the means that bring about the fortunate catastrophe—an accident in which the unwitting agents, headed by Dogberry, the very representative of the idea of the piece, are the lowest and most stupid characters of the whole group. The Poet's readers may hesitate in following his speculative critic the whole way in this journey to the temple of abstract truth; but there can be no reasonable doubt that, for a long part of it, he has followed the right track. And it is interesting to trace how that great rule of the Poet, which Coleridge has set down as characteristic of him—his general avoidance of surprises—is here, as elsewhere, made subservient to the immediate purpose."

Campbell's remarks on this play are written in a more worldly spirit, and in a splenetic humour:—

"I fully agree with the admirers of this play in their opinion as to the most of its striking merits. The scene of the young and guiltless heroine struck speechless by the accusation of her lover, and swooning at the foot of the nuptial altar, is deeply touching. There is eloquence in her speechlessness, and we may apply the words, '*Ipsa silentia terrent*,' amidst the silence of those who have not the ready courage to defend her, while her father's harsh and hasty belief of her guilt crowns the pathos of her desolation. At this crisis, the exclamation of Beatrice, the sole believer in her innocence, 'O! on my soul, my cousin is belied,' is a relieving and glad voice in the wilderness, which almost reconciles me to Beatrice's otherwise disagreeable character. I agree also that Shakespeare has, all the while, afforded the means of softening our dismayed compassion for Hero, by our previous knowledge of her innocence, and we are sure that she shall be exculpated. Yet who, but Shakespeare, could dry our tears of interest for Hero, by so laughable an agent as the immortal Dogberry? I beg pardon for having allowed that Falstaff makes us forget all the other comic creations of our Poet. How could I have overlooked you, my Launce, and my Launce's dog, and my Dogberry? To say that Falstaff makes us forget Dogberry is, as Dogberry himself would say, *most tolerable and not to be endured*. And yet Shakespeare, after pouncing on this ridiculous prey, springs up, forthwith, to high dramatic effect, in making Claudio, who had mistakenly accused Hero, so repentant as to consentingly marry another woman, her supposed cousin, under a veil, which, when it is lifted, displays his own vindicated bride, who had been supposed to have died of grief, but who is now restored to him, like another Alcestis, from the grave.

"At the same time, if Shakespeare were looking over my shoulder, I could not disguise some objections to this comedy, which involuntarily strike me as debarring it from ranking among our Poet's most enchanting dramas. I am on the whole, I trust, a liberal on the score of dramatic probability. Our faucy and its faith are no niggards in believing whatsoever they may be delighted withal; but, if I may use a vulgar saying, 'a willing horse should not be ridden too hard.' Our fanciful faith is misused when it is spurred and impelled to believe that Don John, without one particle of love for Hero, but out of mere personal spite to Claudio, should contrive the infernal treachery which made the latter *assuredly* jealous. Moreover, during one half of the play, we have a disagreeable female character in that of Beatrice. Her portrait, I may be told, is deeply drawn, and minutely finished. It is; and so is that of Benedick, who is entirely her counterpart, except that he is less disagreeable. But the best-drawn portraits by the finest masters may be admirable in execution, though unpleasant to contemplate, and Beatrice's portrait is in this category. She is a tartar, by Shakespeare's own showing, and, if a natural woman, is not a pleasing representative of the sex. In befriending Hero, she almost reconciles us to her, but not entirely; for a good heart, that shows itself only on extraordinary occasions, is no sufficient atonement for a bad temper, which Beatrice evidently shows. The marriage of the marriage-hating Benedick and the furiously anti-nuptial Beatrice is brought about by a trick. Their friends contrive to deceive them into a belief that they love each other, and partly by vanity—partly by a mutual affection, which had been disguised under the bickerings of their wit—they have their hands joined, and the consolations of religion are administered, by the priest who marries them, to the unhappy sufferers.

"Mrs. Jameson, in her characters of Shakespeare, concludes with hoping that Beatrice will live happy with Benedick; but I have no such hope; and my final anticipation in reading the play is the certainty that Beatrice will provoke her Benedick to give her much and just conjugal castigation. She is an odious woman. Her own cousin says of her—

> Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
> Misprizing what they look on—and her wit
> Values itself so highly, that to her
> All matters else seem weak. She cannot love,
> Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
> She is so self-endeared.

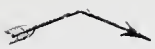
"I once knew such a pair; the lady was a perfect Beatrice; she railed hypocritically at wedlock before her marriage, and with bitter sincerity after it. She and her Benedick now live apart, but with entire reciprocity of sentiments, each devoutly wishing that the other may soon pass into a better world. Beatrice is not to be compared, but contrasted with Rosalind, who is equally witty; but the sparkling sayings of Rosalind are like gems upon her head at court, and like dew-drops on her bright hair in the woodland forest."

We extract this last criticism, partly in deference to Campbell's general exquisite taste and reverent appreciation of Shakespeare's genius, and partly as an example of the manner in which accidental personal associations influence taste and opinion. The critical poet seems to have unhappily suffered under the caprices or insolence of some accomplished but fantastical female

wit, whose resemblance he thinks he recognizes in Beatrice; and then vents the offences of the belle of Edinburgh, or London, upon her prototype of Messina, or more probably of the court of Queen Elizabeth. Those who, without encountering any such unlucky cause of personal prejudice, have looked long enough upon the rapidly passing generations of wits and beauties in the gay world to have noted their characters as they first appeared, and subsequently developed themselves in after life, will pronounce a very different judgment. Beatrice's faults are such as ordinarily spring from the consciousness of talent and beauty, accompanied with the high spirits of youth and health, and the play of a lively fancy. Her brilliant intellectual qualities are associated with strong and generous feelings, high confidence in female truth and virtue, warm attachment to her friends, and quick, undisguised indignation at wrong and injustice. There is the rich material, which the experience and the sorrows of maturer life, the affection and the duties of the wife and the mother, can gradually shape into the noblest forms of matronly excellence; and such, we doubt not, was the result shown in the married life of Beatrice.

The objection to the character of the Bastard John goes deeper into the sources of human action. It denies the truth of such a character, for reasons which would apply also to that of Iago. I wish, for the honour of human nature, that the objection were well founded; and that the Poet had here drawn an unreal character, acting from motives such as never influence conduct in real life. But, unhappily, it is not so. Experience shows too many instances of the infliction of causeless and bitter injury, without any adequate personal motive, of passion or of interest, to suffer us to doubt the truth or probability of John, or Iago. Self-generated envy and hatred, the natural "strong antipathy of bad to good," the Satanic pleasure of making others feel pangs similar to those which guilt has made familiar to their own breasts, the very gratification derived from the exercise of malignant power,—every one of these has prompted many deeds and plots, surpassing in guilt the revenge or hatred of ambition, rivalry, or jealousy.





LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST




LOVE'S
LABOUR'S LOST
J. W. ORR. SC.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

DATE OF THE PLAY,—ITS CHARACTERISTICS, ETC.

THIS comedy was originally printed in a quarto pamphlet, in 1598, with this title-page:—"A pleasant Conceited Comedie called, Loues labors lost. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented By W. Shakespere." Although it did not appear in print until the author's thirty-fourth year, when he had established a generally acknowledged reputation and popularity, by many of his dramas of English history, and six successful and popular comedies, including the MERCHANT OF VENICE and the MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM; when, too, ROMEO AND JULIET, in its earlier form, had been printed a year before,—yet there is a general concurrence of opinion, both traditional and critical, that this play was among Shakespeare's earliest dramatic works.

Coleridge, in his first attempt to classify the order of Shakespeare's plays, did, indeed, place this comedy in that which he designates as the epoch of "the full although youthful Shakespeare, the negative period of his perfection;" not long preceding the time to which he assigns, in his catalogue, the corrected ROMEO AND JULIET, and the MERCHANT OF VENICE. But, in his next reconsideration of the subject, he placed LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST at the head of the list of "Shakespeare's earliest dramas;" and again, nine years after, he began his review of the same question by saying—"I think Shakespeare's earliest dramatic attempt—perhaps even prior, in conception, to the VENUS AND ADONIS, and planned before he left Stratford—was LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST." Its general resemblance of style and thought to his other early works, and especially the "frequency of the rhymes, the sweetness as well as the smoothness of the metre, and the number of acute and fancifully illustrated aphorisms," all correspond with the idea of a youthful work; while, as in others of his early works, we also find in the personages the rudiments of characters, slightly sketched, to which he afterwards returned, and, without repeating himself, presented them again, in a varied and more individualized and living form. Thus, Biron contains within him the germs both of Benedick and of Jaques; of the one in his colloquial and mocking mood, and of the other in his graver moralities. Rosaline is (in Coleridge's phrase) "the pre-existent state of Beatrice;" though she is as yet a Beatrice of the imagination, drawn from books or report, rather than one painted from familiar acquaintance.

Both the characters and the dialogue are such as youthful talent might well invent, without much knowledge of real life, and would indeed be likely to invent, before the experience and observation of varied society. The comedy presents a picture, not of the true every-day life of the great or the beautiful, but exhibits groups of such brilliant personages as they might be supposed to appear in the artificial conversation, the elaborate and continual effort to surprise or dazzle by wit or elegance, which was the prevailing taste of the age, in its literature, its poetry, and even its pulpit; and in which the nobles and beauties of the day were accustomed to array themselves for exhibition, as in their state attire, for occasions of display. All this, when the leading idea was once caught, was quite within the reach of the young Poet to imitate or surpass, with little or no personal knowledge of aristocratic—or what would now be termed fashionable—society. English literature, a century later, afforded a striking example of the success of a very young author in carrying to its perfection a similar affectation of artificial wit, and studied conversational brilliancy—I mean Congreve, whose comedies, the admiration of their own age, for their fertility of fantastically gay dialogue, bright conceits, and witty repartees, are still read for their abundance of lively imagery and play of language, the "reciprocation of conceits and the clash of wits,"—although the personages of his scene, and all that they do and think, are wholly remote from the truth, the feeling, and the manners of real life. These productions, so remarkable in their way, were written before Congreve's twenty-fifth year; and his first and most brilliant comedy (the "Old Bachelor") was acted when he was yet a minor. His talent, thus early ripe, did not afterwards expand or refine itself into the nobler power of teaching "the morals of the heart," nor even into the delightful gift of embodying the passing scenes of real life in graphic and durable pictures. But his writings afford a memorable proof how soon the graces and brilliant effects of mere intellect can be acquired, while those works of genius which require the co-operation and the knowledge of man's moral nature, are of slower and later growth.

This comedy, then, marks the transition of Shakespeare's mind through the Congreve character of invention and dialogue; that of lively and artificial brilliancy—a region in which he did not long loiter—

But rose to truth, and moralized his song.

These remarks apply to the general contexture of the comedy, and the greater part of the dialogue. But it must not be overlooked that the whole is not the work of a mere boy. It had been played before Queen Elizabeth, according to the title-page of the edition of 1598, "this last Christmas," and, as it then shortly after appeared "newly corrected and augmented," it is probable that the author had followed the fashion of his times, when (according to Mr. Collier) "it was common for dramatists to revise and improve their plays, when they were selected for exhibition at court." It does not imply any great presumption of criticism, or demand peculiar delicacy of discrimination, to separate many of these acknowledged additions from the lighter and less valuable materials in which they are inserted. Rosaline's character of Biron, in the second act, and her dialogue with him at the winding up of the drama, and Biron's speeches in the first and at the end of the fourth act, are among the passages which appropriate themselves at once to the period of the composition of the MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, or the MERCHANT OF VENICE, not less in the mood of thought than in the peculiar poetic style and melody.

The story itself is but slight, the incidents few, and the higher characters, though varied, are but sketchily drawn—at least, taking the author's own maturer style of execution in that way as the standard. There was, therefore, no very great effort of original invention in either respect; but whatever there is, either of plot or character, belongs to the author alone; for the diligence of the critics and antiquarians, (Stevens, Skottowe, Collier, etc.,) who have been most successful in tracing out the rough materials of romance, tradition, or history used by Shakespeare for the construction of his dramas, have entirely failed in discovering any thing of the kind in any older author, native or foreign, to which he could have been indebted on this occasion. It is well worthy of remark that Shakespeare, in his earlier works, bestowed more of the labour of invention upon his plot and incidents than he generally did afterwards, when he usually selected known personages, to whom and to the outline of whose story, the popular mind was already somewhat familiar,—thus, probably quite unconsciously, adopting from his own experience the usage of the great Greek dramatists. It may be that the impress of reality, which the circumstance of familiar names and events lends to the drama, more than compensated for any pleasure that mere novelty of incident could give either to the author or his audience. But, in his characters of broad humour, Shakespeare is here, as he always is, original and inventive. Although the Pedant and the Braggart are characters familiar to the old Italian stage, yet if the dramatist derived the general notion of such personages, as fitted for stage-effect, from any Italian source, (for the presumption is but remote,) still he assuredly painted them and their affectations from the life; these being characters, as Coleridge justly observes, which "a country town and a schoolboy's observation might supply."

All the personages of broader humour, in spite of their extravagances and droll absurdities, have still an air of truth, a solidity of effect, which at once indicates that, however heightened and exaggerated, still they came upon the stage from the real world, and not from the author's fancy; and this solidity and reality tend to give a more unreal and shadowy tone to the other and more courtly and poetic personages of the comedy. Such a remark can apply only to Shakespeare's very early dramatic works. The other comic creations of the second stage of the Poet's career—Launcelot Gobbo, or Falstaff—do not command the temporary illusion of the stage more than the nobler personages with whom they are contrasted. Juliet is as true and real as her Nurse.

The play in the folio of 1623 appears to have been printed from the first quarto, as it retains several errors of the press, which could not have found their way into a different manuscript. There are, however, some few variations; and the collation of the two copies, with the aid of the metre and rhyme, enable the editors to agree in a very satisfactory text.

PERIOD OF THE ACTION, MANNERS, AND COSTUME.

"There is no historical foundation for any portion of the action of this comedy. There was no Ferdinand, King of Navarre. We have no evidence of a difference between France and Navarre, as to possessions in Aquitain. We may place, therefore, the period of the action as the period of Elizabeth, for the manners are those of Shakespeare's own time. The more remarkable of the customs which are alluded to are pointed out in the notes. Cesare Vecellio, at the end of his third book, (edit. 1598,) presents us with the general costume of Navarre at this period. The women appear to have worn a sort of clog, or patten, something like the Venetian chioppine; and we are told in the text that some dressed in imitation of the French, some in the style of the Spaniards; while others blended the fashions of both those nations. The well-known costume of Henri Quatre and Philip II. may furnish authority for the dress of the King and nobles of Navarre, and of the lords attending on the Princess of France, who may herself be attired after the fashion of Marguerite de Valois, the sister of Henry III. of France, and first wife of his successor, the King of Navarre. (*Vide* Montfaucon, 'Monarchie Française.')"—KNIGHT.

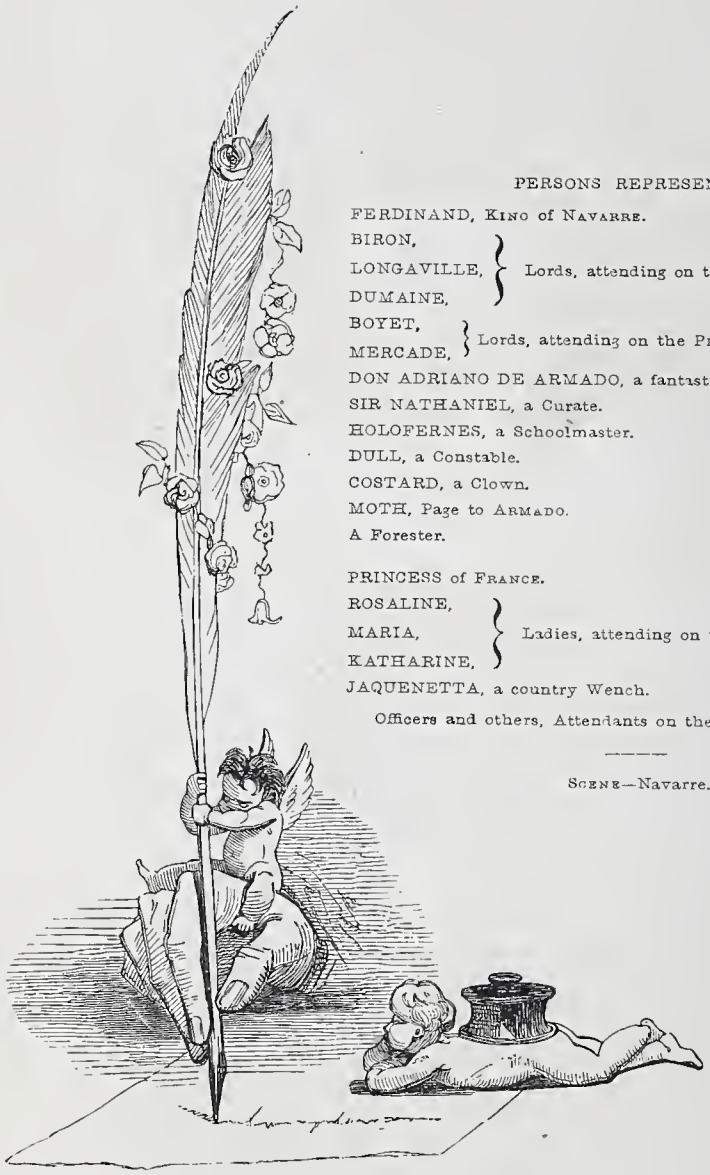
SOURCE OF THE PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

I have above expressed the decided opinion that the plot of this comedy and its characters are wholly of the young Poet's own creation, with no other aid to his invention than that furnished by the general literature of his age and country, and, as to the comic personages, by such laughable individual peculiarities as fell within his acute though as yet limited observation of life and manners. In this opinion we have the concurrence of those higher critics, who, like Coleridge, argued from the internal evidence of the comedy, with others of a humble rank, who, like Skottowe, have devoted themselves to seeking out every fragment of old romance or legend which Shakespeare might possibly have read and been indebted to for even the most ordinary incidents used in his dramas. Skottowe honestly, though a little reluctantly, confesses that here his "occupation is gone;" and says that "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST is one of the very few plays of its author, that are not ascertained to have been founded on some previously

existing work. Its incidents, however, are so simple, and in such entire conformity with the chivalric and romantic feeling of the sixteenth century, that they would readily present themselves to any mind imbued with the fashionable literature of the day." Stevens, and one or two others, are not so ready to relinquish the idea of some possible original. Mr. Collier has stated the substance of their conjectures, on the probability of which the reader will judge for himself. After stating Coleridge's conviction that "the internal evidence was indisputable that this was one of Shakespeare's earliest dramas," and that the characters were such as he might have impersonated from his own mind and schoolboy observation, Mr. Collier adds:—

"The only objection to this theory is, that at the time LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST was composed, the author seems to have been acquainted in some degree with the nature of the Italian comic performances; but this acquaintance he might have acquired comparatively early in life. The character of Armado is that of a Spanish braggart, very much such a personage as was common on the Italian stage, and figures in 'Gl' Ingannati,' (which, as the Rev. Joseph Hunter was the first to point out, Shakespeare saw before he wrote his TWELFTH NIGHT,) under the name of Giglio. In the same comedy we have M. Piero Pedante, a not unusual character in pieces of that description. Holofernes is repeatedly called the 'Pedant' in the old copies of LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, while Armado is more frequently introduced as the 'Braggart' than by his name. Stevens, after stating that he had not been able to discover any novel from which this comedy had been derived, adds that 'the story has most of the features of an ancient romance;' but it is not at all impossible that Shakespeare found some corresponding incidents in an Italian play. However, after a long search, I have not met with any such production; although, if used by Shakespeare, it most likely came into England in a printed form."





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, KING of NAVARRE.

BIRON,
LONGAVILLE,
DUMAINE,
} Lords, attending on the KING

BOYET,
MERCADE,
} Lords, attending on the PRINCESS of FRANCE.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.

SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.

HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster.

DULL, a Constable.

COSTARD, a Clown.

MOTH, Page to ARMADO.

A Forester.

PRINCESS of FRANCE.

ROSALINE,
MARIA,
KATHARINE,
} Ladies, attending on the PRINCESS.

JAQUENETTA, a country Wench.

Officers and others, Attendants on the KING and PRINCESS.

SCENE—Navarre.



SCENE I.—Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAINE.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world:
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumaine, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast.
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified.
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all these living, in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food,

And but one meal on every day beside,
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not to be seen to wink of all the day,
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night, too, of half the day,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea, and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know?

King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on, then: I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper: let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [*Reads.*] Item, "That no woman shall come within a mile of my court."—Hath this been proclaim'd?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*] "On pain of losing her tongue."—Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

[*Reads.*] Item, "If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."—
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore, this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree:
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name;
[*Subscribes.*
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.
Suggestions are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I,
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard, the swain, and he shall be our sport;
And so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow. What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner, it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*] "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—"

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. "So it is,—"

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so,—

King. Peace!

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words.

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. "So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where;



where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where:—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,"

Cost. Me.

King. "—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,"

Cost. Me.

King. "—that shallow vassal,"

Cost. Still me.

King. "—which, as I remember, hight Costard,"

Cost. O! me.

King. "—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O! with—but with this I passion to say wherewith."

Cost. With a wench.

King. "—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."

Dull. Me, an't shall please you: I am Antony Dull.

King. "For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called,) which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir: she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied, too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt* KING, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAINE.

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, set thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ARMADO'S *House in the Park.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH, *his Page.*

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why? sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord! sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt; or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary: crosses love not him?

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning: it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here is three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. [*Aside.*] To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new de-

vised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside.*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance: but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain: shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave: away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love; and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnets. Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*



SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

Enter the PRINCESS *of France*, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.
Consider whom the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.
Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker.—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seem'th it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.
Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.
[*Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.
Prin. Know you the man?
Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts; glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.
Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
Kath. The young Dumaine, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady.
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies mask.*



Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, BIRON, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
[*Gives a paper.*

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it, then,
To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you, that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befal your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I begone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain, so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word.

Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.
King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair princess, within my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[*Exeunt* KING *and his train.*
Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.
Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.
Biron. I would, you heard it groan.
Ros. Is the fool sick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack! let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Ros. My physic says, ay.
Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?
Ros. *No point*, with my knife.
Biron. Now, God save thy life!
Ros. And yours from long living!
Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*
Dum. Sir, I pray, you a word. What lady is that same?
Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.
Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.
[*Exit.*
Long. I beseech you a word. What is she in the white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance, light in the light. I desire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.
Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's blessing on your beard!
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir: that may be.
[*Exit* LONGAVILLE.
Biron. What's her name, in the cap?
Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. O! you are welcome, sir. Adieu.
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit* BIRON.—*Ladies unmask.*
Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.
[*Offering to kiss her.*
Mar. Not so, gentle beast.
My lips are no common, though several they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.



Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abused.
Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margin did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child: make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel —— [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years: take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes: with your arms crossed on your thin belly's doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. — the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Moth. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised: a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: but I go.

Arm. The way is but short. Away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH, *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy!* no salve in the male, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy:* no salve, sir, but a plantain.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy

silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise men think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue, or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose. Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose,
Let me see, a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that *l'envoy*.
I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O! marry me to one Frances?—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!— [*Exit* MOTH.
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O! that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings, remuneration.—"What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration:" why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O! why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship. God be wi' you.

Biron. O, stay, slave! I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O! this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

Biron. O! thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave,
It is but this:—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon: go.
[*Gives him money.*

Cost. Guerdon.—O! sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration! [*Exit.*

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
Sole imperitor, and great general
Of trotting paritors, (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright; being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*



SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O, short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see! my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.
Cost. God-dig-you-den all. Pray you, which is the head lady?
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.
Cost. The thickest and the tallest? it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.
Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?
Cost. I have a letter, from monsieur Biron to one lady Rosaline.
Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine.
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.
Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook; it importeth none here:
It is writ to Jaquenetta.
Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.
Boyet. [*Reads.*] "By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon: and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici;* which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Whom overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's: the captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the com-

parison; thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

"Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceiv'd, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-while.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court.
A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.—
Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day. [*Exeunt* PRINCESS *and train.*

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,*
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* KATH.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit [it].

Boyet. A mark! O! mark but that mark: a mark, says my lady.
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand: i'faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA.

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shouting within.*] [*Exit* COSTARD.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood; ripe as the pomewater,—who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo:* 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*—O, thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he;
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book men: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more;
And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed: the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollusion holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then l to sore makes fifty sores; O sore l!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more l.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle!* if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them; but, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*
Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:



— Venegia, Venegia,
Chi non te vede, non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *lege, domine.*

Nath. *If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?*
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial, as thou art, O! pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the 'tired horse his rider. But damosella, virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: "Your ladyship's, in all desired employment, Biron." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet: deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses: did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if before repast it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir,—[*To* DULL]—I do invite you too: you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another part of the Same.

Enter BIRON, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile? a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me: i'faith, I will not. O! but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her! yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan!

[*Gets up into a tree.*

Enter the KING, *with a paper.*

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—In faith, secrets!—

King. [*Reads.*] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper. Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here? [*Steps aside.*

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

[*Aside.*] What, Longaville! and reading? listen, ear.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.
Biron. [*Aside.*] Why, he comes in like a perjurer, wearing papers.
King. [*Aside.*] In love, I hope. Sweet fellowship in shame!
Biron. [*Aside.*] One drunkard loves another of the name.
Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?
Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know.
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.
Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
Biron. [*Aside.*] O! rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his shape.
Long. This same shall go.—
[*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then, it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath, to win a paradise?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAINE, *with a paper.*

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Steps aside.*
Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid; an old infant play.
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens! I have my wish:
Dumaine transform'd? four woodcocks in a dish!
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. [*Aside.*] O most profane coxcomb!
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. [*Aside.*] By earth, she is not:—corporal; there you lie.
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.
Biron. [*Aside.*] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. [*Aside.*] Stoop, I say:
Her shoulder is with child.
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. [*Aside.*] Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.
Dum. O, that I had my wish!
Long. [*Aside.*] And I had mine!
King. [*Aside.*] And I mine too, good lord!
Biron. [*Aside.*] Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Biron. [*Aside.*] A fever in your blood? why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. [*Aside.*] Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dum. *On a day, alack the day!*
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack! my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.
Long. [*Advancing.*] Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.
King. [*Advancing.*] Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To* LONGAVILLE.
And Jove for your love would infringe an oath.
[*To* DUMAINE.
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
[*Descends from the tree.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:
Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing:
Tush! none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O! what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me! with what striet patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good Dumaine:
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men, like men of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft! Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over.

[BIRON *reads the letter.*

Where had'st thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where had'st thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it?

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picking up the pieces.*

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead!—[*To* COSTARD]—you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to make up the mess.
He, he, and you, and you my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four.—
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away!

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O! let us embrace.
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron. Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I no Biron.
O! but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O! 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O! who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the seowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now,
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.
Biron. O! if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see, as she walk'd over head.
King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. O! nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat: and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O! some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. O! 'tis more than need.—
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman:
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book,
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the Academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study, too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is:
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O! we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But with the motion of all elements
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then, fools you were these women to forswear,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?
King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!
Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.
Long. Now to plain-dealing: lay these glozes by
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?
King. And win them too: therefore, let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.
Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. Allons! allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.
[*Exeunt.*



ACT V.

Scene I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* nebur; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie: *ne intelligis domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone?—bone, for *bene: Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth, *and* Costard.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Arm. Chirrah! [*To* Moth.

Hol. Quare Chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O! they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [*To* Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.—What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit! snip, snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit!

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà*. A gig of a cuckhold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O! an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me. Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula:* we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend.—For what is inward between us, let it pass.—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other important and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed,

too,—but let that pass;—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secresy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, (because of his great limb or joint,) shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to



make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via!—Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull. To our sport, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another part of the Same. *Before the* PRINCESS's *Pavilion.*

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Prin. Nothing but this? yes; as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him: a' kill'd your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might a' been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not?—O! that's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for, past cure is still past care.
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as your's,
My favour were as great: be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron.
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O! he hath drawn my picture in his letter.
Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much, in the letters, nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's!
Prin. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!
But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam; and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.
O! that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by wit worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O! I am stabb'd with laughter. Where's her grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments: you'll be surpris'd.
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a syeamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That by and by disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have feared her, had she been a devil."
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd "*Via!* we will do't, come what will come:"
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well:"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline; this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take you this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change you favours, too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.
Ros. Come on then: wear the favours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mockery, merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*
Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd, the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAINE, *in Russian habits, and masked;* MOTH, *Musicians, and Attendants.*

Moth. "All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!"
Biron. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.
Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views!"
Biron. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."
Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!
Out"—
Boyet. True; "out," indeed.
Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold"—
Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.
Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
——with your sun-beamed eyes"—
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.
Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet.
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.
Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches
Is in one mile? if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O, vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays.*
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice. Take hands:—we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends.—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure: be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves? What buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu.
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.
King. I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart.*



Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar: there are three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu.
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord.—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman.—Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No; I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it: it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks.
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly then: the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converse apart.*

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense, so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple wits.
[*Exeunt* KING, *Lords*, MOTH, *Music, and Attendants.*
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
Prin. O, poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night,
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. They were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dumaine was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I: my servant straight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well, known, as disguis'd.
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder, what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROS., KATH., *and* MARIA.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAINE, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please.
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve:
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he,
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy:
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and Attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better: I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it, then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke,
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O! you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited; much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear:
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam! Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit; here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O! I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help! hold his brows! he'll swoon. Why look you pale?—
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song;
Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection,
Figures pedantical: these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows,)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And to begin,—wench, so God help me, la!
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft! let us see:—
Write "Lord have mercy on us" on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves: my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace! peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will; and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—
What! will you have me or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't:—here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours, and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn—in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:—and might not you
[*To* BOYET.
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you?. there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope, it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord! sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord! sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man,—e'en one poor man—Pompion the great, sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompey the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir: we will take some care. [*Exit* COSTARD.
King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.
Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.
King. I say, they shall not come.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now.
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO *converses with the* KING, *and delivers a paper to him.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. A' speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!

[*Exit* ARMADO.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabeus.

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again,
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the* KING, PRINCESS, *etc.*

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD *armed, for Pompey.*

Cost. "I Pompey am,"——

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"——

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,"—

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir;—"Pompey surnam'd the great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in, "great."

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir NATHANIEL *armed, for Alexander.*

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;"—

Boyet. Most true; 'tis right: you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the great,——

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O! sir,—[*To* NATH.]—you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror. You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak? run away for shame, Alisander. —[NATH. *retires.*]—There, an't shall please you: a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas! you see, how 'tis;—a little o'erparted.—But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES *armed, for Judas; and* MOTH *armed, for Hercules.*

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canis*;

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*.

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority,

Ergo, I come with this apology."—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

[*Exit* MOTH.

"Judas I am,"—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

"Judas I am, yclep'd Maccabeus."

Dum. Judas Maccabeus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor.—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. "Judas I am,"—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir: you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—
Jud-as, away.
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO *armed, for Hector.*

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.



King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.
Biron. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,"—
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace!
"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,"—
Dum. That mint.
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten: sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.
Boyet. Loves her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—
Cost. The party is gone: fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.
Arm. What meanest thou?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.
Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? Thou shalt die.
Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare Pompey!
Boyet. Renowned Pompey!
Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!
Dum. Hector trembles.
Biron. Pompey is moved.—More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!
Dum. Heetor will challenge him.
Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Monsieur MERCADE, *a Messenger.*

Mer. God save you, madam.

Prin. Welcome, Mercade,
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecome our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time.
But more devout than this, in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this.—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

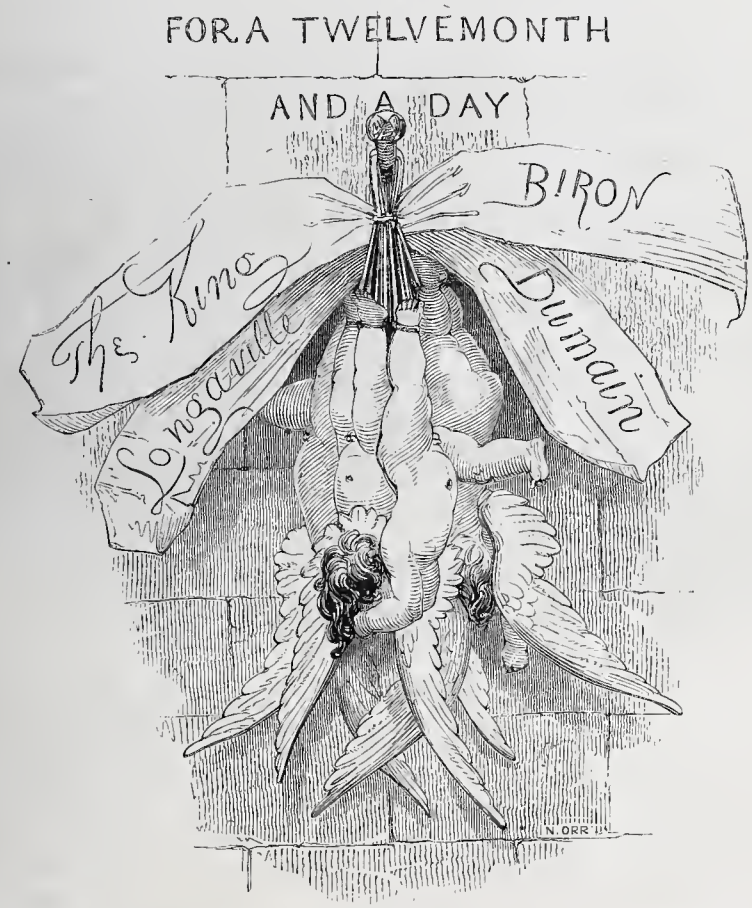
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye.
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

[*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank:
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
Dum. O! shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.
Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you: few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress look on me:
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.



Prin. Ay, sweet, my lord; and so I take my leave. [*To the* KING.
King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.
Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.
King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—
Prin. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.
Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary: I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue

that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,*
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, Cuckoo,—O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

II.

Spring. *When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,*
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,*
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

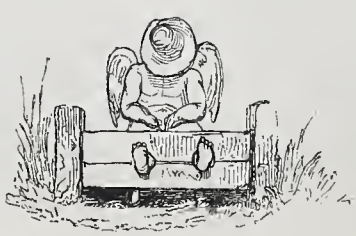


IV.

Winter. *When all aloud the wind doth blow,*
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way: we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*





NOTES ON LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"Love's Labour's Lost."—"The title of this play stands as follows, in the folio of 1623—'*Loues Labour's Lost.*' The modes in which the genitive case, and the contraction of *is* after a substantive, are printed in the titles of other plays, in that edition, and in the earlier copies, leads us to believe that the author intended to call his play '*Love's Labour is Lost.*' The apostrophe is not given, as the mark of the genitive case, in these instances—'*The Winters Tale,*'—'*A Midsummer Nights Dream,*'—(so printed.) But when the verb *is* forms a part of the title, the apostrophe is introduced, as in '*All's Well that Ends Well.*' We do not think ourselves justified, therefore, in printing either '*Love's Labour Lost,*' or '*Love's Labours Lost,*'—as some have recommended."—Knight.

"Biron"—"Biron" is, in all the old editions, printed *Berowne*, which Rowe altered to "Biron," as the traditionary pronunciation of that noble name had, in his time, still remained as in Shakespeare's. The verse shows that it is not a misprint, but the pronunciation of the Poet himself, and his times. It is to be pronounced with the accent on the last syllable.

"—*but bankrupt* quite *the wits*"—This is the reading of the quarto, (1598:) the folio omits "quite," and prints "bankrupt" as a trisyllable—*bankerout*—which Knight adopts. Both the older and more modern sound of "bankrupt," and *bankerout*, were then still in common use; and either reading might have come from the Poet's pen.

"*With* all these *living*"—i. e. To love, to wealth, to pomp, Dumaine is dead; but philosophy, in which he lives, includes them all. This is Johnson's understanding of the line, which is yet obscure and ambiguous. It is a more obvious sense to refer "all these" to the King and his friends, with whom he is to live in philosophy.

"*Too much to know is to know nought but fame*"—The consequence (explains Johnson) of too much knowledge is, not any real solution of doubts, but mere empty reputation. In other words, too much knowledge gives only fame—a mere name, which every godfather can give likewise.

'Proceeded *well*"—To *proceed*, Johnson observes, 'is an academical term, and means, to take a degree; as, he 'proceeded' bachelor in physic."

"—*an envious* sneaping *frost*"—"Sneaping" is *snipping*, or, as we now say, *nipping*—as in the Winter's Tale, act i. scene 2.

"—*sit you out*"—To "sit out" is a term from the card-table. Thus, Bishop Sanderson—

> They are glad, rather than *sit out*, to play very small game.

The person who cuts out, at a rubber of whist, is still said to *sit out*—i. e. to be no longer engaged in the party.

"*A dangerous law against* gentility"—By "gentility" is here signified what the French express by *gentilesse*—i. e. grace, refinement. The meaning is—Such a law, for banishing women from the court, is dangerous to politeness, urbanity, and the refined pleasures of life.

"*She must* lie *here*"—i. e. *Reside*. We have the sense in Wotton's punning definition of an ambassador—"An honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country."

"*Necessity will make us all forsworn*"—"Biron, amidst his extravagances, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power."—Johnson.

"*Suggestions*"—i. e. *Temptations;* repeatedly so used by Shakespeare.

"*A man of* complements"—"This passage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions—one who could distinguish, in the most delicate questions of honour, the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakespeare's time, did not signify (at least did not only signify) verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy; but, according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages, of a character—in the same manner, and on the same principles of speech, with *accomplishment*. 'Complement' is, as Armado well expresses it, the 'varnish' of a complete man."—Johnson.

'—fire-new *words*"—i. e. *Brand-new*—new from the forge.

"—*his grace's* tharborough"—i. e. *Thirdborough*, or constable. (See Sly, in the Comedy of Errors.)

"—*as the* style *shall give us cause to* climb"—A quibble between the *stile*, that must be *climbed* to pass from one field to another, and "style," in regard to language.

"—*taken with the* manner"—i. e. *In the fact.* Costard speaks in law-phrase. A thief is said to be "taken with the manner," (written *mainour*, or *manour*, from

the French *manier*,) when he is apprehended with the thing stolen in his possession.

"— *thy* CURIOUS-KNOTTED *garden*"—The *knots* were the fantastic figures of the beds, or borders, of a "garden" of that time.

SCENE II.

"— CROSSES *love not him*"—By "crosses" Moth means the coin so called, because it was stamped with a *cross*.

"— *the dancing horse will tell you*"—The allusion is to a celebrated bay horse, called Morocco, belonging to one Bankes, who exhibited the docile and sagacious animal in various countries of Europe. Sir Kenelm Digby observes that "he would restore a glove to the owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin newly showed him by his master," etc. His remarkable pranks are mentioned, or alluded to, by Ben Jonson, Taylor, Doune, Hall, and Raleigh. It seems to be ascertained that man and horse were both burned, at Rome, as magicians.

"*Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers*"—"I do not know whether our author alludes to the 'rare green eye' which, in his time, seems to have been thought a beauty, or to that frequent attendant on love, jealousy, to which, in the MERCHANT OF VENICE, and in OTHELLO, he has applied the epithet 'greeu-eyed.'"—MALONE.

"—*for the* DAY-WOMAN"—A "day-woman" is a *dairy-woman*, or milk-woman. Upon the line in Chaucer's "Nonnes Preestes Tale"—

> For she was, as it were, a manner *dey*—

Tyrwhitt observes, "It probably meant, originally, a *day-labourer* in general, though it may since have been used to denote particularly the superintendent of a *dayerie*."

"*That's* HEREBY"—A provincial expression for *as it may happen*. Armado takes it as *hard by*.

"— *The first and second cause will not serve my turn*"—See Touchstone's dissertation on the causes of quarrel, in AS YOU LIKE IT, act v. scene 4.

"— *I shall* TURN SONNETS"—The old reading is, "I shall turn *sonnet*," which was altered by Hanmer to "turn *sonneteer*;" and this has been usually followed. But that phrase is hardly of Shakespeare's day, and certainly not in Armado's style; and I have preferred in the text, in place of any of the readings of the English editors, the slight alteration of "sonnets"—taking the phrase in the same sense with "turn a tune," "turn a sentence," or Ben Jonson's "well-turned lines."

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"— *base sale of chapmen's tongues*"—"Chapman" here seems to signify the *seller*, not, as now commonly, the *buyer*. *Cheap*, or *cheapen*, was anciently the market, and *chapman*, therefore, marketman. The meaning is, that the estimation of beauty depends not on the uttering, or proclamation, of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer. There is a similar thought in Shakespeare's One Hundred and Second "Sonnet:"—

> That love is merchandised whose rich esteeming
> The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.

"— WIDE *fields*"—This is the original reading, which later editors, without reason, and against the desired antithesis of *wide* with the *high roof*, change to *wild*.

"— 'LONG *of you*"—i. e. *Along* of you—*through* you: a phrase found in Hooker, and other grave authors, as well as used colloquially.

"— DEPART *withal*"—To "depart," and to *part*, were formerly used synonymously.

"NO POINT, *with my knife*"—A quibble on *Non point*, (French,) which occurs again, act v. scene 2.

"*My lips are no* COMMON, *though* SEVERAL *they be*"—Shakespeare here used his favourite law-phrases. But there is here some confusion in the use, occasioned by the word "though." A "common," as all know, is unapportioned land—a "several," land that is private property. Shakespeare uses the word according to this sense in the "Sonnets:"—

> Why should my heart think that a *several* plot,
> Which my heart knows the world's wide *common* place?

But Dr. James has attempted to show that *several*, or *severell*, in Warwickshire, meant the *common field*—common to a few proprietors, but not common to all. In this way, the word "though" is not contradictory. Maria's lips are "no common, though several"—

> Belonging to whom?
> To my fortunes and me.

I and my fortunes are the co-proprietors of the common field; but we will not "grant pasture" to others. Provincial usages are important in the illustration of Shakespeare.

"— *all impatient to speak and not see*"—i. e. His tongue being impatiently desirous to see, as well as to speak.

"*His face's own margin*"—In Shakespeare's time, notes, quotations, etc., were usually printed in the exterior margin of books. So, in ROMEO AND JULIET:—

> And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
> Find written in the margin of his eyes.

"— *Boyet is* DISPOS'D"—Mr. Dyce has collected passages from the old dramatists which show that "dispos'd" was often used in a peculiar sense, perhaps elliptically, for "disposed to wanton allusion," in which sense the Princess uses it; while he chooses to receive her remark in its literal meaning.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"CONCOLINEL"—Most likely Moth here sang some Italian song, beginning "Concolinel." The songs thus introduced into old plays were usually popular ditties, and it was, therefore, not necessary to give the words, which in many old comedies are omitted, as here.

"— *a French* BRAWL"—The "brawl" was a stately species of dance, formerly much in vogue. Several persons united hands, in a circle, and gave each other continual shakes; the steps changing with the tune. Gray has a pleasant allusion to this courtly exercitation, (which was sometimes performed by the highest and gravest characters,) in his "Long Story," in which he so graphically describes the ancient seat of the Hattons:—

> Full oft, within the spacious walls,
> When he had fifty winters o'er him,
> My grave Lord-keeper led the *brawls*;
> The seals and maces danced before him.
> His bushy beard, and shoestrings green,
> His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,
> Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,
> Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

"— CANARY *to it with your feet*"—A verb coined from the active character of the dance called a "canary."

"— *your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting*"—"It was a common trick, among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety."—STEVENS.

"— *the hobby-horse is forgot*"—This is meant by Moth as the end of the line which Armado had begun with, "But O,—but O,—." In HAMLET, act iii. scene 2, we have the whole line of the ballad—"For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot." It seems to have been written on the omission of the hobby-horse in May-games. "The hobby-horse is forgot," and the "hobby-horse is quite forgot," are phrases constantly occurring in old writers.

"— *a* COSTARD *broken in a shin*"—"Costard" signifies a *head;* hence Moth's joke.

"— *thy* L'ENVOY;—*begin*"—"L'envoy" is the old French word for the conclusion of a story, or poem. Armado means, "Come to thy conclusion by beginning." "L'envoy" was adopted early in English.

"— *no salve in* THE MALE"—"This is printed in the quarto, (1598,) and in the folio, 'no salve in *thee male*, sir.' Malone, Stevens, and Johnson take "male" in the sense of *bag*—there is no salve in the bag, or wallet; but Tyrwhitt proposes to read, 'no salve in *them all*, sir'—which is so plausible, that I am almost tempted to place it in the text, even in opposition to all the authorities."—COLLIER.

"*The boy hath sold him a bargain*"—"This comedy is running over with allusions to country-sports—one of the many proofs that, in its original shape, it may be assigned to the author's greenest years. The sport which so delights Costard, about the fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, has been explained by Capell, whose lumbering and obscure comments upon Shakespeare have been pillaged and sneered at by the other commentators. In this instance, they take no notice of him. It seems, according to Capell, that 'selling a bargain' consisted in drawing a person in, by some stratagem, to proclaim himself fool, by his own lips; and thus, when Moth makes his master repeat the *l'envoy*, ending in the goose, he proclaims himself a goose, according to the rustic wit, which Costard calls 'selling a bargain well.' 'Fast and loose,' to which he alludes, was another holiday sport; and the goose, that ended the market, alludes to the proverb, 'three women and a goose make a market.'"—KNIGHT.

"— *my* INCONY *Jew*"—Mr. Dyce, in his edition of Middleton's works, explains "incony" as *fine, delicate, pretty.* This was also Warburton's interpretation of the word, asserting it to be of northern origin, which Ritson, without sufficient evidence, denied. It is of frequent occurrence, and we meet with it again in this play, act iv. scene 1. "Jew" seems used by Costard as a term of endearment, and for the sake of the rhyme.

"— *Guerdon—remuneration*"—In a tract published in 1598, ("A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving Men,") there is a story of a servant who got a "remuneration" of three farthings from one of his master's guests, and a "guerdon" of a shilling from another guest. Perhaps the story had passed into the gossip of the people, and Costard's jocularity was understood by the "gentlemanly profession," who stood on the *ground* of the Blackfriars Theatre, or the Globe.

"*This* SENIOR-JUNIOR"—In reference to the contrariety of love, Shakespeare calls Cupid "senior-junior," and "giant-dwarf." The quarto and the folios have it, "signior Junios giant dwarf." The change was made by Johnson.

"— *trotting* PARITORS"—"An apparitor, or 'paritor,' (says Johnson,) is an officer of the bishop's court, who carries out citations: as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the paritor is put under Cupid's government."

"— *a corporal of his field,*
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!"

"It appears, from Lord Stafford's 'Letters,' that a corporal of the field was employed, as an aide-de-camp is now, 'in taking and carrying to and fro the directions of the general, or other higher officers of the field.' From other sources, however, it seems that the functions of this officer were of a diversified nature. A 'tumbler's hoop' was usually dressed out with coloured ribands. To wear love's colours means, to wear his badge or cognomen, or to be his servant or retainer."—*Illust. Shak.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"*Whoe'er* A' *was*"—We have, with Collier, preferred the retaining, as in the original editions, this mode of putting *a'* for *he*, in familiar conversation; as showing it not to have been confined, in that age, to vulgar or ludicrous dialogue.

"— *play the murderer in*"—"Royal and noble ladies, in the days of Elizabeth, delighted in the somewhat unrefined sport of shooting deer with a cross-bow. In the 'alleys green' of Windsor or of Greenwich parks, the queen would take her stand, on an elevated platform, and, as the pricket or the buck was driven past her, would aim the death-shaft, amid the acclamations of her admiring courtiers. The ladies, it appears, were skilful enough at this sylvan butchering. Sir Francis Leake writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury—'Your lordship has sent me a very great and fat stag, the welcomer being stricken by your right honourable lady's hand.' The practice was as old as the romances of the middle ages. But, in those days, the ladies were sometimes not so expert as the Countess of Shrewsbury; for, in the history of Prince Arthur, a fair huntress wounds Sir Launcelot of the Lake, instead of the stag at which she aims."—KNIGHT.

"— *good my* GLASS"—"Here Dr. Johnson and Dr. Farmer have each a note, too long and too absurd to quote, to show it was the fashion for ladies to wear *mirrors* at their girdles. Stevens says, justly, that Dr. Johnson is mistaken, and that the *forester* is the *mirror*."—PYE.

"— *a member of the commonwealth*"—"The Princess calls Costard a 'member of the commonwealth,' because he is one of the attendants on the King and his associates, in their new-modelled society."—SINGER.

"*God* DIG-YOU-DEN *all*"—i. e. God *give you good even* all. "Good *den*" is *good even.*

"*Break up this capon*"—i. e. *Open this letter.* "To *break up* (says Percy) was a peculiar phrase in carving."

"— PENELOPHON"—The ballad which Shakespeare alludes to, in RICHARD II. and elsewhere, may be found in Percy's delightful collection of "Reliques of Ancient Poetry."

"— *a* MONARCHO"—The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time. "Popular applause (says Meares, in 'Wit's Treasurie,' p. 178) doth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing but vaine praise and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court." He is called an Italian by Nashe, and Churchyard has written some lines which he calls his "Epitaphe." By another writer it appears that he was a "Bergamasco."

"— *who is the* SUITOR"—The joke, here and afterwards, depends upon the pronunciation of "suitor"—*shooter.* In this play, in the last line but one of act iii., *to sue* is printed *to shue*, both in the quarto and in the folio; and here "suitor" is printed *shooter.* This indicates the pronunciation of the Elizabethan age, in this respect, to have been the same with that still preserved in Ireland, which was for a time, on Sheridan's authority, fashionable on the stage, and among public speakers.

"*An I cannot, another can*"—This, like many of the "snatches of songs" in SHAKESPEARE, is a fragment of a popular song. It is referred to in the light poetry of the time.

SCENE II.

"— *a buck of the first head*"—In the "Return from Parnassus," (1606,) there is an account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages:—"Now, sir, a buck is the first year, a fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a sorrel; the fourth yeare, a soare; the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth, a

complete buck. Likewise, your hart is the first year, a calf; the second year, a brocket; the third year, a spade; the fourth year, a stag; the sixth year, a hart. A roe-buck is the first year, a kid; the second year, a gird; the third year, a hemuse. And these are your special beasts for chace." Sir Nathaniel and Dull differ as to the age of the animal.

"— *'twas a* PRICKET"—A "buck of the first head" is a stag of five years old; a "pricket" is a stag of the second year—as Malone has shown from the "Return from Parnassus," (1606.)

"— RAUGHT *not*"—i. e. *Reached* not, or *attained* not.

"*If a* TALENT *be a claw*"—In our author's time the *talon* of a bird was frequently written "talent." Hence the quibble. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Woman Hater," *talons* is spelt *talents*, in the old copies.

"— *master* PERSON"—The derivation of *parson* was, perhaps, commonly understood in Shakespeare's time, and *parson* and "person" were used indifferently. Blackstone (Commentaries) has explained the word:—"A parson, *persona ecclesiæ*, is one that hath full possession of all the rights of a parochial church. He is called *parson*, *persona*, because by his *person* the church, which is an invisible body, is represented."

"— *good old Mantuan*"—The "good old Mantuan" was Joh. Baptista Mantuanus, a Carmelite, whose "Eclogues" were translated into English by George Turbervile, in 1567. His first "Eclogue" commences with—*Fauste, precor gelidâ;* and Farnaby, in his preface to "Martial," says, that *pedants* thought more highly of the *Fauste, precor gelidâ*, than of the *Arma virumque cano*. Here, again, the unlearned Shakespeare hits the mark when he meddles with learned matters.

"—NON TE PREGIA"—A proverbial expression applied to Venice, which we find thus in Howell's "Letters:"—

> Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,
> Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto te dispregia.

SCENE III.

"*Gets up into a tree*"—The old stage-direction is, "He stands aside," which was all that the humble scenic arrangement of the old stage could afford; but it is evident, from what Biron says, on the entrance of Dumaine, that the author meant that he should be above the others:—

> Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky, etc.

"— *like a* PERJURER, *wearing papers*"—From a passage in Hollingshed, it appears that perjurers wore papers, stating their offence, when they were punished.

"— *the* TRIUMVIRY, *the corner-cap of society,*
The SHAPE OF LOVE'S TYBURN," etc.

"Triumviry," and the "shape of love's Tyburn," allude to the gallows of the time, which was occasionally *triangular*

"— GUARDS *on wanton Cupid's hose*"—"Guards" signify the edges, or hems, of garments.

"*This is the* LIVER VEIN"—In reference to the supposition, which came down from classic antiquity, and is often alluded to by Shakespeare, that the liver was the seat of love.

"— *she is* NOT:—*corporal*"—The received reading is, "she is *but* corporal." Ours is the ancient reading; and Douce repudiates the modern change. Biron calls Dumaine "corporal," as he had formerly named himself (act iii.) "corporal of his field"—of Cupid's field.

"*Her amber hairs for foul have amber* QUOTED"—"Quoted" signifies *marked*, or *noted*. The word is from the *coter*, (to *quote*.) The construction of this passage will, therefore, be—Her amber hairs have marked, or shown, that real amber is foul in comparison with themselves.

"— *nor I Biron*"—Here, as throughout the play, the name of Biron is accented on the second syllable. In the first quarto he is called *Berowne*. From the line before us, it appears that, in our author's time, the name was pronounced *Biroon*. Mr. Boswell has remarked that this was the mode in which words of this termination were pronounced, in English. Mr. Fox always said *Toulon*, when speaking of Toulon, in the House of Commons.

"— *some* QUILLETS"—"Quillet" means an ingenious turn of argument, and is applied to the refinements of the law. Its derivation has perplexed the etymologists; that given by Bailey and Nares, in their "Dictionaries," is the most probable—"*Quibblet;* a diminutive of *quibble*."

"— *climbing trees in the Hesperides*"—"The 'Hesperides' were the daughters of Hesperus, and the fabled possessors of the golden apples carried away by Hercules. In the text, the term is used as though it were the name of the garden itself. Several of the Poet's classical contemporaries have fallen into the same error."—KNIGHT.

"*Makes heaven drowsy*"—Few passages have been more discussed than this. Yet the only difficulty seems to be from insisting on a literal and prosaic sense. The obvious interpretation of it is—"Whenever love speaks, all the gods join their voices in harmonious concert." The power of harmonious sounds to make the hearers drowsy has been alluded to, by poets, in all ages. The old copies read *make*. Shakespeare often falls into a similar carelessness.

"— *get the sun of them*"—In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumstance was of great advantage to Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"— *your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious*"—"I know not well what degree of respect Shakespeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the schoolmaster's table-talk; and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited."—JOHNSON.

Reason, in the text, and in many other places, signifies discourse; *audacious* is used in a good sense, for spirited, animated, confident; *opinion* is equivalent to obstinacy, or the French *opiniâtraté;* and *affection*, as often in Shakespeare and his contemporaries, for affectation.

"— *thrasonical*"—From Thraso, the boasting soldier of Terence. Fuller, in his "Worthies," speaks of one as a "thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock valour." Farmer asserts that the word was introduced in our language before Shakespeare's time.

"— POINT-DEVISE *companions*"—i. e. *Nice to excess.* The origin of the phrase is very obscure. Gifford thinks it must have been a mathematical phrase. Other examples of its use are found in Shakespeare, and in Hollingshed, Drayton, and Ben Jonson.

"*This is* ABHOMINABLE"—This was a frequent mode of spelling the word, before the time of Shakespeare. It seems to have been going out of use when this play was written, and "abhominable" soon was generally spelled *abominable*.

"—HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS"—"Taylor, the old water-poet, has given us a syllable more of this delight of school-boys—*honorificicabilitudinitatibus*. But he has not equalled Rabelais, who has thus furnished the

title of a book that might puzzle Paternoster Row—*Antipericatametaparhengedamphicribrationes.*"

KNIGHT.

"—*a* FLAP-DRAGON"—A "flap-dragon" is a small inflammable substance, which topers used to swallow, floating on the wine.

"—*or the fifth, if I*"—"The pedant asks who is the silly sheep—*quis, quis?* 'The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them,' says Moth; and the pedant does repeat them—*a, e, I.* 'The other two clinches it,' says Moth—'*o, u,*' (O you.) This may appear a poor conundrum, and a low conceit, as Theobald has it; but the satire is in opposing the pedantry of the boy to that of the man, and making the pedant have the worst of it, in what he calls 'a quick venew of wit.'"—KNIGHT.

"—VENEW *of wit*"—A "venew," or *venie*, was the technical term for a *hit*, at the fencing-school. In the various forms of *venew, venie, venny*, and *vennie*, it is of common occurrence in old writers.

"—*at the* CHARGE-HOUSE"—Stevens supposed that by "charge-house" was meant a free-school. Collier suggests that it is a misprint for *large house.*

"—*remember thy courtesy*"—By "remember thy courtesy," Armado probably means—Remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off.—"The putting off the hat at table is a kind of *courtesie*, or ceremonie, rather to be avoided than otherwise."—FLORIO's "*Second Frutes*," (1591.)

SCENE II.

"—*to make his god-head* WAX"—i. e. *Grow.* The pun is obvious.

"—*mouse*"—A term of endearment; as, in HAMLET—"call you his mouse."

"*A* POX *of that jest*"—Theobald is scandalized at this language from a princess. "But (Dr. Farmer observes) there need be no alarm—the *small-pox* only is alluded to, with which it seems Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expressed, 'her face was full of O's.'" Dr. Donne and others are quoted to show this use of the word. Such a plague was the *small-pox* formerly, that its name might well be used as an imprecation.

"—*by the week*"—i. e. For a certainty, and a fixed period. The expression was common.

"*Like Muscovites, or Russians*"—It appears that a masque of Muscovites was not an unusual court recreation. Hall (the Chronicler) states that, in the first year of Henry VIII., at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors, in the parliament-chamber, at Westminster, "came the Lord Henry Earle of Wiltshire, and the Lord Fitzwater, in two long gowns of yellow satin, traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimson satin, after the fashion of Russia, or Russland, with furred hats of grey on their heads; either of them having a hatchet in their hands, and boots with pikes turned up."

"—*in Russian habits*"—Boyet has previously told us that the King and his lords were to enter "like Muscovites, or Russians." The old stage-direction is, "Enter Black-moors with music, the boy with a speech, and the rest of the lords disguised." Hence it appears that Black-moors, with music, preceded the lords, in order to introduce the maskers.

"*Beauties no richer than rich taffata*"—This speech, which, in the older editions, is assigned to Biron, as here, was given, by Theobald and his successors, to Boyet, as more appropriate to him. It may be so, but is not out of place in the mouth of the jesting Biron. The allusion is to the "taffata" masks.

"—*tread a* MEASURE"—The "measure" was a grave courtly dance, of which the steps were slow and *measured*, like those of a modern minuet.

"—*Since you can* COG"—To "cog" is, technically, to *load dice*, and, metaphorically, to deceive and cheat.

"—*is not* VEAL *a calf*"—By "veal" is probably meant *well*, sounded as foreigners usually pronounce that word, and introduced merely for the sake of the subsequent question. In the play of "Dr. Doddypoll," the same joke occurs:—

Doctor. Hans, my very special friend, fait and trot me be right glad for see you veale.
Hans. What, do you make a calf of me, master doctor?

"—*better wits have worn plain* STATUTE-CAPS"—In the Thirteenth of Elizabeth, (1571,) an act was passed "For the continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers," providing that all above the age of six years, (except the nobility, and some others,) should, on sabbath-days and holidays, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and dressed in England, upon penalty of ten groats. These were the "statute-caps" alluded to; and the meaning of the passage in the text is—"Better wits may be found among the plain citizens." In Marston's "Dutch Courtesan," Mrs. Mulligrub says—"Though my husband be a citizen, and his cap's made of wool, yet I have wit." Walter Scott has made the term more familiar to the modern reader, by using it in the "Fortunes of Nigel."

"—*angels* VAILING *clouds*"—i. e. Angels *lowering* the clouds that concealed them.

"*A* MEAN"—The "mean," in vocal music, is an intermediate part—a part (whether tenour, or second soprano, or contra-tenour) between the two extremes of highest and lowest.

"—*teeth as white as* WHALES *bone*"—i. e. As white as the "bone," or *tooth*, of the *walrus*, of old called the "whale." The expression was common, at a very early date, in our language. The reader will perceive that "whales" is to be read as a dissyllable, in Shakespeare, as well as in Lord Surrey's "Songs and Sonnets," in Spenser's "Faërie Queene," and various older authorities for the same simile.

"—*spruce* AFFECTION"—So the old copies; and Sir Nathaniel has already used the expression, "witty without *affection.*" In both cases, we should now write *affectation;* but Shakespeare's word, as appears by all the old copies, was "affection;" and that ought to be retained, though Malone and other editors reject it.

"*Write 'Lord have mercy on us'*"—The inscription upon the doors of houses infected with the plague. The word "tokens," occurring a few lines lower, in reference to the favours worn by the ladies, was then also applied to symptoms of the plague.

"—*you* FORCE *not to forswear*"—i. e. You do not *hesitate*, or *care* not, to forswear. This idiomatic use of the word is very old in our language:—

O Lorde! some good body, for God's sake, gvve me meate,
I *force* not what it were, so that I had to eate.
"*Jacob and Esau*," (1568,) act ii. scene 2.

"—*smiles his cheek in* YEARS"—The old copies are uniform in this reading, which is very intelligible. Biron is speaking generally of some courtier, who "smiles his cheek *in* (or *into*) years," or an appearance of age, by constant grinning. Malone altered "years" into *jeers.*

"—*by the* SQUIRE"—From *csquierre*, (French)—a *rule*, or *square.*

"—*this brave* MANAGE"—A term from the tilt-yard, The quarto (1598) has *nuage;* the folio (1623) *manager.* The correct reading was given by Theobald.

"*You cannot* BEG *us*"—In the old common-law was a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, under which, if a man was legally proved an idiot, the profits of his lands, and the

custody of his person, might be granted by the king to any subject. Such a person, when this grant was asked, was said *to be begged for a fool.*—(See "Blackstone," b. i. c. 8.) One of the legal tests appears to have been to try whether the party could answer a simple arithmetical question.

"ABATE *throw at* NOVUM"—"'Novum,' or *novem*, was a game at *dice*, and 'abate throw at novum' seems equivalent to saying, '*barring* throw at *dice*,' or barring the chance of throwing, these persons cannot be matched. Malone inserted the indefinite article before 'throw;' but it is not necessary. The '*Nine* Worthies' brought *novem* into Biron's mind."—COLLIER.

The old reading has been retained in the text, which, read as you may, must require a note. My impression is, that the reading of the second folio, adopted in several editions, is right—"a *bare* throw"—a mere freak of odd chance to bring five such persons together.

"*Pageant of the Nine Worthies*"—"The genuine worthies of the old pageant were Joshua, David, Judas Maccabeus, Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bulloigne. Sometimes Guy of Warwick was substituted for Godfrey of Bulloigne. These redoubted personages, according to a manuscript in the British Museum, (Harl. 2057,) were clad in complete armour, with crowns of gold on their heads; every one having his esquire, to bear before him his shield and pennon-at-arms. According to this manuscript, these 'lords' were dressed as three Hebrews, three Infidels, and three Christians. Shakespeare overthrew the just proportion of age and country; for he gives us four infidels, (Hector, Pompey, Alexander, and Hercules,) out of the five of the schoolmaster's pageant."—KNIGHT.

"— LIBBARD'S *head on knee*"—Pompey wore a "libbard's" (or *panther's*) head upon his knee.

"— *it stands* TOO RIGHT"—"It should be remembered, (Stevens remarks,) to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders."

"— *Your nose smells*"—"His (Alexander's) body had so sweet a smell of itselfe that all the apparell he wore next unto his body, tooke thereof a passing delightful savour, as if it had been perfumed."—NORTH'S "*Plutarch.*"

"— *lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool*"—"This alludes to the arms given in the old history of the 'Nine Worthies,' (says Tollet,) to 'Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or, *seiante in a chayer*, holding a battle-axe argent.'"—(Leigh's "Accidence of Armoury," 1597, p. 23.) The second part of the joke arises out of the similarity of sound between *Ajax* and *a jakes*.

"— *Judas was hang'd on an elder*"—The common tradition was that Judas hanged himself on an elder-tree. Thus, in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour"—"He shall be your Judas, and you shall be his elder-tree to hang on."

"*A* CITTERN *head*"—It appears, from several passages in the old dramas, that the head of a "cittern," *gittern*, or *guitar*, was terminated with a face.

"*The carv'd-bone face on a* FLASK"—A soldier's powder-horn, which was often elaborately "carv'd."

"*I go* WOOLWARD"—i. e. Wanting the shirt, so as to leave the *woollen* cloth of the outer coat next the skin. In an old collection of satires we have—

> And when his shirt's a washing, then he must
> Go *woolward* for the time.

"— *at his very* LOOSE"—"'At his very loose' may mean, (say the editors following Stevens,) *at the moment of his parting.*" But "loose" is an old term of archery—"the act of discharging an arrow." Drayton has this same phrase, used in its literal sense—"in the very *loose*" of the shaft. The King then means—"at the very beginning of the time of any affair, it is often decided," etc.

"— *it would* CONVINCE"—i. e. *Overcome*, or obtain by overcoming.

"— STRAYING *shapes*"—All the old copies read—"Full of *straying* shapes." Coleridge recommends the substitution of *stray*. Malone and others have *strange;* which (Dyce says) is often thus misprinted in old books.

"*As* BOMBAST, *and as* LINING *to the time*"—i. e. To fill up the time, as "bombast" (in its original sense *cotton*, or such wadding) was formerly used to fill up and stuff out dress.

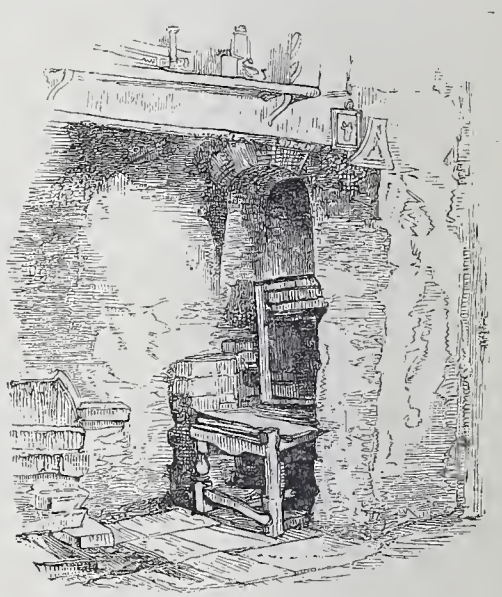
"— *and* LAST *love*"—i. e. If it *continue* still to be love.

"— *seek the weary beds of people sick.*]"—Thirlby, Warburton, and Coleridge suggested, that the lines printed in the text in brackets ought to be omitted, as only an abridgment of what Rosaline says afterwards, in answer to Biron. They have been here retained, because they are in all the older editions, and most modern ones. The probability seems to be that here, as it occurs in ROMEO AND JULIET, the author's first draft, afterwards altered and enlarged, was accidentally left in the dialogue, along with the expanded lines.

"— KEEL *the pot*"—To "keel," or *kele*, is to *cool*—(from *celan*, Anglo-Saxon.) H. Tooke asserts that it has no other sense; but, latterly, it seems to have been applied particularly to the teuding of boiling liquor. To "keel the pot" is to *cool* it, by stirring the pottage with a ladle, to prevent the boiling over. Thus, in a much older author—

> And lered men a ladel bygge, with a long stele
> That cast for *to kele a crokke*, and save the fatte above.

"— *roasted* CRABS"—Not our shell-fish, but the wild English *apple*, which, roasted and put into ale, was a favourite Old-English luxury. This was probably the origin of the *apple-toddy* of Virginia.



"If we were to part with any of the author's comedies, it should be this. Yet we should be loth to part with Don Adriano de Armado, that mighty potentate of nonsense; or his page, that handful of wit; with Nathaniel the curate, or Holofernes the schoolmaster, and their dispute after dinner, on 'the golden cadences of poetry;' with Costard the clown, or Dull the constable. Biron is too accomplished a character to be lost to the world, and yet he could not appear without his fellow-courtiers and the King; and if we were to leave out the

ladies, the gentlemen would have no mistresses. So that we believe we must let the whole play stand as it is, and we shall hardly venture to 'set a mark of reprobation on it.' Still we have some objections to the style, which we think savours more of the pedantic spirit of Shakespeare's time than of his own genius—more of controversial divinity, and the logic of Peter Lombard, than of the inspiration of the muse. It transports us quite as much to the manners of the court, and the quirks of courts of law, as to the scenes of nature, or the fairy-land of his own imagination.

"Shakespeare has set himself to imitate the tone of polite conversation then prevailing among the fair, the witty, and the learned; and he has imitated it but too faithfully. It is as if the hand of Titian had been employed to give grace to the curls of a full-bottomed periwig, or Raphael had attempted to give expression to the tapestry figures in the House of Lords. Shakespeare has put an excellent description of this fashionable jargon into the mouth of the critical Holofernes, 'as too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, too peregrinate, as I may call it;' and nothing can be more marked than the difference when he breaks loose from the trammels he had imposed on himself, 'as light as bird from brake,' and speaks in his own person."—HAZLITT.

"In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our Poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakespeare."—JOHNSON.

"This is one of Shakespeare's early plays, and the author's youth is certainly perceivable, not only in the style and manner of the versification, but in the lavish superfluity displayed in the execution; the uninterrupted succession of quibbles, equivoques, and sallies of every description. 'The sparks of wit fly about in such profusion that they form complete fireworks, and the dialogue for the most part resembles the bustling collision and banter of passing masks at a carnival.'—(Schlegel.) The scene in which the King and his companions detect each other's breach of their mutual vow, is capitally contrived. The discovery of Biron's love-letter while rallying his friends, and the manner in which he extricates himself, by ridiculing the folly of the vow, are admirable."—SINGER.

"The characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakespeare's own multiformity by imaginative self position, or out of such as a country-town and a schoolboy's observation might supply—the curate, the schoolmaster, the Armado, (who even in my time was not extinct in the cheaper inns of North Wales,) and so on. The satire is chiefly on follies of words. Biron and Rosaline are evidently the pre-existent state of Benedick and Beatrice, and so, perhaps, is Boyet of Lafeu, and Costard of the Tapster in MEASURE FOR MEASURE; and the frequency of the rhymes, the sweetness as well as the smoothness of the metre, and the number of acute and fancifully illustrated aphorisms, are all as they ought to be in a poet's youth. True genius begins by generalizing and condensing; it ends in realizing and expanding. It first collects the seeds.

"Yet if this juvenile drama had been the only one extant of our Shakespeare, and we possessed the tradition only of his riper works, or accounts of them in writers who had not even mentioned this play, how many of Shakespeare's characteristic features might we not still have discovered in LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, though as in a portrait taken of him in his boyhood.

"I can never sufficiently admire the wonderful activity of thought throughout the whole of the first scene of the play, rendered natural, as it is, by the choice of the characters, and the whimsical determination on which the drama is founded. A whimsical determination certainly;—yet not altogether so very improbable to those who are conversant in the history of the middle ages, with their courts of love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry, which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes, at a time when the noble's or prince's court contained the only theatre of the domain or principality. This sort of story, too, was admirably suited to Shakespeare's times, when the English court was still the foster-mother of the state and the muses; and when, in consequence, the courtiers, and men of rank and fashion, affected a display of wit, point, and sententious observation, that would be deemed intolerable at present; but in which a hundred years of controversy, involving every great political and every dear domestic interest, had trained all but the lowest classes to participate. Add to this the very style of the sermons of the time, and the eagerness of the Protestants to distinguish themselves by long and frequent preaching, and it will be found that, from the reign of Henry VIII. to the abdication of James II. no country ever received such a national education as England.

"Hence the comic matter chosen in the first instance is a ridiculous imitation or apery of this constant striving after logical precision, and subtle opposition of thoughts, together with a making the most of every conception or image, by expressing it under the least expected property belonging to it, and this, again, rendered specially absurd by being applied to the most current subjects and occurrences. The phrases and modes of combination and argument were caught by the most ignorant from the custom of the age, and their ridiculous misapplication of them is most amusingly exhibited in Costard; while examples suited only to the gravest propositions and impersonations, or apostrophes to abstract thoughts impersonated, (which are in fact the natural language only of the most vehement agitations of the mind,) are adopted by the coxcombry of Armado as mere artifices of ornament.

"The same kind of intellectual action is exhibited in a more serious and elevated strain, in many other parts of this play. Biron's speech at the end of the fourth act is an excellent specimen of it. It is logic clothed in rhetorie;—but observe how Shakespeare, in his two-fold being of poet and philosopher, avails himself of it to convey profound truths in the most lively images—the whole remaining faithful to the character supposed to utter the lines, and the expressions themselves constituting a further development of that character.

* * * * * * * * *

"This is quite a study. Sometimes you see this youthful god of poetry connecting disparate thoughts purely by means of resemblances in the words expressing them—a thing in character in lighter comedy, especially of that kind in which Shakespeare delights, namely, the purposed display of wit, though sometimes, too, disfiguring his graver scenes;—but more often you may see him doubling the natural connection or order of logical consequence in the thoughts by the introduction of an artificial and sought-for resemblance in the words, as, for instance, in the third line of the play—

> And then grace us in the disgrace of death:—

this being a figure often having its force and propriety, as justified by the law of passion, which, inducing in the mind an unusual activity, seeks for means to waste its superfluity,—when in the highest degree, in lyric repetitions and sublime tautology—('at her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet, he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead')—and, in lower degrees, in making the words themselves the subjects and materials of that surplus action, and for the same cause that agitates our limbs, and forces our very gestures into a tempest in states of high excitement.

"The mere style of narration in LOVE'S LABOUR'S

Lost, like that of Ægeon in the first scene of the Comedy of Errors, and of the Soldier in the second scene of Macbeth, seems imitated with its defects and its beauties from Sir Philip Sidney; whose 'Arcadia,' though not then published, was already well known in manuscript copies, and could hardly have escaped the notice and admiration of Shakespeare, as the friend and client of the Earl of Southamptou. The chief defect consists in the parentheses and parenthetic thoughts and descriptions, suited neither to the passion of the speaker, nor the purpose of the person to whom the information is to be given, but manifestly betraying the author himself—not by way of continuous undersong, but palpably, and so as to show themselves addressed to the general reader. However, it is not unimportant to notice how strong a presumption the diction and allusions of this play afford, that, though Shakespeare's acquirements in the dead languages might not be such as we suppose in a learned education, his habits had, nevertheless, been scholastic, and those of a student. For a young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits, and his first observations of life are either drawn from the immediate employments of his youth, and from the characters and images most deeply impressed on his mind in the situations in which those employments had placed him; or else they are fixed on such objects and occurrences in the world, as are easily connected with, and seem to bear upon, his studies and the hitherto exclusive subjects of his meditation. Just as Ben Jonson, who applied himself to the drama after having served in Flanders, fills his earliest plays with true or pretended soldiers, the wrongs and neglects of the former, and the absurd boasts and knavery of their counterfeits. So Lessing's first comedies are placed in the universities, and consist of events and characters conceivable in an academic life.

"I will only further remark the sweet and tempered gravity with which Shakespeare, in the end, draws the only fitting moral which such a drama afforded. Here Rosaline rises up to the full height of Beatrice."



Armado and Moth.



MERCHANT OF VENICE




THE
MERCHANT
OF
VENICE

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

CHRONOLOGY, STATE OF THE TEXT, AND GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE was first printed in 1600, when it appeared in two distinct quarto editions, by different publishers, Roberts, and Hayes, with such variations of text as, although slight, to indicate that they were different editions, and printed from different manuscripts, although both of them are, in the main, correct copies. In the folio edition of 1623 the edition of Hayes is reprinted, with some corrections of its misprints, and some few slight improvements as if from a copy revised at some later period by the author. Accordingly, with the exception of two or three obscure passages, such as the famous one—"Masters of passion sway it to the mood," etc.,) together with a few evident misprints, and some confusion of the names of minor characters, and of the assignment of their speeches, the text in every edition is nearly such as it came from the author's hand, and affords little room for the exercise of critical sagacity.

Although it was first printed in 1600, it has lately been ascertained from the Stationers' Register that the "Merchaunt of Venice," evidently and indubitably Shakespeare's play, was in July, 1598, entered by Roberts, who afterwards published the best early edition. This was not to be printed "without lycense first had from the Lord Chamberlain." It is also mentioned in 1598, by Meares, in his "Wit's Treasury," in a list which he gives of Shakespeare's works; placing it at the last of the comedies he there names—Love's Labour Lost, Comedy of Errors, and Midsummer Night's Dream.

Thus it appears probable that this comedy was written not very long before 1598, and was a popular piece on the stage at the time it was entered for publication in the Stationers' Register, in anticipation of procuring a copy for the press, and permission from the Lord Chamberlain, as the guardian of the interests of the company interested in the profits of the play. As the license was not obtained until two years after, it would seem that the attraction of novelty lasted to that time.

The internal evidence of style and thought shows that this was not one of the class of the author's earliest dramatic works. It has few of the peculiar marks which stamp his earlier plays as partaking of the general taste of the age, rather than being the peculiar property of him who (according to Ben Jonson's noble eulogy) "was not for an age, but for all time." It is evidently the work of the period of full maturity of power, and confidence in its exercise; yet without that overflowing abundance of reflection, sentiment, varied allusion, with which every succeeding year more and more stored the Poet's mind, till his drama became (so to speak) "o'er-informed" with excess of crowded thought. The precise year of its composition it is impossible to ascertain, and is indeed of little moment: but the comparison of the other dramas clearly shows that it must have been written before Macbeth or Othello, and after Romeo and Juliet in its original form, resembling indeed in its taste, style, and versification, far more the additions and improvements of that tragedy than the original groundwork of it. As Coleridge has well remarked, it belongs to that epoch of the author's mind which "gave him all the graces and facilities of a genius in full possession and habitual exercise of power, and peculiarly of the feminine—of the *lady's* character." It was certainly written some time before the author's thirty-fourth year; and, in all probability, within a year or two before or after the thirtieth year of his age. In this point of view, it presents a literary phenomenon to which poetic history presents but few parallels. The freedom and beauty of its unborrowed and unrivalled melody, exquisite in itself, affords a rare example of that mastery over "the numbers of his mother-tongue," which we have the great authority of Dryden for saying "nature never gives the young." As a dramatic work of art and judgment, it has been pronounced by the best critics of Europe (Mr. Hallam is among the number) to be perfect in the construction of the plot, the skilful involution and blending of the two stories,—that of Portia, and that of the merchant,—the deep interest of the action, the variety, spirit, truth, and vivid discrimination of character, the copiousness of its wit, the splendour of its poetry, and the depth and beauty of its moral eloquence.

It has, I think, one peculiarity which has escaped critical attention. Ranking deservedly, as it does, among Shakespeare's most perfect and certainly among his most pleasing works, and bearing throughout the deep stamp of his genius, yet it is (at least so it strikes my mind) the least Shakespearian of his greater dramas, in the same sense that Lear and Macbeth are the most so. My meaning will be made more clear than any critical discussion can make it, by the comparison of Portia's beautiful exhortation—"The quality of mercy is not strained," etc., with any of those briefer passages in Lear, urging the great duties of human sympathy and charity upon "the superfluous and lust-dieted man." The play is less Shakespearian than many others, because it has less of that marvellous combination of impassioned imagery with ponderous thoughts, clothed in such burning words as Shakespeare could alone give to his language, and compressing volumes of wisdom or feeling into a brief phrase, a hasty allusion, or a rapidly passing image. He here rather seems to luxuriate in a more diffuse moral eloquence, and to dwell in a calmer mood upon all the ideas, and incidents, and scenes, and circumstances of surpassing beauty, grace, or splendour, which his lavish imagination pours around with profuse magnificence. It has, too,

with the exceptiou of some of Shylock's scenes of fiercer passiou, in its language and train of thought something more of the tone of ethical poetry than of the drama. I do uot point out these as auy evidences of inferiority in this piece: they are rather to be regarded as proofs of the variety and extent of the author's geuius. If he is here less like the Shakespeare of his own greater dramas, it is because he often reminds us more, at times, of Jeremy Taylor, and at other times of Edmund Spenser, than he does of himself.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

The story of the Merchant of Venice, so far as relates to the stipulated pound of flesh, is one of the many traditionary narratives which has travelled round the world, re-appearing iu varied forms, in different ages, countries, and languages. There is good reason to believe that it is originally of oriental origin, and that it passed, with other things of the same sort, through monkish Latin literature, (and especially through the popular collection of the *Gesta Romanorum*,) into Italian and Euglish legends, romauce, and poetry. Mr. Collier, in his "Introduction" to this play, thus sums up the European literary history of this story, and that of the caskets:—

"The two plots of the Merchant of Venice are found as distinct novels in various ancient foreign authorities. but no English original of either of them, of the age of Shakespeare, has been discovered. That there were such originals is highly probable, but if so they have perished with many other relics of our popular literature. Whether the separate incidents, relating to the bond and to the caskets, were ever combined in the same novel at all as Shakespeare combined them in his drama, cannot of course be determined. Stevens asserts broadly, that 'a play comprehendiug the distinct plots of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer;' and the evidence he adduces is a passage from Gosson's 'School of Abuse,' 1579, where he especially praises two plays 'showne at the Bull,' one called 'The Jew,' and the other 'Ptolome:' of the former Gosson states, that it 'represeuted the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody minds of usurers.' (Shakespeare Society's Reprint, p. 30.) The terms, 'worldly chusers,' may certainly have reference to the choice of the caskets: and the conduct of Shylock may very well be intended by the words, 'bloody minds of usurers.' It is possible, therefore, that a theatrical performance should have existed, anterior to the time of Shakespeare, in which the separate plots were united; and it is not unlikely that some uovel had been published which gave the same incidents in a narrative form. 'On the whole,' says the learned and judicious Tyrwhitt, 'I am inclined to suspect that Shakespeare followed some hitherto-unknown novelist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one.'

"Both stories (that of the bond, and that of the caskets) are found separately iu the Latin *Gesta Romanorum*, with considerable variations. The *Pecorone* of Giovanni Fiorentino coutains a novel very similar to that of the Merchant of Venice, with respect to the boud, the disguise and agency of Portia, and the gift of the ring. This narrative (*Giorn.* iv. *nov.* 1) was written as early as the year 1378, but not printed in Italy until 1554; and it is remarkable that the scene of certain romantic adventures, in which the hero was engaged, is there laid in the dwelling of a lady at Belmont. These adventures seem afterwards to have been changed, in some English version, for the incidents of the caskets. In Boccaccio's Decameron (*Giorn.* x. *nov.* 1) a choice of caskets is introduced, but it does not in other respects resemble the choice as we find it in Shakespeare; while the latter, even to the inscriptions, is extremely like the history in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

"The earliest notice in English, with a date, of any circumstances connected with the bond and its forfeiture, is contained in 'The Orator: handling a Hundred several Discourses,' a translation from the French of Alexander Silvayn, by Anthony Munday, who published it under the name of Lazarus Piot, in 1596, 4to. There, with the head of 'Declamation 95,' we find oue 'Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of flesh of a Christian;' and it is followed by 'The Christian's Answer,' but nothing is said of the iucidents, out of which these 'declamations' arose. Of the old ballad of 'The Cruеltie of Gernutus, a Jewe,' in 'Percy's Reliques,' no dated edition is known; but most readers will be iuclined to agree with Warton, ('Observations on the Faerie Queene,' I. 128,) that it was not founded upon Shakespeare's play, and was anterior to it: it might owe its origin to the ancient drama of 'The Jew,' mentioned by Gosson."—Collier.

Most of the materials of the plot may be found, more at large, collected in Collier's Shakespeare Library, vol. II. I have nothing to add to the literary researches of the English editors, but I cannot but submit to the readers of this edition a conjecture of my own, as to the reasons which may have led to the choice of this particular subject, or at least primarily suggested it to the author's mind.

Every one at all conversant with legal history is familiar with the struggles between the strict and literal old common-law and the equitable doctrine, on the subject of bonds with penalty. The ancient common form of the bond for payment of money resembled that still iu use, being an obligation to pay a larger sum, generally double, unless the money borrowed be repaid at the day stipulated. The old common-law held that on the forfeiture of the bond, or a default of payment, the whole penalty was recoverable; but here the courts of equity interfered, and would not permit the lender to take more than "in conscience he ought," viz.: the principal lent, with interest and expenses; or, in case of non-performance of some other contract, the damages sustained. (See II. *Blackstone Comm.* 340.) This innovation was resisted by the old-school lawyers and judges; and the struggle between the two systems, (the equitable doctrine gradually gaining ground in the courts of law,) continued from the time of Henry VIII. to the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, when it was settled, by statute, in favour of the equitable principle.

Shakespeare lived in the height of this legal controversy, and as the question was not oue of those of mere technical learning, appertaining only to what Horne Tooke used to call "the *Grimgribber*" of the law, but entered constantly and largely into all the concerns of men of business, it must certaiuly have become of general interest, far beyond the confines of the Inns-of-Court. It is even highly probable that there were then many well-known cases of hardship and oppression in enforcing penalties, perfectly familiar to the citizens of London. I do not mean that Shakespeare had the remotest intention of writing a law-lecture, or an argument upon the point, bnt that the subject was thus suggested to him, and that he perceived the advantage of using a traditionary plot

involving a principle, and pregnant with allusions full of immediate interest, and familiar to the minds of a large class of his audiences.

The plot has been denounced by several critics as improbable. This objection assumes that absolute probability is necessary to the degree of belief required for interest in dramatic or other fictitious narrative. Now the very reverse is the case; for mere ordinary probability, or a succession of events such as are most likely to happen, puts an end at once to the excitement of unexpectedness; it shuts out all the interest of hope or fear for the personages. To obtain this interest the incidents must appear possible, and within the range of human events; yet, the more singular they are, and the less likely to happen as matters of course, if they can only be temporarily believed to have happened at all, the stronger is the interest. The incidents in the MERCHANT OF VENICE are assuredly not of every-day occurrence, yet they are all such as might have actually happened in the times and countries in which Shakespeare has placed his scene. Indeed, such is the poverty of human invention, as to any purely original narration of facts, beyond mere combination in new forms of old incidents, that there is in this, as in many similar traditionary stories, good ground to believe that the tale or legends may have been originally founded upon real occurrences.

SCENE OF THE ACTION AND MANNERS.

"The Venice of Shakespeare's own time, and the manners of that city, are delineated with matchless accuracy in this drama; so much so as to convince Messrs. Brown, Knight, and other critics, that Shakespeare had visited Italy. Mr. Brown has observed that 'The 'merchant' of Venice is a merchant of no other place in the world.'

"The dresses of the most civilized nations of Europe have at all periods borne a strong resemblance to each other: the various fashions having been generally invented among the southern and generally adopted by the northern ones. Some slight distinctions, however, have always remained to characterize, more or less particularly, the country of which the wearer was a native; and the republic of Venice, perhaps, differed more than any other state in the habits of its nobles, magistrates, and merchants, from the universal fashion of that quarter of the globe in which it was situate.

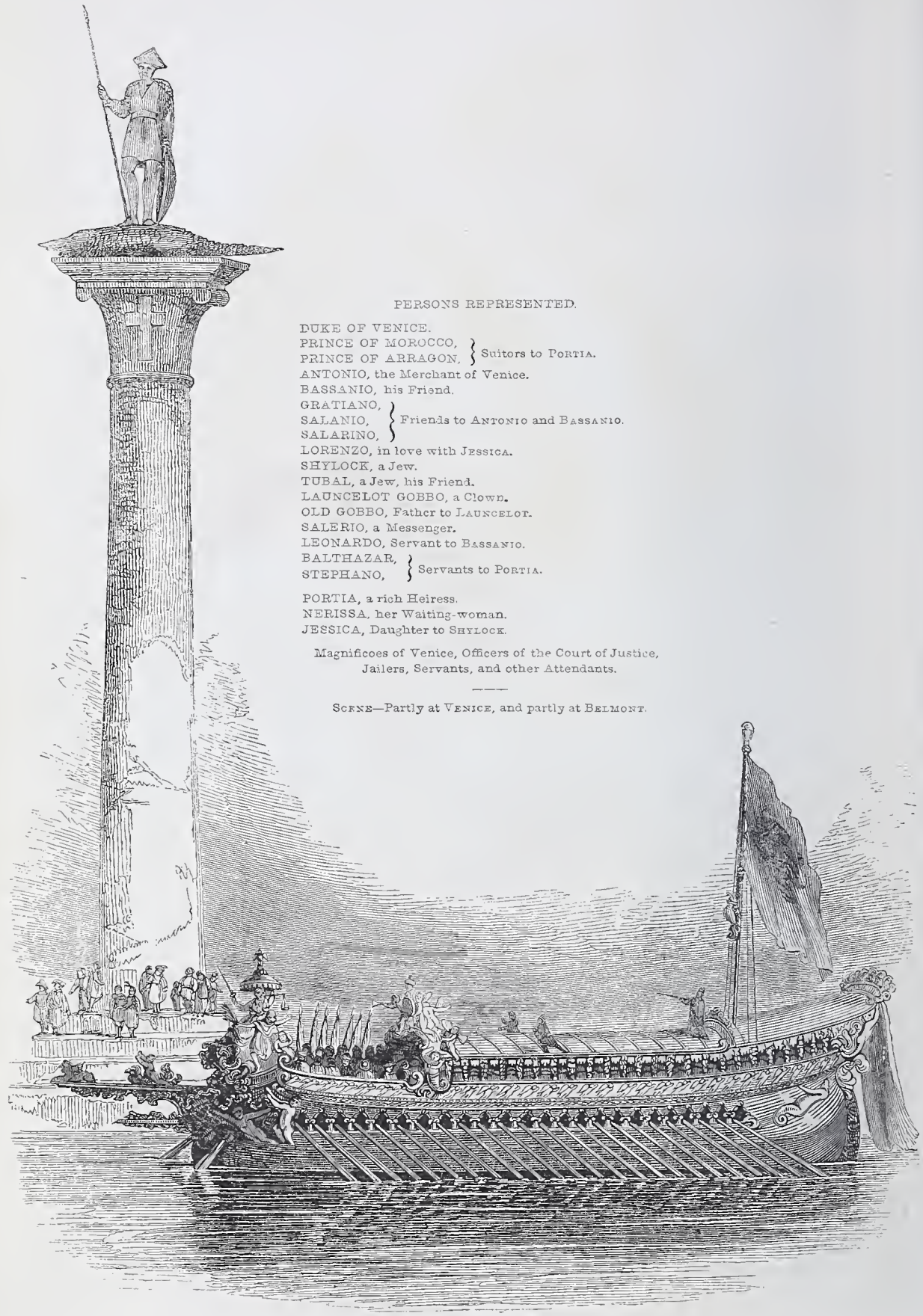
"To commence with the chief officer of the republic:—The doge, like the pope, appears to have worn different habits on different occasions. Cæsar Vecellio describes the alterations made in the ducal dress by several princes, from the close of the twelfth century down to that of the sixteenth, the period of the action of the play before us; at which time the materials of which it was usually composed were cloth of silver, cloth of gold, and crimson velvet, the cap always corresponding in colour with the robe and mantle.

"The chiefs of the Council of Ten, who were three in number, wore 'red gowns with long sleeves, either of cloth, camlet, or damask, according to the weather, with a flap of the same colour over their left shoulders, red stockings, and slippers.' The rest of the Ten, according to Coryat, wore black camlet gowns, with marvellous long sleeves, that reach almost down to the ground. The 'clarissimoes' generally wore gowns of black cloth faced with black taffata, with a flap of black cloth edged with taffata, over the left shoulder; and 'all these gowned men,' says the same author, 'do wear marvellous little black caps of felt, without any brims at all, and very diminutive falling bands, no ruffs at all, which are so shallow that I have seen many of them not above a little inch deep.' The colour of their under garments was also generally black, and consisted of 'a slender doublet, made close to the body, without much quilting or bombast, and long hose plain, without those new-fangled curiosities and ridiculous superfluities of panes, pleats, and other light toys used with us Englishmen. Yet,' he continues, 'they make it of costly stuff, well beseeming gentlemen and eminent persons of their places, as of the best taffatas and satins that Christendom doth yield, which are fairly garnished also with lace of the best sort. The Knights of St. Mark, or of the Order of the Glorious Virgin, etc., were distinguished by wearing red apparel under their black gowns.' 'Young lovers,' says Vecellio, 'wear generally a doublet and breeches of satin, tabby, or other silk, cut or slashed in the form of crosses or stars, through which slashes is seen the lining of coloured taffata: gold buttons, a lace ruff, a bonnet of rich velvet or silk with an ornamental band, a silk cloak, and silk stockings, Spanish morocco shoes, a flower in one hand, and their gloves and handkerchief in the other.' This habit, he tells us, was worn by many of the nobility, as well of Venice as of other Italian cities, especially by the young men before they put on the gown with the sleeves, 'a comito,' which was generally in their eighteenth or twentieth year.

"Vecellio also furnishes us with the dress of a doctor of laws, the habit in which Portia defends Antonio. The upper robe was of black damask cloth, velvet, or silk, according to the weather. The under one black silk with a silk sash, the ends of which hang down to the middle of the leg; the stockings of black cloth or velvet; the cap of rich velvet or silk.

"Vecellio informs us that the Jews differed in nothing, as far as regarded dress, from Venetians of the same professions, whether merchants, artisans, etc., with the exception of a *yellow bonnet*, which *they were compelled to wear by order of the government*. We cannot imagine that a doubt can exist of the propriety of Shylock wearing a yellow, or at all events, an orange-coloured cap of the same form as the black one of the Christian Venetian merchants. Shakespeare makes Shylock speak of his 'Jewish gaberdine;' but, independently of Vecellio's assurance that no difference existed between the dress of the Jewish and Christian merchants save the yellow bonnet aforesaid, the word gaberdine conveys to us no precise form of garment, its description being different in nearly every dictionary, foreign or English. In German it is called a rock or frock, a mantle, coat, petticoat, gown, or cloak. In Italian, '*palandrano*,' or great-coat, and '*gavardina*,' a peasant's jacket. The French have only '*gaban*' and '*gabardine*,'—cloaks for rainy weather. In Spanish, '*gabardina*' is rendered a sort of cassock with close-buttoned sleeves. In English, a shepherd's coarse frock or coat.

"Speaking of the ladies of Venice, Coryat says, 'Most of these women, when they walk abroad, especially to church, are veiled with long veils, whereof some do reach almost to the ground behind. These veils are either black, or white, or yellowish. The black, either wives or widows do wear; the white, maids, and so the yellowish also, but they wear more white than yellowish. It is the custom of these maids, when they walk the streets, to cover their faces with their veils, the stuff being so thin and slight that they may easily look through it, for it is made of a pretty slender silk, and very finely curled. . . . Now, whereas I said that only maids do wear white veils, I mean these white silk curled veils, which (as they told me) none do wear but maids. But other white veils wives do much wear, such as are made in Holland, whereof the greatest part is handsomely edged with great and very fair bonelace.'"—*Abridged from* KNIGHT.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } Suitors to PORTIA.
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his Friend.
GRATIANO, }
SALANIO, } Friends to ANTONIO and BASSANIO.
SALARINO, }
LORENZO, in love with JESSICA.
SHYLOCK, a Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a Clown.
OLD GOBBO, Father to LAUNCELOT.
SALERIO, a Messenger.
LEONARDO, Servant to BASSANIO.
BALTHAZAR, } Servants to PORTIA.
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich Heiress.
NERISSA, her Waiting-woman.
JESSICA, Daughter to SHYLOCK.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,
Jailers, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE—Partly at VENICE, and partly at BELMONT.



SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me: you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But, tell not me: I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy

For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspéct,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O! my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well, awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men.
For Gratiano never lets me speak.
Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.
Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.
Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.
Ant. Is that any thing now?
Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.
Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?
Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then, do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.
Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,

That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*



Venice. 'Argosies with portly sail.'

SCENE II.—Belmont. *An Apartment in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And, yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty hus-

bands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him: for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a spunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*



(Venice. From the Lagunes.)

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no:—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies: I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad; but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient: three thousand ducats.—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?



Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
[*To* ANTONIO.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot:—three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond: and let me see—But hear you:
Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast.—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats;—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies:" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this:——
"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies,
And you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

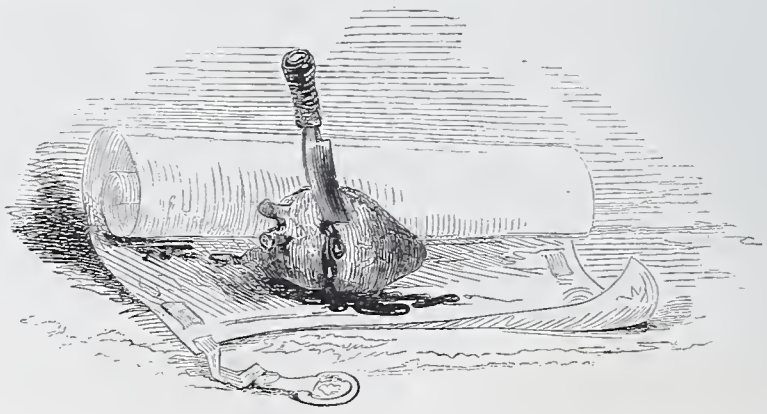
Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

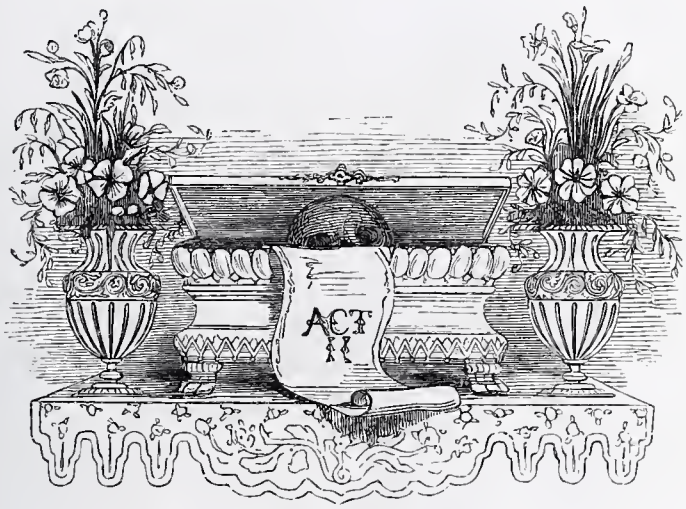
Ant. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:



Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O, father Abraham! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*



SCENE I.—Belmont. *An Apartment in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Followers; PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her train. Flourish of cornets.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man? the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.
Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.
Mor. Nor will not: come, bring me unto my chance.
Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then.
[*Cornets.*
To make me blest, or cursed'st among men!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at

mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:" My conscience says,—"No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—"My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste:—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend: "budge not," says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.



Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens! this is my true begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—[*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—[*To him.*]—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot. Talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel, or a

hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—[*To him.*]—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord! worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and Followers.*

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the furthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered: put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy. Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify.

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your lordship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both.—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well: thou hast obtain'd thy suit.
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy son.—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—Give him a livery
[*To his Followers.*
More guarded than his fellows: see it done.

Laun. Father, in.—I cannot get a service,—no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune.—Go to; here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing: eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed:—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and Old* GOBBO.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteemed acquaintance: hie thee; go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit* LEONARDO.

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano.

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me. I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must; but, hear thee, Gratiano.
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal.—Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,

Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus, with my hat, and sigh and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity,
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well,
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Room in* SHYLOCK'S *House.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.
Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived: but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*
Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. *A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. [*Giving a letter.*
Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this.—Tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her:—speak it privately;
Go.—Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
Salan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SALAN.
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me: peruse this, as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—The Same. *Before* SHYLOCK'S *House.*

Shy. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.—
What, Jessica!—Thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.—
Why, Jessica, I say!
Laun. Why, Jessica!
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loath to go.
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So do I his.
Laun. And they have conspired together:—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.
Shy. What! are there masques?—Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah:
Say, I will come.
Laun. I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.
[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring? ha!
Jes. His words were, farewell, mistress; nothing else.
Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;



Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do, as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.
Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures, with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For whom love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket: it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. What! must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.
Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit, from above.*
Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit, with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio?
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Belmont. *An Apartment in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter PORTIA, *with the Prince of Morocco, and both their trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours with all.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve?—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*
Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

"*All that glisters is not gold;*
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.

Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains: go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd—"Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Salan. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Belmont. *An Apartment in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter NERISSA, *with a Servitor.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight.
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, *and their trains. Flourish of cornets.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose: next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage: lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:"
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire:—that many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable,
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare;
How many be commanded, that command:
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert:—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there
Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

"*The fire seven times tried this:*
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone: you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon, and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy:—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, (besides commends, and courteous breath,)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be.

[*Exeunt.*



The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.



SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip, report, be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha!—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then, it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and my blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt* SALAN., SALAR., *and Servant.*

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so;—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why thou—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—



Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. — hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news! ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont *An Apartment in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and their Attendants. The caskets set out.*

Por. I pray you tarry: pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear a while.
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you, and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you,
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,

That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well, then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O, happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win,
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

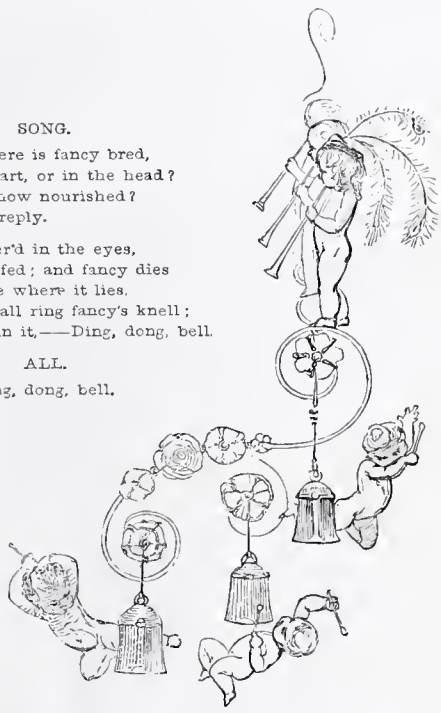


SONG.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,——Ding, dong, bell.

ALL.
Ding, dong, bell.



Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars,

Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see, 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes!—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd: yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

"*You that choose not by the view,*
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
[*Kissing her.*



Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues. beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words:
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration, fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O! then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me;
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou can'st get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What! and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
[BASSANIO *opens the letter.*

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sale. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia!
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true, and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?

And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sale. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning, and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

Por. O love! despatch all business, and begone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.
[*Exeunt.*



(Rialto Bridge.)

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, *and Jailer.*

Shy. Jailer, look to him: tell not me of mercy.—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.—
Jailer, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailer, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know.
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, jailer, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself,
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa: but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal:—then, I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter.
But come: I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. *A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not; that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband: he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then, bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion? Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Lor. O, dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

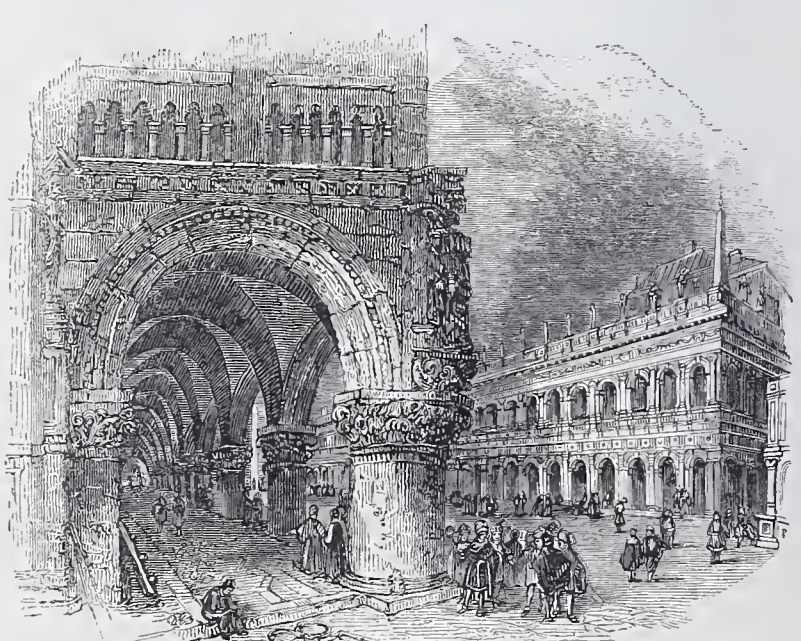
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk; Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*



(Place for hiring gondolas.)



SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE; *the Magnificoes;* ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door. He comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection:
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended,
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What! would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free; marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.—
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] "Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.—
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not? [*To* ANTONIO.
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head. I crave the law;
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth: and, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O, wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is:—
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law,
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt,
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence! come, prepare!

Por. Tarry a little: there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it.
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!
Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, *Magnificoes, and train.*
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir?—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:

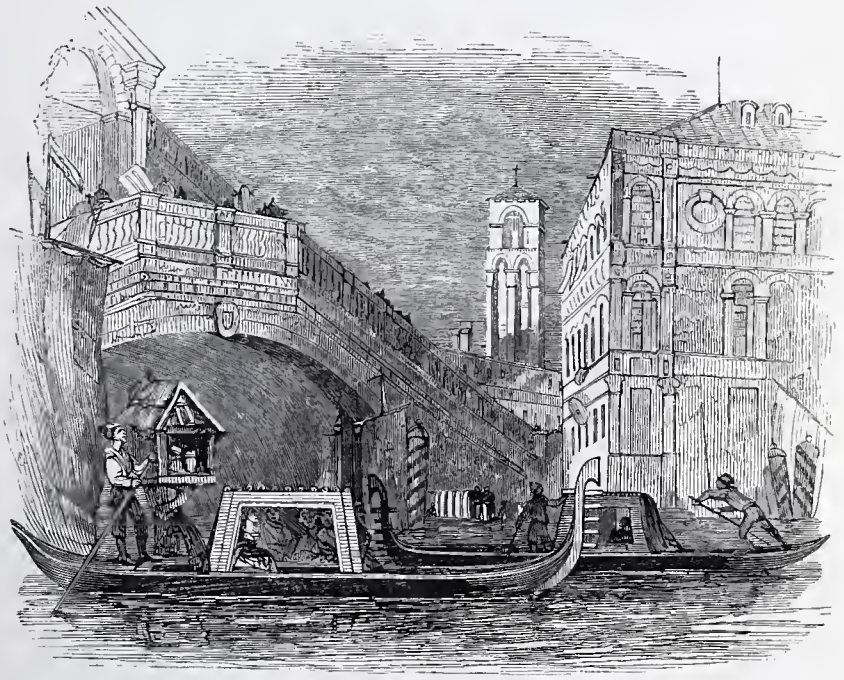
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him,
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Antonio's house.—Away! make haste.
[*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*



(Gondolas.)

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Street.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

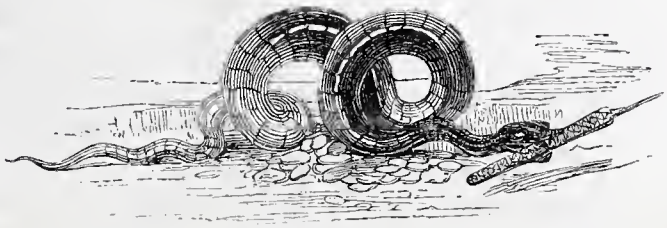
Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To* PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir; will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—Belmont. *The Avenue to* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright.—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hallooing, man; here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

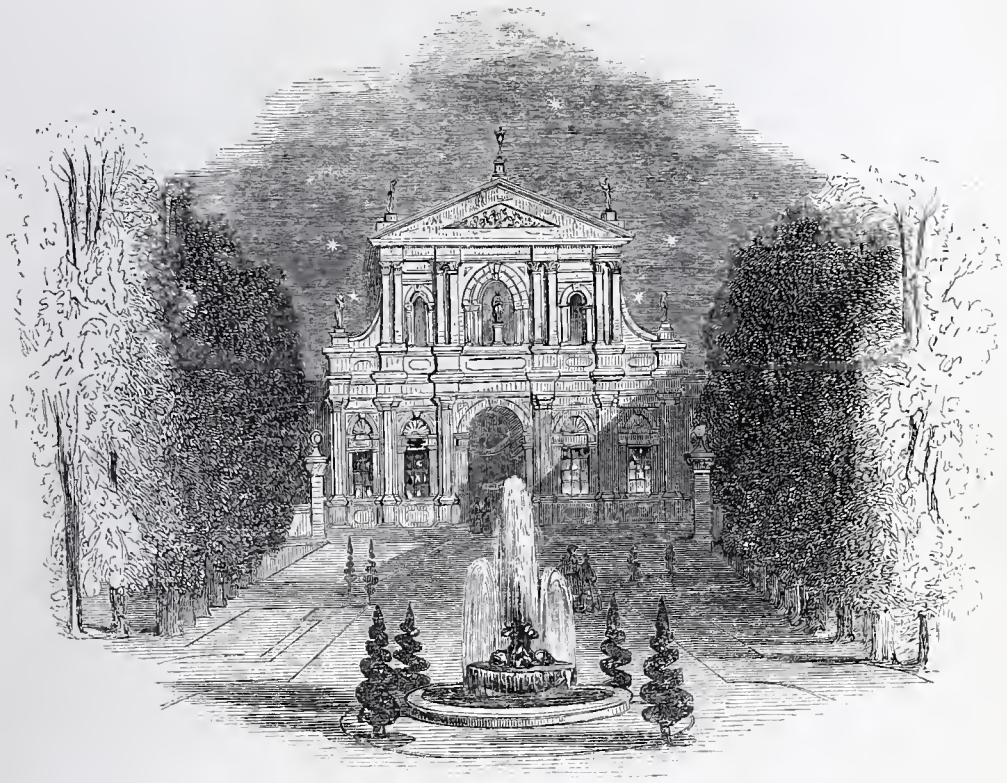
Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.—
[*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze.
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.



(Italian Villa by Moonlight.)

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—

Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket sounded.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand: I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

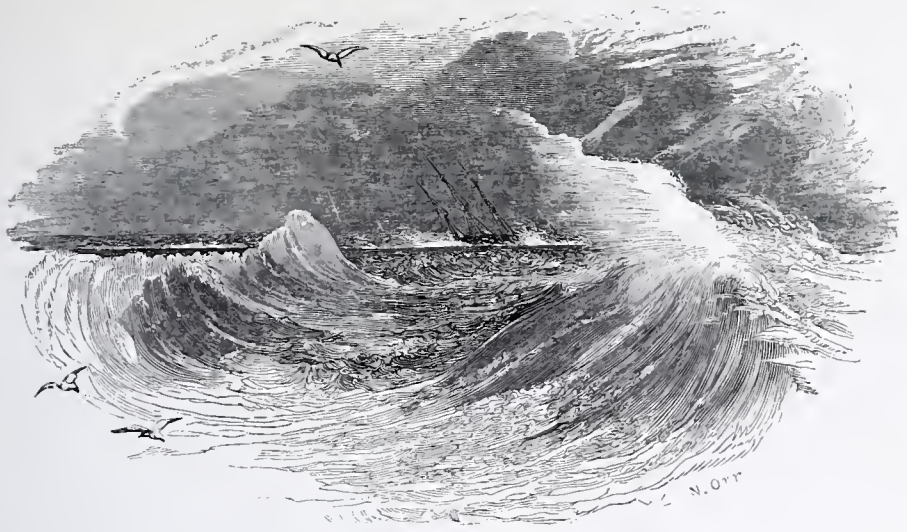


Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.
Gra. [*To* NERISSA.] By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world, like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."
Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring, gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I'll not deny him any thing I have;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore, be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,——
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then, you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then, lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living,

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.
[*Exeunt.*





(The Goodwin Sands, during a storm.)

NOTES ON THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"—Salarino *and* Salanio"—There is much confusion in the early editions which it is not now easy to rectify, between the names of these characters and the speeches assigned to them, as designated by *Sal.*, *Salan.*, *Sol.*, *Salar.*; and the names themselves are variously spelled. The text here differs from that of some of the modern editions in following the arrangement of the quartos, which receives some confirmation by its giving a larger and more lively share of the dialogue to Salarino, who had professed his wish to make Antonio merry. This discrimination of character, even in subordinate parts, slight as it is, is in Shakespeare's manner, and is lost by the more equal alternation of the dialogue given by Stevens, and retained by Collier.

"*There, where your* argosies"—"Argosies" were large merchant vessels: the word is said by Stevens to be corrupted from Ragosies, or, ships of Ragusa, distinguished in their day for their size and value; but Douce derives it from the classical ship Argo, which is more probable, from *argis* being the word for *ship* in the Latin of the lower empire.

"*And see my wealthy Andrew* dock'd *in sand*"—"Andrew" is the ship's name, and was probably a common one for Italian vessels, in honour of the great admiral, Andrew Doria. For "dock'd in sand" all the old editions print "*docks* in sand;" and Collier proposes to read, "my wealthy Andrew's *decks* in sand."

"Vailing *her high top*"—To *vail* means to *bow*, to *lower*, to *cast down*, as in Hamlet, "vailed lids."

"—*Now, by two-headed Janus,*
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time."

"By 'two-headed Janus' is meant those antique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one; being of Pan and Bacchus, of Saturn and Apollo, etc. These are not uncommon in collections of antiques, and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, etc."—Warburton.

"—when *I am very sure*"—"So all the old copies. This reading is in Shakespeare's manner, who often left the nominative case of the verb to be understood. Rowe altered 'when' to *who*, which has been followed by the modern editors."—Collier.

"*If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,*
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools."

That is, (says Theobald,) Some people are thought wise while they keep silence, who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters that the hearers cannot help calling them fools, and so incur the judgment denounced in the gospel against him who "says to his brother, Thou fool."

"*For this* fool-gudgeon"—An expressive compound, which Malone (followed in many editions) altered to *fool's-gudgeon*, against all the early copies.

"—*for this* gear"—i. e. "Matter, subject, or business in general; often applied to dress, Saxon."—Nares's "*Glossary.*"

Modern use has narrowed down the word to meaning *harness* or other *fixings* (to use an Americanism) of man, or beast, or machinery; but, in older English, it was used to express any matter in hand, as Launcelot in this play says, "Fortune is a good wench for this gear," i. e. for this affair, or this occasion.

"*Is that any thing now?*"—All the early editions have, "It is that any thing now," which words Collier retains, with an altered punctuation, thus, "It is that:—any thing now;" and explains thus: "Antonio's observation, 'It is that,' is addressed to Gratiano, concurring in his remark just before he made his *exit;* and then Antonio's bad spirits return upon him, and he adds, as if weary of Gratiano's talk, 'any thing now.' This naturally leads to Bassanio's criticism upon Gratiano." But on looking at the original quarto, it will be seen that there are marks of a misprint, thus, "*An.* It is that any thing now," for, as elsewhere, "*Ant.* Is that any thing now?" and this last reading suits the context.

"*And I am* prest"—i. e. *Ready:* it is used in this sense by Chaucer, Spenser, Fox, and others: from the French *prêt*, anciently spelled *preste*.

Scene II.

"—*he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian*"—"A satire," says Warburton, "on the ignorance of the

young English travellers in our author's time." Knight says, "Authors are not much in the habit of satirizing themselves; and yet, according to Farmer and his school, Shakespeare knew 'neither Latin, French, nor Italian.'"

"*What think you of the* SCOTTISH *lord, his neighbour*"—"Portia's reply could not be palatable to King James, and the Scotch who came to England on his accession: therefore, in the folio, 1623, *other* is substituted for 'Scottish;' whereas the quartos, which were printed more than two years before James I. came to the throne, preserve the original reading."—COLLIER.

SCENE III.

"— SQUANDERED *abroad*"—In a letter in Woodfall's "Theatrical Repertory," 1801, it is stated that "Macklin, mistakenly, spoke the word with a tone of reprobation, implying that Antonio had, as we say of prodigals, unthriftly *squandered* his wealth." The meaning is simply, *scattered;* of which we find an example in "Howell's Letters:"—"The Jews, once an elect people, but now grown contemptible, and strangely *squandered* up and down the world." In Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis," we have the same expression applied to ships:—

They drive, they *squander*, the huge Belgian fleet.

"*What news on the* RIALTO?"—The Rialto spoken of throughout this play is, in all probability, not the bridge to which belong our present associations with the name. The bridge was built in 1591.

Knight says—"The Rialto of ancient commerce is an island,—one of the largest of those on which Venice is built. Its name is derived from *riva alta,—high shore*, and its being larger, and somewhat more elevated than the others, accounts for its being the first inhabited. The most ancient church of the city is there; and there were erected the buildings for the magistracy and commerce of the infant settlement. The arcades used for these purposes were burned down in the great fire of 1513, and rebuilt on the same spot in 1555, as they now stand. Rialto Island is situated at the bend of the Grand Canal, by which it is bounded on two sides, while the Rio delle Beccarie and another small canal bound it on the other two. There is a vegetable market there daily; and, though the great squares by St. Mark's are now the places 'where merchants most do congregate,' the old rendezvous is still so thronged, and has yet so much the character of a 'mart,' as to justify now, as formerly, the question, 'What news on the Rialto?'"

"He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice."

"It is almost incredyble what gaine the Venetians receive by the usurie of the Jewes, both privately and in common. For in everie citie the Jews kepe open shops of usurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for xv in the hundred by the yere; and if, at the yere's end, the gaige be not redeemed, it is forfeite, or at least dooen away to a great disadvantage, by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parts."—THOMAS's "*History of Italy*," 1561.

"— *once* UPON THE HIP"—Thus, in OTHELLO:—

I'll have our Michael Cassio *on the hip*.

The expressiou is taken from the terms of wrestling.

"— and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest."

In order to understand this, and to enter into the feeling of the play, it must be borne in mind that the moral distinction between interest, as allowed by law, and usury, or excess extorted beyond the legal rates, was not then so distinctly marked as at present, and was rather a distinction in the law than in popular feeling or language. The old moral and religious objection was to any interest or payment for the use of money at all. This continued for a long time, and is not yet extinct. That acute and enlightened lawyer, Pothier, in the middle of the last century, more than once appears to concede the general immorality of any such return for the use of money, so far as private conscience is concerned, and is content to treat the subject merely as permitted by positive law. In old English, *use*, *usance*, and *usury*, all alike meant *interest* for the use of money. Bacon so employs the words. After the legal rate was established, *usury* gradually acquired its present distinct meaning, first in the courts and then in common language. The popular argument in Lord Bacon's time, was, as we find it stated by Meares, that "it is against nature for money to beget money," which is what the Poet alludes to in his phrase of "a breed of barren metal," etc. Aristotle had long the credit, if such it be, of inventing this argument, but his later commentators have shown that it does not belong to him.

"— *the* RIPE *wants of my friend*"—"*Ripe* wants are wants *come to a height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read—*rife* wants, wants that come thick upon him."—JOHNSON.

"— *all the* EANLINGS"—i. e. Lambs just dropped, or *ean'd*, now ordinarily spelled *yeanlings*, and *yean*.

"— PILL'D *me certain wands*"—This is usually printed *peel'd*, but, with Knight, we retain the old orthography, because it has been retained in the translation of the Bible now in use, as it was in the older ones, in the passage of Genesis to which Shylock alludes.

"— *shall we be* BEHOLDING *to you*"—Generally printed according to modern use, "beholden;" but in the age of Elizabeth the active was frequently used for the passive participle, and as all the old editions so print it, it was doubtless thus written, and should not be altered unless we choose to obliterate all the obsolete forms of speech from an author's page.

"— SPET *on me*"—This is generally modernized into *spit*, or *spate*, but is here retained as it is printed in every old edition; because it is the ancient preterite, (see "Pegge's Anecdotes,") which we ought not to change if we wish to retain the language in which the Poet wrote.

"*A breed* FOR *barren metal*"—The folio reads, as it is more generally quoted, "*of* barren metal."

"— FEARFUL *guard*"—A guard that is the cause of fear, because not to be trusted. *Fearful* was anciently often used for *exciting fear*, and is not yet quite obsolete. To *fear* is used in the next scene for to *fright*.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"— *the Prince of Morocco*"—"The stage-direction in the folios and quartos is, 'Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore, all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly,' etc. This is curious, as it shows the manner in which Moors were usually dressed on the stage in Shakespeare's time. Doubtless, Othello was 'all in white,' unless, indeed, he wore the military uniform of the Venetian state."—COLLIER.

"And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine."

"Red blood is a traditionary sign of courage. Macbeth calls one of his frighted soldiers a 'lily-livered boy:' again, in this play, cowards are said to have livers as white as milk; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a milksop."—*Illust. Shak.*

"It was customary in the east for lovers to testify the violence of their passion by cutting themselves in the sight of their mistresses; and the fashion seems to have been considered as a mark of gallantry in Shakespeare's time, when young men frequently stabbed their arms with daggers, and, mingling the blood with wine, drank it off to the healths of their mistresses."—SINGER.

"*And hedg'd me by his* WIT"—"Wit" is here used in its ancient sense of mental power in general. To *wite*, from the Anglo-Saxon *witan*, is, to *know*.

"*I would* OUT-STARE *the sternest eyes that look*"—This reading is that of Roberts's quarto, and sustained by the sense, and by the antithesis of the next line, "out-brave." The other quarto, and the folio, have *o're-stare*—a word not known, and giving no clear sense, though preferred in some late editions.

"—*beaten by his* PAGE"—This is Theobald's happy emendation; adopted in all editions since his time. The old copies have "beaten by his *rage*." Lichas was the servant of Hercules.

SCENE II.

"*Enter* LAUNCELOT GOBBO"—The old copies read, "Enter the Clown alone;" and throughout the play Launcelot Gobbo is called the *Clown* at most of his *entrances*, or *exits*.

"LAUNCELOT GOBBO."—"My notion of Launcelot, as I have seen him, has not been reflected from the stage. 'The patch is kind enough;' yet he is amazingly wrapped up in self, and his soliloquies are intense on that darling subject. An obtrusive feature in his character, is the conceit in his skull that he is better than he should be. Having been called by one who did not see him, 'master,' and 'young gentleman,' he insists, over and over again, on his being 'young master Launcelot,' and at last styles himself 'the young gentleman.' All this, like every thing he says, is a mixture of vanity and drollery; on the latter he stakes his fame as a wit. Nature never formed a more egregious coxcomb; he is Lord Foppington in low life, as far as his imbecility can reach. In the same strain he talks of his 'manly spirit,' and of the Jew's having 'done him wrong;' as if he and his master were on an equality. No doubt his solace as a servant was, that he must, sooner or later, owing to his intrinsic merit, come to excellent fortune. He spells his fate on his palm; where, though neither coronet nor mastership offers itself to his imagination, there is something of equal value to the young animal;—'eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man.' His jokes are generally failures; but, coming from him, they are laughable. When suddenly reproached with his conduct towards the Moorish woman, his answer is—'It is much that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.' This elaborate nonsense, this grasp at a pun without catching it, uttered in confusion, and in eagerness to shuffle out of the accusation, is as natural as it is ridiculous. It gives occasion to Lorenzo's observing—'How every fool can play upon the word!' which, together with what follows, may be mistaken for a self-condemnation, made at hazard, on the part of Shakespeare. By no means: the difficulty is to play well upon a word; besides, as Launcelot then and afterwards proves, the poverty of a jest may be enriched in a fool's mouth, owing to the complacency with which he deals it out; and because there are few things which provoke laughter more than feebleness in a great attempt at a small matter."—C. A. BROWN, *Shak. Autobiog. P.*

"—SCORN *running with thy* HEELS"—Stevens suggests the following marvellous emendation—Do not run: scorn running; *withe* thy heels, i. e. connect them with a *withe*, (a band made of osiers,) as the legs of cattle are hampered in some countries. But, in fact, "to *scorn* with heels" was a figurative phrase for thorough contempt. It is found also in MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, as well as in other books of the age. It is here humorously applied to the running away.

"—'*away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens,'*" etc.—Some of the editors think that the line needs correction because it is not likely that the Poet would make the devil conjure Launcelot for heaven's sake. Singer observes, with better taste, that—

"'For the heavens' was merely a petty oath. To make the fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for 'heaven's sake' is a specimen of that 'acute nonsense' which Barrow makes one of the species of wit, and which Shakespeare was sometimes very fond of."

"—*being more than* SAND-BLIND"—i. e. "Having an imperfect sight, as if there was sand in the eye. *Gravel*-blind, a coinage of Launcelot's, is the exaggeration of *sand*-blind. *Pur*-blind, or *pore*-blind, if we may judge from a sentence of Latimer's, is something less than *sand*-blind:—'They be *pur*-blind and *sand*-blind.'"—KNIGHT.

"—*which is the way to master Jew's*"—"It does not appear that the Jews (hardly used everywhere) had more need of patience in Venice than in other states. The same traditional reports against them exist there as elsewhere, testifying to the popular hatred and prejudice: but they were too valuable a part of a commercial population not to be more or less considered and taken care of. An island was appropriated to them; but they long ago overflowed into other parts of the city. Many who have grown extremely rich by money-lending have now fine palaces in various quarters; and of these, some are among the most respectable and enlightened of the citizens. The Jews who people their quarter are such as are unable to rise out of it. Its buildings are ancient and lofty, but ugly and sordid. 'Our synagogue' is, of course, there. It is situated on the canal which leads to Mestre. There are houses old enough to have been Shylock's, with balconies from which Jessica might have talked; and ground enough beneath, between the house and the water, for her lover to stand, hidden in the shadow, or a 'pent-house.' Hence, too, her gondola might at once start for the main land, without having to traverse any part of the city."—KNIGHT.

"*By God's* SONTIES"—"'Sonties' is a corruption of *sanctities*," says Collier. It is more probably a corruption of *sauntes*, or saints.

"*Your worship's friend, and Launcelot*"—The same form of expression occurs in LOVE'S LABOUR LOST—"Your servant, and Costard." It would seem, from the context, that the old man's name was Launcelot. "I beseech you, talk you of *young master* Launcelot," says the clown, when the old man has named himself.

"—*Dobbin, my* PHILL-HORSE"—Phill-horse, or fill-horse, is the *shaft*-horse; the horse that goes between the shafts, or *fills*: in more modern use, the thill-horse.

"*I have here a dish of doves*"—Ch. A. Brown has expressed his decided conviction that some of the dramas of Shakespeare exhibit the most striking proofs that our Poet had visited Italy. The passage before us is cited by Mr. Brown as one of these proofs:—"Where did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the father of a servant."—*Shak. Autobiog. Pocms.*

"*More* GUARDED"—i. e. More laced, or fringed; the gold-livery binding being, as Malone explains the donation, the guards of the cloth.

"*Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune.*"

The best explanation of this passage is given by Mr. Tyrwhitt:—"Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, (which, by fortune-tellers, is called the *table*,) breaks out into the following reflection:—Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book I shall have good fortune: that is, a table which doth not only promise, but offers to swear upon a book that I shall have good fortune."

"*Go to; here's a simple* LINE OF LIFE!"—"Palmistry, or chiromancy, had once its learned professors as well as astrology. The printing-press consigned the delusion to the gypsies. Chiromancy and physiognomy were once

kindred sciences. The one has passed away among other credulities belonging to ages which we call ignorant and superstitious. The other, although fashionable half a century ago, is professed by none, but, more or less, has its influence upon all. In the Pictorial edition there is a woodcut, copied from a book with which Shakespeare must have been familiar:—'Briefe introductions, both natural, pleasaunte, and also delectable, unto the Art of Chiromancy, or manuel divinatiou, and Phisiognomy: with circumstances upon the faces of the Signes. Also certain Canons or Rules upon Diseases and Sicknesses, &c. Written in ye Latin tongue by Jhon Indagine, Prieste, and now lately translated into Englishe, by Fabian Withers. For Richard Jugge, 1558.' Launcelot, as well as his betters, were diligent students of the mysteries interpreted by 'Jhon Indagine, Prieste;' and a simple or complex line of life were indicatious that made even some of the wise exult or tremble."—KNIGHT.

"— *sad* OSTENT"—i. e. Ostentation; not, as now, confined to the show of vanity, but for any external show, as here, of grief or gravity.

SCENE III.

"*If a Christian* DO *not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived*"—The three original authorities agree in this reading, and the meauing is clearly, "if a Christian do not play the knave and *obtain* thee," etc. Instead of the fellow's shrewd guess at Jessica's inclinatious, the editors have generally preferred the later reading of *did* for "do," intimating a doubt as to her birth, which the poor joke it conveys has made the popular reading.

SCENE V.

"*Enter* SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT"—The old stage-direction is, "Enter Jew and his man, that was the Clowne." In a portion of this editiou the stage-direction, to which this note refers, was uuintentionally omitted.

"— *on* BLACK MONDAY *last*"—Stowe, the Chronicler, thus describes the origin of this name:—"Black-Monday is Easter-Monday, and was so called ou this occasion: iu the 34th of Edward III., (1360,) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris: which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore unto this day it hath been call Black-Monday."

"*And the vile* SQUEALING *of the wry-neck'd fife*"—Two out of the three original editions read thus. One quarto has *squaling*. In Shylock's mouth the former is more expressive of disgust.

"— *the wry-neck'd* FIFE"—Commentators differ as to whether the "fife" is here the instrument or the musician. Boswell has given a quotatiou from "Barnaby Rich's Aphorisms," 1618, which to me seems decisive. "A *fife* is a *wry-neckt musician*, for he always looks away from his instrument." But Knight still maintains that Shakespeare intended the instrument, principally from the circumstance that the passage is an imitation of Horace, in which the instrument is decidedly meant:—

> Prima nocte domum claude; neque in vias,
> Sub cantu querulæ despice tibiæ.—(*Carm.* lib. iii. 7.)

Knight adds that—"Independent of the internal evidence derived from the imitation, the form of the old English flute—the fife being a small flute—justifies, we think, the epithet 'wry-neck'd.' This flute was called the *flute à bec*, the upper part or mouth-piece resembling the beak of a bird. And this form was as old as the Pan of antiquity."

But "fife," for *fifer*, was undoubtedly the old phrase. "Wry-neck'd," as applied to the musician, is far more graphically descriptive, and therefore, more Shakespearian; and I have no belief in any intended imitation of Horace, for the thought was equally obvious to both poets.

"*Will be worth a* JEWESS' *eye*"—"The play upon this word alludes to the common proverbial expression, 'worth a Jew's eye.' That worth was the price which the persecuted Jews paid to avoid mutilation and death. When the rapacious King John extorted an enormous sum from the Jew of Bristol by drawing his teeth, the threat of putting out an eye would have the like effect upon other Jews. The former prevalence of the saying is proved from the fact that we still retain it, although its meaning is uow little known."—KNIGHT.

SCENE VI.

"*How like a* YOUNKER"—So all the old copies. It is the same word as *younger* and *youngling*.

Johnson says—"Gray (dropping the allusion to the prodigal) caught from this passage the imagery of the following:"—

> Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
> While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
> In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
> Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
> Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
> That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

"*The* SCARFED *bark*"—The vessel that is gay with streamers.

"— *a* GENTILE, *and no Jew*"—"A jest, arising from the ambiguity of 'Gentile,' which signifies both a heathen and one well born."—JOHNSON.

So, at the conclusion of the first part of "Jerouimo," (1605,)—

> — so, good night, kind *gentles*,
> For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all.

SCENE VII.

"*Gilded* TOMBS *do worms infold*"—The reading, in all the old copies, is *timber* for "tombs," which injures the verse and the grammar. Johnson's suggestion of "tombs" is no doubt correct. Rowe iuserted *wood;* but no compositor could misprint "timber" for *wood*, whercas, as Johnson remarks, it would be easy to mispriut *timber* for "tombs," then spelled *tombes*.

SCENE VIII.

"*I* REASON'D"—i. e. *conversed* or *talked*. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher:—

> There is no end of women's *reasoning*.

"SLUBBER *not business*"—Shakespeare uses "slubber" in two senses, somewhat connected; both of them preserved in our modern use of the word *slobber*. Here it means, "*neglect* not busiuess," or, "do not do it carelessly." In OTHELLO it means to soil, or darken—to "*slubber* the gloss of your new fortunes."

SCENE IX.

> "— *that* MANY *may be meant*
> BY *the fool multitude*," etc.

"The Prince of Arragon intends to say—By that 'many' may be meant the foolish multitude. The fourth folio first introduced a phraseology more agreeable to our ears at present—*Of* the fool multitude. But change, merely for the sake of elegance, is dangerous. Many modes of speech were familiar in Shakespeare's age that are now no longer used. I have met with many examples of this kind of phraseology. So in Plutarch's 'Life of Cæsar,' as translated by North, (1575,)—'He answered that these fair long-haired men made him not afraid, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; *meaning that by* Brutus and Cassius.'"—MALONE.

"*So begone: you are sped*"—Capell misprints this line, "So farewell, sir, you are sped;" and from whence he derived the corruption it is difficult to say. Malone and others interpolate *sir* after "begone," although there is no warrant for it in any of the oldest editions. It first found its way into the second folio, and certainly lessens the force of the line.

"*Patiently to bear my* WROTH"—Stevens says that "wroth" is here put for *ruth*, or misfortune; and it is thus spelled in Chapman's "Homer," and other old poets.

"*Enter a* MESSENGER"—"This is the stage-direction in all the old copies, for which modern editors have substituted 'Enter a Servant.' It is clear that he was not a mere servant, not only from the language put into his mouth, but because, when he asks, 'Where is my lady?' Portia replies, 'Here; what would my lord?' The messenger was a person of rank attending on Portia."—COLLIER.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"—KNAPPED *ginger*"—i. e. Snapped or broke ginger.

"—*Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise*," etc.

"The *turquoise* is a well-known precious stone, found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east. In old times its value was much enhanced by the magic properties attributed to it in common with other precious stones, one of which was that it faded or brightened its hue as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. This is alluded to by Ben Jonson in his 'Sejanus:'—

> And true as *turkise* in my dear lord's ring,
> Look well or ill with him.

Other virtues were also imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preservative to the wearer. Thomas Nicols, in his translation of Anselm de Boot's 'Lapidary,' says, this stone 'is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife.' This quality may have moved Leah to present it to Shylock. It is evident that he valued it more for its imaginary virtues, or as a memorial of his wife, than for its pecuniary worth."—STEVENS.

"—*a wilderness of monkeys*"—"What a fine Hebraism (says Hazlitt) is implied in this expression!"

SCENE II.

"—*Beshrew your eyes,*
They have O'ER-LOOK'D *me.*"

"O'er-look'd me" is here used in the sense of *enchanted me*, taken from the old popular notion of the influence of the looks of witches or fairies. So, in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR:—

> Vile worm, thou wast *o'er-look'd* even from thy birth.

"—*Prove it so,*
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I."

The meaning here is "If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath."—HEATH.

"—*but 'tis to* PEIZE *the time*"—To *peize* is to *poise*, *weigh*, or *balance*; and figuratively, to *keep in suspense*, or to *delay*. Marlowe uses the word in the sense of *weighed*:—

> For from the earth to heaven is Cupid raised,
> Where fancy is in equal balance *peized*.

"Fancy" here, as often in SHAKESPEARE, is synonymous with *love*.

"*Reply, reply*"—These words, which in this edition, as in those of Knight and that of Collier, are printed as part of the song, were considered by Johnson to stand in the old copies as a marginal direction; and thus, from Johnson's time, in most of the editions the line has been suppressed. In all the old copies the passage is printed thus, in Italic type—

> *How begot, how nourished. Replie, replie.*

The reply is then made; and, probably, by a second voice. We agree with Knight that "The mutilation of the song, in the belief that the words were a stage-direction, is one of the most tasteless corruptions of the many for which the editors of SHAKESPEARE are answerable."

"—*whose hearts are all as false*
As stairs of sand," etc.

The comparison refers to the difficult ascent of any sandy elevation giving way under the feet, and like other transient colloquial comparisons, is not meant to be carried out into particulars. The old spelling of stairs was *staiers*, as in the quartos, or *stayers*, as in the folio. Knight retains the folio spelling in his text, as giving the meaning of "bulwarks of sand"—an assumption of strength without reality.

"*And these assume but valour's* EXCREMENT"—The last word is used, as in HAMLET, WINTER'S TALE, and the COMEDY OF ERRORS, in its derivative sense, from *exeresco*, for every thing growing or proceeding from the body.

"*Thus ornament is but the* GUILED *shore*"—For guileful, the participle used adjectively, as was frequent in the poetic language of Elizabeth's age. Thus we find, in OTHELLO, "delighted beauty" for delightful beauty.

"*Thy* PALENESS *moves me more than eloquence*"—Many of the later editors, adopting Warburton's conjecture, read, "thy plainness;" but the early editions all read "paleness," and this epithet is considered as peculiarly appropriate to *lead*, in the writers of the sixteenth century. "Paleness like lead," and similar phrases, may be found in Skelton and others.

The chief recommendation to the proposed change is that silver has just been called "pale," and some other epithet seems now required. It is probably merely the carelessness of rapid composition—such repetitions of words being one of the most frequent blemishes in all writings, which subsequent revisions generally remove. Yet if, as Malone suggests, a strong emphasis is laid on *thy*, so as to contrast the paleness of lead with that of silver, no amendment will be wanted. But if an amendment be required, I prefer Farmer's alteration—leaving "paleness" to stand, and changing "pale and common drudge" to *stale and common*, as applied to silver.

"*In measure* RAIN *thy joy*"—It may be doubted whether we ought to read "rain," or *rein*: the old spelling, *raine*, having either meaning.

"*And leave itself* UNFURNISH'D"—i. e. "Unfurnished with a companion or fellow. In Fletcher's 'Lover's Progress,' Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts:—

> —you are a noble gentleman,
> Will't please you bring a friend; we are two of us,
> And pity, either of us should be *unfurnish'd*.

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's 'History of Faire Bellora;' afterwards published under the title of 'A Paire of Turtle Doves:' 'If Apelles had beene tasked to have drawne her counterfeit, her two bright burning lampes would have so dazzled his quick-seeing sences, that quite dispairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus *unfinished*.' A preceding passage in Bassanio's speech might have been suggested by the same novel: 'What are our curled and crisped lockes, but *snares and nets* to catch and *entangle the hearts* of gazers,' etc."—MALONE AND STEVENS.

"—*sum of* NOTHING"—So the folio. Both quartos read "sum of *something*;" which is the ordinary text. We agree with Mason, Knight, and Collier in preferring the reading of the folio, as it is Portia's intention in this speech to undervalue herself in comparison with what she would wish to be for Bassanio's sake.

"—*and* SALERIO"—"A Messenger from Venice" is added in the stage-direction of the quartos. Knight thinks this should be Salanio. But in the scenes just be-

fore and just after he is at Venice—while the name of Salarino will not agree with the metre. It may have been a slip of the author's memory, by which the name was altered without intending a new character.

"*I bid my* VERY *friends and countrymen*"—True and real friends—a common sense, anciently, of *very*, now retained only in a few phrases, as, "He is the very man for it"—i. e. the true man for it.

Scene III.

"*Consisteth of all nations*"—The sense of these lines is clear, though the construction is not a little involved: Antonio says, that the duke cannot deny the course of law, because if the commodity, or advantage, which strangers enjoy in Venice be denied, that denial will much impeach the justice of the state, which derives its profit from all nations. No change of the ancient text seems necessary, though Capel, and Knight after him, print the lines thus altered:—

> *Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law,
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice; if it be denied,
> 'Twill much impeach the justide of the state.

Scene IV

"*Unto the* TRANECT"—"Shakespeare most likely obtained this word from some novel to which he resorted for his plot. It is supposed to be derived from the Italian *tranare*, (to draw,) owing to the passage-boat on the Brenta being drawn over a dam by a crane, at a place about five miles from Venice."—COLLIER.

"*I could not do* WITHAL"—An idiom of the time for *I could not help it*. See Gifford's "Ben Jonson," note on "*Silent Woman*."

ACT IV.—Scene I.

"*A Court of Justice*"—"The whole of the final scene is a master-piece of dramatic skill. The legal acuteness, the passionate declamation, the sound maxims of jurisprudence, the wit and irony interspersed in it, the fluctuations of hope and fear in the different persons, and the completeness and suddenness of the catastrophe, cannot be paralleled. Shylock, who is his own counsel, defends himself well, and is triumphant on all the general topics that are urged against him, and only fails through a legal flaw. The keenness of his revenge awakens all his faculties, and he beats back all opposition to his purpose, whether grave or gay, whether of art or argument, with an equal degree of earnestness and self-possession."—HAZLITT.

"— *his* ENVY'S *reach*"—*Envy*, of old, was often used in the sense of *hatred*, malice; a sense often found in our English Bible.

"*Thou'lt show thy mercy and* REMORSE"—Remorse here means pity, as in MEASURE FOR MEASURE, and elsewhere.

"*Thou wilt not only* LOOSE *the forfeiture*"—All the copies have "*loose* the forfeiture," which, as it gives an appropriate meaning, taking *loose* in the sense of *release*, is retained in this edition, though generally altered to *lose*.

"*Know to press a* ROYAL MERCHANT *down*," etc.

Warburton and Johnson remark that "royal merchant" is not merely a ranting epithet as applied to merchants, for such were to be found at Venice in the Sanudos, the Giustiniani, the Grimaldi, etc. This epithet was striking, and well understood in Shakespeare's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*, both from his wealth and because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth.

"*But, say, it is my* HUMOUR—"The worthy Corporal Nym hath this apology usually at his fingers' ends, and Shylock condescends to excuse his extravagant cruelty as a *humour*, or irresistible propensity of the mind. The word 'humour' is not used in its modern signification, but for a peculiar quality which sways and masters the individual through all his actions."—WALTER SCOTT.

In Rowland's "Epigrams," No. 27 amply illustrates this phrase:—

> Aske *Humors*, why a fether he doth weare?
> *It is his humour* (by the Lord) heele sweare, etc.

> "*Cannot contain their urine for* AFFECTION:
> MASTERS OF PASSION SWAY *it to the mood*
> *Of what it likes, or loaths.*"

With Collier, we give the text as printed and pointed in all the original editions, with the single change of "sway" for *sways*. The sense is then obvious. After giving other examples to the same effect, Shylock adds that some men are *affected*, physically, by the sound of the bagpipe: for, whoever or whatever are the masters of passion, they govern and incline it to the mood of its likings or loathings. If the reader, like many of the commentators, is not satisfied with this reading, he may make his own selection among the editorial conjectures. Rowe and Pope preserved the old punctuation, and gave the text thus:—

> Masterless passion sways it to the mood
> Of what it likes, or loaths.

The next reading is—

> — for affection,
> Master of passion, sways it to the mood, etc.

Stevens adopted an anonymous writer's conjecture of—

> — affection,
> Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood, etc.

Any one of the above readings might have come from the Poet's pen, and the difference of sense is scarcely worth the pages of controversy it has occasioned.

"*Why he cannot abide* A GAPING PIG"—"A pig prepared for the table is most probably meant, for in that state is the epithet 'gaping' most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's 'Elder Brother:'—

> And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig*.

And in Nashe's 'Pierce Pennylesse, his Supplication to the Devil,' (1592,) the following passage may serve to confirm the conjecture:—'The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman if they see *a pig come to the table*. Sotericus, the surgeon, was cholerick at the sight of a sturgeon,' etc."—SINGER.

"— *a* WOOLLEN *bag-pipe*"—So the old copies. It is ordinarily written *swollen bagpipe*, upon the suggestion of Sir John Hawkins. Dr. Johnson would read *woodcn*. The old reading has the testimony of Dr. Leyden, in his edition of "The Complaynt of Scotland," who informs us that the Lowland bagpipe commonly had the bag or sack covered with *woollen cloth*, of a green colour; a practice which, he adds, prevailed in the northern counties of England.

"*When they are* PRETTEN"—So both the old quartos, and there seems no reason to abandon this form of the participle, though the folio and later editions have *fretted*.

"*To cut the forfeiture from that* BANKROUT *there*"—I have preserved the old orthography of the word now spelt *bankrupt*, because that was the uniform mode of the age, and retains the etymology of a word, the precise meaning of which has long been the subject of legal and constitutional discussion in the United States.

"*You stand* WITHIN HIS DANGER"—"Within his danger" was anciently equivalent to "within his power." Thus, in North's "Plutarch," a book familiar to Shakespeare, Pompey is said to have brought the pirates "within his danger;" thence it became familiarly applied to the power of the creditor over another person. Here both meanings seem included.

"*The quality of mercy is not strain'd*"—Hooker's magnificent personification of "Law," considered in its broadest sense, as a right rule of moral and social action,

affords a remarkable parallel to this beautiful passage. It is at the end of the first book of his celebrated "Ecclesiastical Polity," which was published about a year before the MERCHANT OF VENICE was written. It is quoted here, not because there is any reason whatever to suppose that Shakespeare was indebted to it in any way, but as a striking instance, among many, of the coincidence and resemblance of poetical spirit and philosophical thought between the greater minds of that wonderful age of English genius. "Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

"*Repent* NOT *you that you shall lose your friend*"—It may admit of doubt whether this reading, which is that of the folio, or "Repent *but* you," of the two quartos, ought to be adopted.

"—*any of the stock of Barabbas*"—Shakespeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barabas* throughout Marlowe's "Jew of Malta."

"*Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more*"—i. e. A jury of twelve men to find him guilty and have him hanged;—a favourite joke, found in several of the dramatic writers of the age, which the Poet adopted without stopping to consider, what he could not but have known, that an allusion to the English jury was out of place at Venice.



(Costume of the Doge of Venice.)

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"*The moon shines bright.—In such a night as this*"—The beauty and truth of this exquisite night-scene need not to be pointed out to the American reader, who is familiar under his own skies with such moons pouring floods of liquid radiance, and such nights "but little paler than the day"—such as many an English traveller and many a poet have described with wonder and delight when seen in Italy or the east. It is the intense feeling of reality in this scene that, to my mind, gives strong confirmation of the opinion that Shakespeare had, at some period prior to this drama, wandered beneath the skies and moons of Italy. Still it is not conclusive. England has her own brighter nights, which the Poet's fancy might light up to the golden star-paved heavens and the brilliant moonlight gazed upon by lovers' eyes from the gardens of Belmont.

"—*she doth stray about*
By holy crosses," etc.

"These holy crosses still, as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads; and there is now a shrine of the Madonna del Mare in the midst of the sea between Mestre and Venice, and another between Venice and Palestrina, where the gondolier and the mariner cross themselves in passing, and whose lamp nightly gleams over the waters, in moonlight or storm. The days are past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-maid, might be seen kneeling and praying 'for happy wedlock hours,' or for whatever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of the passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at these shrines."—KNIGHT.

"*Is thick inlaid with* PATENS *of bright gold*"—*Patines* or "patens," as it is variously spelled, signifies a dish or plate; but is preserved in modern language only in ecclesiastical use for the plate used at the eucharist, generally of some precious metal, and in heraldry, where it means a round, broad, plate of gold. The folio of 1632 has *patterns*, which Collier prefers and adopts in his text. It seems to me a misprint, as *patterns*, in its modern sense, for the plan of a carpet or other similar work, (which alone could give any sense here,) is more modern than Shakespeare's text.

"*There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st*"—Several occasions have been taken, in the course of the Notes of this edition, to trace, as an interesting part of literary history, the pedigree of some of the Poet's imagery or thoughts, not copied in the way of direct imitation, but as evidently suggested by passages of prior authors, who have themselves been indebted to a more remote antiquity. We may here trace a nobler genealogy of descent, in one of the most magnificent passages of English poetry, from one of the greatest conceptions of the most poetical philosophy of antiquity; and this again is almost rivalled by similar passages of succeeding poets, who were proud to own themselves the successful imitators of Shakespeare.

The origin of the thought in these lines is drawn from the philosophical imagination of Plato, who, in his "Republic" and "Timocus," nearly two thousand years before Shakespeare, had taught that the heavenly bodies in their revolutions produced, by their rapid motion, the most exquisite musical harmony, so loud, various, and sweet, as to exceed all proportion to the human ear; and therefore, to be inaudible to men. He taught too, that immortal souls had been formed, equal in number to the stars, each having a celestial orb assigned to it, as its original celestial abode; but that many of these spirits were banished thence to the earth, and there clothed for a time in human bodies, as in a sepulchre, or prison. These grand imaginations of the philosopher, combined with an allegorical doctrine of Fate or Destiny, and an ingenious theory of musical melodies, after having been expounded and explained by Proclus and other later Greek Platonists, passed into the philosophy of the Christian Church. On the revival of letters, the Platonic philosophy, as modified by Christianity, became the favourite theory of many of the most distinguished speculative scholars, such as Bessarion and Ficinus, in Italy, and afterwards More and Cudworth, in England. Shakespeare's illustrious contemporary, "the judicious Hooker," was familiar with this learning, and has intimated an opinion not unlike "the harmony in immortal souls" here spoken of. "Touching musical harmony, (says he,) it being but of high and low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very

part of man which is most divine, that some have thereby been induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony." ("Ecclesiastical Polity," lib. v.) This part of the work was published in 1597, about the probable period that this play was written.

Another striking instance of the familiarity of this philosophy to the minds of the scholars of that age, is given by Mr. Hallam, ("History of Literature," vol. iii. chap. 3,) in his notice of the Italian Campanella, who, in unfolding the Platonic philosophy, was roused by his imagination to flights of impressive eloquence on his favourite themes. "The skies and stars (says he) are endowed with the keenest sensibility; nor is it at all unreasonable to suppose that they signify their mutual thoughts to each other by the transference of light, and that their sensibility is full of pleasure. The blessed spirits that inform such living and bright mansions, behold all things in nature and in the divine ideas; they have also a more glorious light, through which they are elevated to a supernatural beatific vision." Mr. Hallam justly adds, "We can hardly read this without recollecting the most sublime passage, perhaps, in SHAKESPEARE: 'Sit, Jessica,' etc. etc." Campanella wrote in Latin, and a little after the Poet. The poets of England early became familiar with the more splendid and imaginative parts of the Platonic doctrines. Spenser especially, drew largely upon them; as, in his Platonic Hymns to Beauty, in which he treats of Love and Beauty, earthly and heavenly, and describes the purer love as—

> — a celestial harmony
> Of likely hearts, composed of stars' consent.

There are various indications in Shakespeare's style that his imagination had been kindled and enriched by these beautiful speculations, though in all probability his knowledge of them was attained in fragments, from the perusal of the poets and English writers of his own day, without any formal study of the philosophy itself, as a whole. In the next generation, Milton, alike familiar himself with Plato and with Shakespeare, with music and with philosophy, delighted to dwell on the same idea, so captivating to so many superior minds. He has repeatedly referred to it in his prose works, as well as in his "Penseroso" and in "Comus;" while in the "Arcades" he has blended together the loftiest inspiration of Plato and of Shakespeare:—

> — In deep of night when drowsiness
> Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
> To the celestial sirens' harmony,
> That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
> And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
> And turn the adamantine spindle round
> On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
> Such sweet compulsion doth in musie lie,
> To lull the daughter of Necessity,
> And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
> And the low world in measur'd motion draw
> After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
> Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.

The editor of the Pictorial edition has added to these passages one from the "Remorse" of Coleridge, as "worthy to stand by the side of Milton and Shakespeare." It is so. But it is also due to Coleridge to add, that it is not an imitation of any passage of either of them, but rather an adaptation of another part of the Platonic theory, drawn from the Greek original, and borrowing only from Shakespeare its general spirit and his solemn rhythmical melody:—

> — Soul of Alvar!
> Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell;—
> So may the gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,
> Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one
> Of that innumerable company
> Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
> Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
> With noise too vast and constant to be heard;—
> Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless
> And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
> What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
> The rushing of your congregated wings?

"*Doth grossly close* IT IN"—Nothing can be clearer than this reading, which is that of Heyes's quarto. The other, and the first folio, print *in it* instead of "it in," which led to long notes by the commentators. Some editions read *close us in*.

"*The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark*," etc.—The animals mentioned in this play are all proper to the country, and to that part of it to which the play relates. The wren is uncommon; but its note is occasionally heard. The crow, lark, jay, cuckoo, nightingale, goose, and eel, are all common in Lombardy.

> "*The nightingale, if she should sing by day,*
> *When every goose is cackling*," etc.

In Shakespeare's One Hundred and Second Sonnet, there is a beautiful passage of like import:—

> Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
> When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
> As Philomel in Summer's front doth sing,
> And stops her pipe in growth of riper days.
> Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
> Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night;
> But that wild music burdens every bough,
> And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

"*A* TUCKET *sounded*"—From the Italian *toccata*, which Florio, in his "World of Words," 1611, construes, "a *prelude* in music."

> "*We should hold day with the Antipodes,*
> *If you would walk in absence of the sun.*"

That is—If you would walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other side of the globe.

"—*a little* SCRUBBED *boy*"—Warton, not understanding this, proposes to read *stubbed* boy—a stripling. But *scrub* and *scrubbed* is good old English for stunted, small of its kind: as Holland, in his translation of Pliny, has "Such will never prove fair trees, but scrubs only;" and we retain the same use familiarly on this side of the Atlantic in "scrub oaks,"—a name given from the first settlement of the country to the dwarf or bush oak.

"*No woman had it; but a* CIVIL *doctor*"—Some American readers may require to be informed, of what the professional division of labour makes more familiar in Europe, that "civil" does not refer to manners, but means a doctor of the civil law, as opposed to one of divinity or medicine.

"The MERCHANT OF VENICE is one of Shakespeare's most perfect works: popular to an extraordinary degree, and calculated to produce the most powerful effect on the stage; and at the same time, a wonder of ingenuity and art for the reflecting critic. Shylock, the Jew, is one of those inconceivable master-pieces of characterization of which Shakespeare alone furnishes us with examples. It is easy for the poet and the player to exhibit a caricature of national sentiments, modes of speaking, and gestures. Shylock, however, is every thing but a common Jew: he possesses a very determinate and original individuality, and yet we perceive a slight touch of Judaism in every thing which he says and does. We imagine we hear a sprinkling of the Jewish pronunciation in the mere written words, as we will sometimes find it in the higher classes of that people, notwithstanding their social refinement. In tranquil situations, what is foreign to the European blood and Christian sentiments is less perceivable; but in passion the national stamp appears more strongly marked. All these inimitable niceties the finished art of a great actor can alone properly express.

"Shylock is a man of information, even a thinker in his own way; he has not only discovered the region where human feelings dwell: his morality is founded on the disbelief in goodness and magnanimity. The desire of revenging the oppressions and humiliations suffered by his nation, is, after avarice, his principal spring of action. His hate is naturally directed chiefly against those Christians who possess truly Christian sentiments: the example of disinterested love of our neighbour, seems to him the most unrelenting persecution of the Jews. The

letter of the law is his idol; he refuses to lend an ear to the voice of mercy, which speaks to him from the mouth of Portia with heavenly eloquence: he insists on severe and inflexible justice, and it at last recoils on his own head. Here he becomes a symbol of the general history of his unfortunate nation.

"The melancholy and self-neglectful magnanimity of Antonio is affectingly sublime. Like a royal merchant, he is surrounded with a whole train of noble friends. The contrast which this forms to the selfish cruelty of the usurer Shylock, was necessary to redeem the honour of human nature.

"The judgment scene, with which the fourth act is occupied, is alone a perfect drama, concentrating in itself the interest of the whole. The knot is now untied, and, according to the common idea, the curtain might drop. But the Poet was unwilling to dismiss his audience with the gloomy impressions which the delivery of Antonio, accomplished with so much difficulty, contrary to all expectation, and the punishment of Shylock, were calculated to leave behind: he has, therefore, added the fifth act, by way of a musical after-piece in the play itself. The episode of Jessica, the fugitive daughter of the Jew, in whom Shakespeare has contrived to throw a disguise of sweetness over the national features, and the artifice by which Portia and her companion are enabled to rally their newly-married husbands, supply him with materials.

"The scene opens with the playful prattling of two lovers in a summer moonlight:—

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees.

It is followed by soft music, and a rapturous eulogy on this powerful disposer of the human mind and the world. The principal characters then make their appearance; and, after an assumed discussion, which is elegantly carried on, the whole ends with the most exhilarating mirth."—SCHLEGEL.

"Since the restoration of Charles II., the MERCHANT OF VENICE has been one of the most popular plays on the English stage, and the appearance of Shylock has been the ambition of its greatest actors. In the picture of the Jew there is not the tragic grandeur of RICHARD III.; but there is a similar force of mind, and the same subtlety of intellect, though it is less selfish. In point of courage I would give the palm to Shylock, for he was an ill-used man, and the champion of an oppressed race; nor is he a hypocrite, like Richard. In fact, Shakespeare, while he lends himself to the prejudices of Christians against Jews, draws so philosophical a picture of the energetic Jewish character, that he traces the blame of its faults to the iniquity of the Christian world. Shylock's arguments are more logical than those of his opponents, and the latter overcome him only by a legal quibble. But he is a usurer, and lives on the interest of lent moneys; and what but Christian persecution forced him to live by this means! But he is also inhuman and revengeful. Why! because they called him dog, and spat upon his gaberdine. They voided their rheum upon him, and he in return wished to void his revenge upon them. All this is natural, and Shylock has nothing unnatural about him. His daughter, Jessica, is a very faithful picture of a love-inclined young woman; betraying the oriental warmth of her race. . . . . But she is not to be taken as a true sample of a Jewish daughter, for among no people are the ties of domestic life held more sacred than among the Hebrews. The scene of the caskets is objected to by Hazlitt, but he gives no why or wherefore: I am not, therefore, bound to argue against his no-arguments; but have only to say that I like the pomp of Portia's courtship, at the arrival of the Prince of Morocco, when he swears by his scimitar—

That won three fields from Sultan Solyman.

Let us remember that we are here in the romantic drama.

"Throughout this whole piece there is a flow of incident and richly-imagined language that bears us, on a spring-tide of interest, to the settlement of the plot in the trial-scene, which is a drama in itself. Yet there Shakespeare does not forsake us, as a vulgar writer would have done. On the contrary, he prolongs our voluptuous sympathy, in the union of the happy characters, by a little pleasantry about the rings, and by a moonlight serenade of music. Our imaginations retire from the play soothed and gratified, and perhaps with more hints to our understanding respecting the charity which we owe to the Jews than Shakespeare has ventured to insinuate."—T. CAMPBELL.

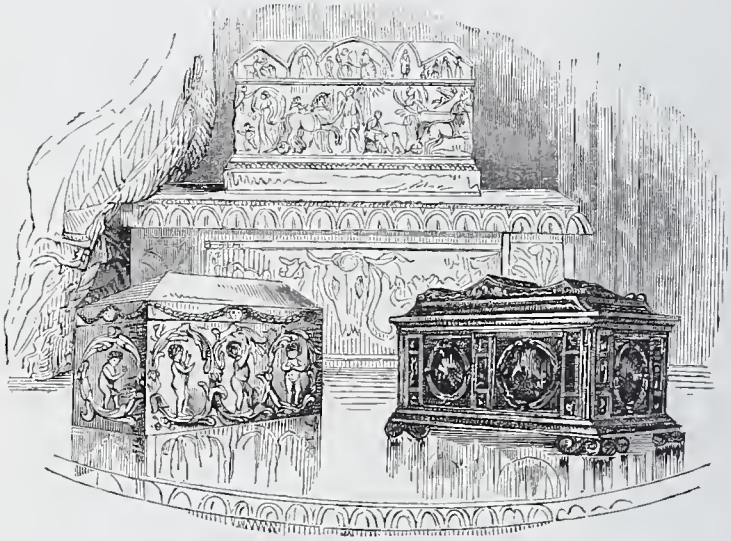
The intention of the Poet in relation to the great question of the rights of conscience and opinion, which is involved in the greater part of the plot and dialogue of this piece, has been the subject of much discussion. Some of his critics have contended that the Poet chose his subject with the express object of inculcating the great duty of respect for liberty of conscience; while, in the eyes of others, the Poet does not appear to have himself risen above the level of his age in the spirit of toleration, whether Christian or philosophical, but to have partaken of and employed the narrowest and most bitter prejudices of his age.

The probable truth seems to me to be, that Shakespeare did not select his subject with any definite plan of depicting the injustice and absurdity of religious persecution, but merely with regard to its poetic and dramatic effect. But he had lived among the rage of civil and religious discord, and he still walked over the yet warm ashes of the fires of persecution. When, therefore, the subject expanded itself in his mind, he described and he reasoned from his own observation of man and society. He therefore painted men as he had seen them—the wisest and kindest blinded by the prejudices of their education or their country, and becoming hardened to inflicting insolence and injury;—the injured, the insulted, the trampled upon, goaded by continual wrongs into savage malignity. Had the Poet invested the despised and injured man with the gentle and more amiable qualities of our nature, and enlisted our sympathy wholly on his side, whatever additional interest he might have given to his plot, he would have painted a far less true view of human nature, and have conveyed a much less impressive and useful lesson of practical morality.

With this view of the origin and design of the character of Shylock, I otherwise fully concur with the remarks of Mr. Brown, as follows:—

"Toleration is an intolerable word, never used by our Poet unless, possibly, in a disapproving manner, under cover of Dogberry's ignorance—'most tolerable, and not to be endured.' To call it therefore in kindlier words, respect for another's sincere opinions, has hitherto made but slow progress in the world; though, bereaved of the MERCHANT OF VENICE, it might have been slower. No argument in its favour could be more complete, or put in a stronger light, than that which we find here. Shylock, a usurer, a suspicious father, and altogether a bad man, compels us to grant him a portion of our involuntary good-will, solely on account of his being persecuted for constancy in his creed; and, thwarted in his hopes of a hateful revenge, we look at his ominous scales, balance his injuries against his rancour, and cannot forbear granting him our pity when he is defeated. How careful the author has been to maintain our fellow-feeling, and to make Shylock's religion meet persecution at every step! Not only Antonio is his reviler; he runs the gauntlet of abuse through Venice; his daughter forsakes and robs him because of his religion; wherever he turns, his misfortunes are a subject of exultation; and his fall is hailed with insulting, open triumph. His claim to be enrolled among his fellow beings, in that powerful language, 'Hath not a Jew

eyes?' etc., has nothing urged against it, nor could a word be said in denial, yet his claim is allowed by none; and he is never treated with a show of respect until he is feared. We acknowledge his right, and are glad to see him at last, by any resource, treated with respect: we only recoil at his appalling vengeance. On the other hand, Antonio is a man justly honoured for every virtue, with one exception—a want of charity, a good feeling, a decent behaviour towards a fellow-creature, purely because he is an unbeliever. The religious animosity of Shylock was no more than retaliation. Antonio, indeed, may have had reason to accuse Shylock of extortion; but his calling him 'misbeliever,' and 'dog,' spitting on him, and spurning him, force us instantly to side with the usurer against the Christian of unblemished fame. When reminded of these injuries, the virtuous merchant is ready to repeat them, so unconscious is he of acting with injustice. Representing the persecutor on all other points truly estimable, and the persecuted in no degree estimable, yet entirely unanswerable in his defence, puts personal merit out of the question, and places the argument on the broadest principle, including the worst as well as the best among believers and infidels. Shakespeare strove to alleviate the bitter persecutions, not only towards the Jews, but towards all others. . . . . For the benefit of those who could apply, or might hereafter apply Antonio and Shylock to themselves, Shakespeare pourtrayed them. Should any one think the application was unthought of, and accidental, let him contend that wheat grows into nourishment by chance; or try what philosophic works he can write by chance."—*Shak. Autobiog. Poems.*



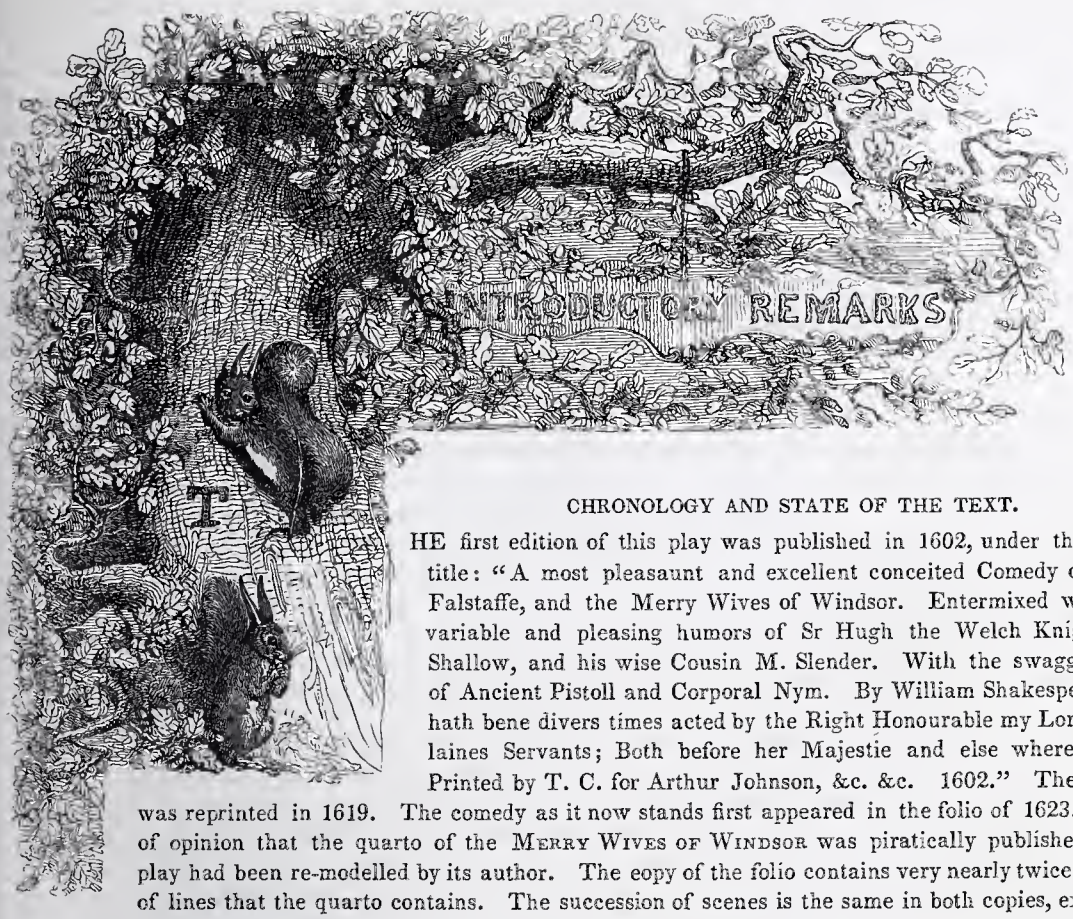
(The Caskets.)



MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.




The
MERRY WIVES
OF
WINDSOR
J.W. Orr Sc



CHRONOLOGY AND STATE OF THE TEXT.

THE first edition of this play was published in 1602, under the following title: "A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedy of Syr John Falstaffe, and the Merry Wives of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors of Sr Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporal Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlaines Servants; Both before her Majestie and else where. London: Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, &c. &c. 1602." The same copy was reprinted in 1619. The comedy as it now stands first appeared in the folio of 1623. Knight is of opinion that the quarto of the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR was piratically published, after the play had been re-modelled by its author. The copy of the folio contains very nearly twice the number of lines that the quarto contains. The succession of scenes is the same in both copies, except in one instance; but the speeches of the several characters are greatly elaborated in the amended copy, and several of the characters not only heightened, but new distinctive features given to them. We point out these differences, for the purpose of showing that, although the quarto of 1602 was most probably piratically published when the play had been re-modelled, and was re-printed without alteration in 1619, (the amended copy then remaining unpublished,) the copy of that first edition must not be considered as an imperfect transcript of the complete play. It stands precisely upon the same ground as the first copy of HENRY V. The differences between the two copies are produced by the alterations of the author working upon his first sketch. The extent of these changes and elaborations can only be satisfactorily perceived by comparing the two copies, scene by scene.

The opinion that this comedy was written after the two parts of HENRY IV. is not quite in consonance with the tradition that Queen Elizabeth desired to see Falstaff in love; for Shakespeare might have given this turn to the character in HENRY V., after the announcement in the Epilogue to the second part of HENRY IV.:—"our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it." Malone's theory, therefore, that it was produced after HENRY V., is in accordance with the tradition as received by him with such an implicit belief. George Chalmers, however, in his "Supplemental Apology," laughs at the tradition, and at Malone's theory. He believes that the three historical plays and the comedy were successively written in 1596, and in 1597, but that HENRY V. was produced the last. He says "In it (HENRY V.) Falstaff does not come out upon the stage, but dies of a sweat, after performing less than the attentive auditors were led to expect: and in it, ancient Pistol appears as the husband of Mistress Quickly; who also dies, during the ancient's absence in the wars of France. Yet do the commentators bring the knight to life, and revive and unmarry the dame, by assigning the year 1601 as the epoch of the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. Queen Elizabeth is said by the critics to have commanded these miracles to be worked in 1601,—a time when she was in no proper mood for such fooleries. The tradition on which is founded the story of Elizabeth's command to exhibit the facetious knight in love, I think too improbable for belief." Chalmers goes on to argue that after Falstaff's disgrace at the end of the second part of HENRY IV. (which is followed in HENRY V. by the assertion that "the King has killed his heart") he was not in a fit condition for "a speedy appearance among the Merry Wives of Windsor;" and further, that if it be true, as the first act of the second part evinces, that Sir John, soon after doing good service at Shrewsbury, was sent off, with some charge, to Lord John of Lancaster at York, he could not consistently saunter to Windsor, after his rencontre with the Chief-Justice. Looking at these contradictions, Chalmers places "the true epoch of this comedy in 1596;" and affirms "that its proper place is before the first part of HENRY IV." Knight conjectures that it was produced before the Histories; and that the characters were subsequently heightened, and more strikingly delineated, to assimilate them to the characters of the Histories.

After all, we have endeavoured, while we have expressed our own belief, fairly to present both sides of the question. The point, we think, is of interest to the lovers of Shakespeare; for inferring that the comedy is a continuation of the history, the inferiority of the Falstaff of the MERRY WIVES to the Falstaff of HENRY IV., implies a considerable abatement of the Poet's skill. On the other hand, the conviction that the sketch of the comedy preceded the history—that it was an early play—and that it was subsequently re-modelled—is consistent with the belief in the progression of that extraordinary intellect which acquired greater vigour the more its powers were exercised.

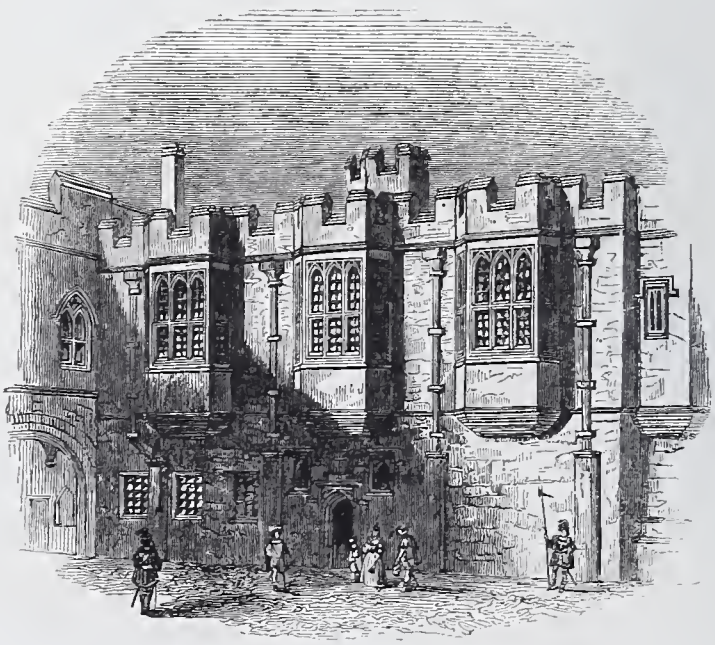
There is a prodigal and glorious throng of incident and character in this very admirable comedy: for variety, and broad, unceasing effect, it stands perhaps unrivalled. Each individual member of the breathing group—the Wives, the Husbands, the Doctor, Parson, mine Host of the Garter, Shallow, Slender; every character, in short, from Falstaff and his satellites to Simple and Rugby—stands out in the clearest light, and assists in reflecting the sunshine of the author's intellect for the delight and instruction of the reader or spectator. It has been said, and truly, that Falstaff, in this play, is not so unctuous and irresistible as in the two parts of HENRY IV.; but, if the Falstaff of Windsor must succumb to him of Gadshill and Shrewsbury, it should in fairness be added,—

"Nought but himself can be his conqueror."

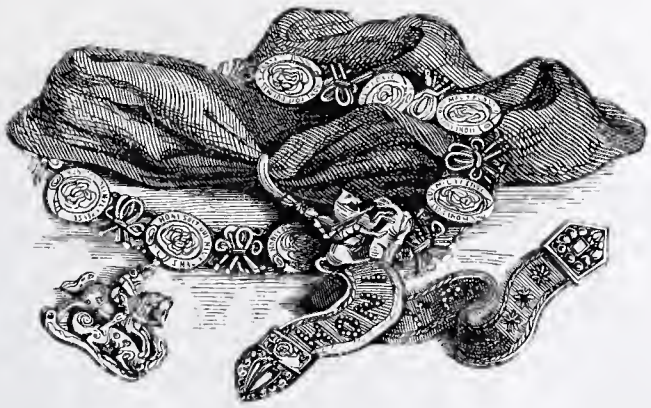
Even the gullibility of the unfortunate old boy, (as drawn forth of him by the witcheries of the wicked wives,) places him in an amiable point of view, and raises a new sensation in his favour. Our choler would rise, despite of us, against Cleopatra herself, should she presume to make a dupe and tool of regal old Jack, the natural lord and master of all about him: and, although not so atrociously immoral as to wish he had succeeded with the Windsor gipsies, we yet plead guilty to the minor turpitude of sympathy, when he tells his persecutors, with brightening visage and exultant twinkle of eye,—"I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced."

The serious part of this play bears but a small proportion to the facetious, but is equally good in its kind. The softer sentiment is confined to Fenton and Anne Page, both of whom give indications of possessing very loveable natures, although their persons seem thrust into a corner (an arrangement to which the lovers themselves would probably start no objection) by the crowd of comic roysterers.

There are various old stories and dramas from which Shakespeare may have gathered hints for the dilemmas in which Falstaff is involved in the present play: but the tale of "The Lovers of Pisa," in a collection called "Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie," appears to have been the immediate source of his inspiration in this particular. The coincidences, however, do not extend to the characters. The lover in the tale is a handsome youth, and really favoured by the young lady, who plots with him to deceive her husband, a jealous old physician. In the play, literally speaking, the lover is old, the wives not young, and their husbands of corresponding ages: but, poetically considered, they and the whole *dramatis personæ* are all dainty juveniles together, and can never lose their freshness while the language lasts in which they are embodied.



(Part of Windsor Castle, built in the time of Elizabeth.)



LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS AND COSTUME.

The costume of this comedy is, of course, the same with that of the two parts of Henry IV. Chaucer, however, who wrote his Canterbury Tales towards the close of the previous reign, gives us a few hints for the habit of some of the principal characters in the Merry Wives. Dr. Caius, for instance, should be clothed, like the Doctor of Physic, "in sanguine and in perse," (i. e. in purple and light blue,) the gown being "lined with tafata and sendal." In the "Testament of Cresseyde" Chaucer speaks of a Physician in "a scarlet gown," and "furred well, as such a one ought to be;" but searlet and purple were terms used indifferently one for the other, and the phrase "searlet *red*" was generally used to designate that colour which we now call scarlet.

The Franklin or Country gentleman—the Master Page, or Master Ford of this play—is merely said to have worn an anelace or knife, and a white silk gipciere or purse hanging at his girdle.

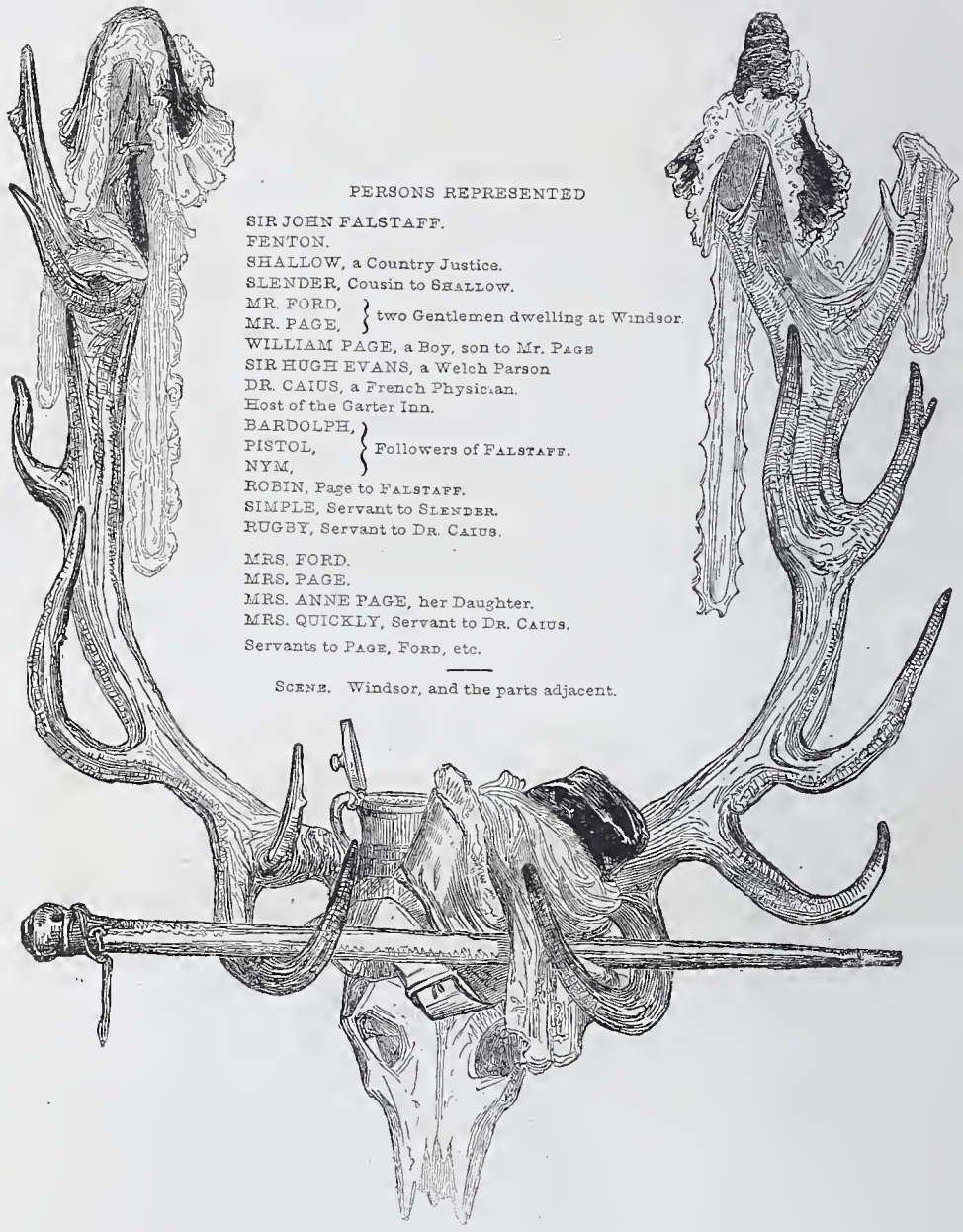
The Young 'Squire may furnish us with the dress of Master Fenton. He is described as wearing a short gown, with sleeves long and wide, and embroidered "as it were a mead, all full of fresh flowers, white and red." Falstaff, when dressed as Herne the Hunter, should be attired like his Yeoman, in a coat and hood of green, with a horn slung in a green baldrick.

The Wife of Bath is said to have worn, on a Sunday, or holyday, kerchiefs on her head of the finest manufacture, but in such a quantity as to weigh nearly a pound. When abroad, she wore "a hat as broad as is a buckler or a targe." Her stockings were of fine scarlet red, and her shoes "full moist and new." The high-crowned hats and point-lace aprons, in which the Merry Wives of Windsor have been usually depicted, are of the seventeenth instead of the fifteenth century.

In relation to mine Host of the Garter, and of the local customs and business of the town of Windsor at the close of the sixteenth century, Knight has furnished us with some very interesting notices. He says—

"In the original Sketch we have the story of the 'cozenage' of mine Host of the Garter, by some Germans, who pretended to be of the retinue of a German Duke. Now, if we knew that a real German Duke had visited Windsor, (a rare occurrence in the days of Elizabeth,) we should have the date of the Comedy pretty exactly fixed. The circumstance would be one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakespeare seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience. In 1592, a German Duke did visit Windsor. We have before us, through the kindness of a friend, a narrative printed in the old German language, of the journey to England of the Duke of Wurtemberg, in 1592, which narrative, drawn up by his secretary, contains a daily journal of his proceedings. He was accompanied by a considerable retinue, and travelled under the name of 'the Count Mombeliard.'

"The 'German Duke' visited Windsor; was shown 'the splendidly beautiful and royal castle;' hunted in the 'parks full of fallow-deer and other game;' heard the music of an organ, and of other instruments, with the voices of little boys, as well as a sermon an hour long, in a church covered with lead; and, after staying some days, departed for Hampton Court. His grace and his suit must have caused a sensation at Windsor. Probably mine Host of the Garter had really made 'grand preparation for a Duke de Jarmany;'—at any rate he would believe Bardolph's story,—'the Germans desire to have three of your horses.' Was there any dispute about the ultimate payment for the Duke's horses for which *he* was 'to pay nothing?' Was mine Host out of his reckoning when he said 'they shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay?' We have little doubt that the passages which relate to the German duke, (all of which, with slight alteration, are in the original sketch,) have reference to the Duke of Wurtemburg's visit to Windsor in 1592,—a matter to be forgotten in 1601, when Malone says the Sketch was written; and somewhat stale in 1596, which Chalmers assigns as its date."



PERSONS REPRESENTED

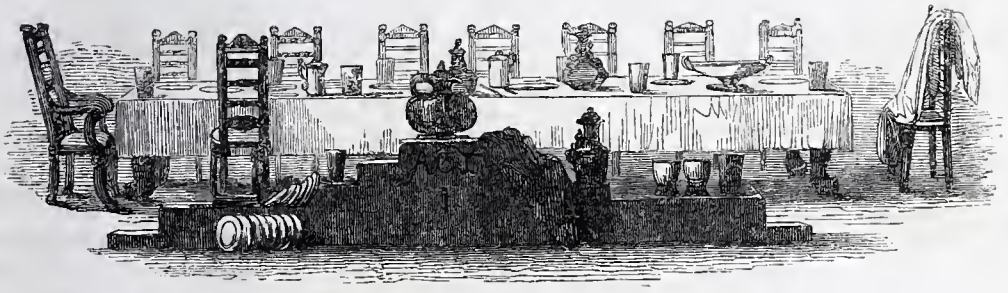
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, a Country Justice.
SLENDER, Cousin to SHALLOW.
MR. FORD, } two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
MR. PAGE, }
WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, son to Mr. PAGE
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welch Parson
DR. CAIUS, a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } Followers of FALSTAFF.
NYM, }
ROBIN, Page to FALSTAFF.
SIMPLE, Servant to SLENDER.
RUGBY, Servant to DR. CAIUS.

MRS. FORD.
MRS. PAGE.
MRS. ANNE PAGE, her Daughter.
MRS. QUICKLY, Servant to DR. CAIUS.

Servants to PAGE, FORD, etc.

SCENE. Windsor, and the parts adjacent.





SCENE I.—Windsor. *Before* PAGE'S *House.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* Sir HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not: I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero;* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, hath done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady: if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one: if sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear a riot: there is no fear of Got in a riot. The council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot: take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small, like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld; as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman: she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there, and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for master Page. [*Knocks.*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow; and here young master Slender, that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart. I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd.—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not:—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault.—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd: is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me:—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight:—I have done all this.—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Eva. Pauca verba, sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this? "He hears with ear?" Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yed Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latin bilbo:
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.



Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say "marry trap," with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the carieres.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page *with wine;* Mistress Ford *and* Mistress Page *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* Anne Page.

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*Kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* Shal., Slender, *and* Evans.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here:—

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it

to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. No, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it, the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is according to our meaning, resolutely.—His meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne.—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* Sir H. EVANS.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.



Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, (three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes,) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think, there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson loose, twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir. Come, come.

Slen. Nay; pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir, pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first: truly, la, I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way; and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his



nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *Host*, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive.

[*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unkilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am sir John Falstaff's."

Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her will; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain, and "To her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious œiliads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass. Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter. I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*to* ROBIN,] bear you these letters tightly:
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues: myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* ROBIN.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor.
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk.

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star.

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous; that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Dr. CAIUS's *House.*

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* RUGBY.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way, but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O! I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait.

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—"and down, down, adown-a," &c. [*Sings.*



Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. [*Aside.*] I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; *dépêche*, quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long,—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. [*Aside.*] Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling* Simple *out.*] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall the honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue!—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: tarry you a littel-a while.

[*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, (I would have no words of it,) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind; that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make.—You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* Simple.

Quick. Alas! he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine Host of de *Jarretière* to measure our weapon. By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good year!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* Caius *and* Rugby.

Quick. You shall have *An* fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale.—Good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread;—we had an hour's talk of that wart.—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company;—but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing. But for you,—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not, for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*



ANNE. I pray you, sir, walk in. ACT I. Sc 1.



SCENE I.—*Before* PAGE'S *House.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I: go to then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then, there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight. JOHN FALSTAFF."

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked, world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company.—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O, mistress Page! give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest.—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so, thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundreth psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves." What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two: I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged

on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he is as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither.

[*They retire.*



Mrs. Page. Here's the twin-brother of thy letter.

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, *and* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford.
He loves the gally-mawfry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,
Like sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels.
O! odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell:
Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—
Away, sir corporal Nym.—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit* Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [*to* Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her, but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch 'tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese. Adieu.

[*Exit* Nym.

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now, Meg!

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to* Mrs. Ford.]—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, *and* Mrs. Quickly.

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me.

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it; but these that accuse him, in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host!

Enter Host, and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman. Cavaliero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between sir Hugh, the Welch priest, and Caius, the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

[*They go aside.*

Shal. Will you [*to* PAGE] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook.—It is a merry knight. Will you go, Mynheers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt Host,* SHALLOW, *and* PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a gemini of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon my honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng:—to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what wouldest thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways.—I myself dwell with master Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears:—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!



Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart, and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven.—Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too:—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nayword, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing: for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me.

[*Exeunt* Quickly *and* Robin.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers.—
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights:
Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit* Pistol.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.



Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Ford. I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion, for, they say, if money go before all ways lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me, which hath been, on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received



Ford. O! understand my drift.

none, unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her



Falstaff. Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it: spend more; spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy?—Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O! understand my drift. She dwells so

securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then, from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldy knave! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldy rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night.—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night.

[*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devil's additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol, cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*



SCENE III.—*Field near Windsor.*

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir! I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully? What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalian-king-Urinal: Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice:—a word, monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water in our English tongue is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page. Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW *and* SLENDER.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting, and thou shall woo her. Cried game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat; by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

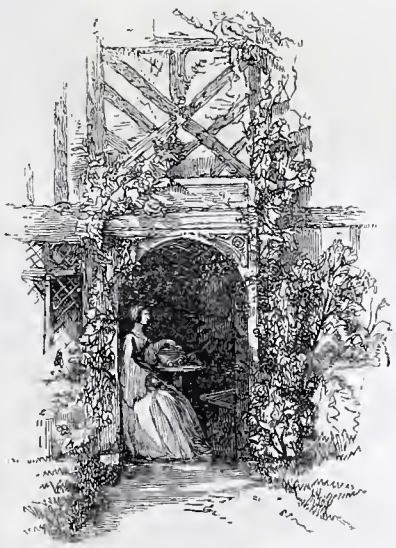
Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—*A Field near Frogmore.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the petty-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Retiring.*

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—pless my soul. [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals:
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—



Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

Sim. [*Coming forward.*] Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome.—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh.

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw, rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward, I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder:—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore vill you not meet a-me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine Host de *Jarretière*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at the place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say! Gallia and Guallia, French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good: excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, *and Host.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mistress PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had your rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O! you are a flattering boy: now, I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home, indeed?



(A Street in Windsor.)

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt* Mrs. Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots! they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, *Host*, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Page, Shal. &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't: 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go:—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well.—We shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* Shallow *and* Slender.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit Host.*

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*A Room in* Ford's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Ford *and* Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly. Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a large basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge: we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: my master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it, for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secresy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit* Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.



Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O, sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right-arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not, nature thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee.

Come; I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford! mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me. I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.— [FALSTAFF *hides himself.*

Enter Mistress PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford! what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand "you had rather," and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee: help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He gets into the basket: they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [*Exit* ROBIN. *Re-enter Servants.*] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night: I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first: so, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen: see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt* PAGE, EVANS, *and* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked what was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now,

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff; his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it: let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well; I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me: I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page: I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave! to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*



(Bucklersbury.)

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* PAGE'S *House.*

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;

And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.
[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* Mrs. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly, my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't. 'Slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O! what a world of vile, ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy! thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne: my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed. I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and* Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender!—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.—
Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender; in.—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.
[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
'Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.
[*Exeunt* Mrs. PAGE *and* ANNE.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress.—Farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on master Fenton.—This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*

Quick. Now, heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say!

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. By your leave.—I cry you mercy: give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit* Bardolph.]—How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she will make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook: he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O! here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. Now, master Brook; you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What! while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. Yes, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.



(Old Bridge at Windsor.)

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear master Brook, what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse shoe;

think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

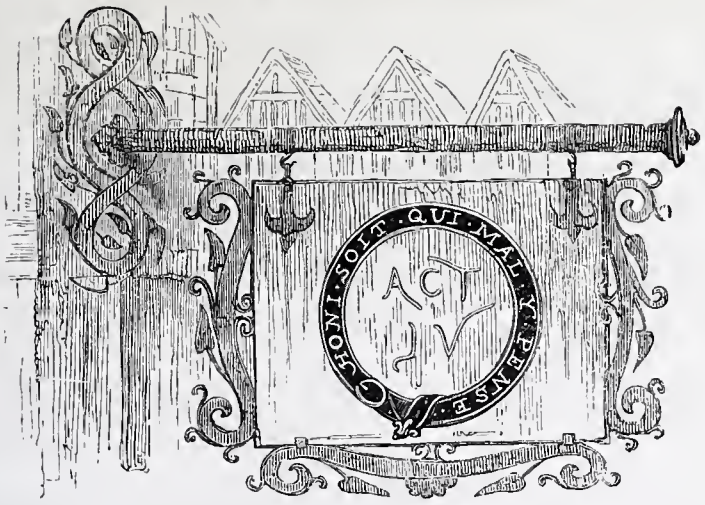
Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed, and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum: ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married: this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets.—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me: 'tis impossible he should: he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*



(Datchet Mead.)



SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William: hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings!—What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Pole-cats! there are fairer things than pole-cats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis:* I pray your remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Artieles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child: *accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O.



Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—*horum*, *harum*, *horum*.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman!

Quick. You do ill, to teach the child such words.—He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum,—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui*, *quæ*, *quod*; if you forget your *quis*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh.—[*Exit* Sir HUGH.]—Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* Mrs. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mrs. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa? gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [*Aside.*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer-out, Peer-out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him: better shame, than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out, then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something; any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word it will serve him; she's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too.—Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick: we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, "Still swine eat all the draff."

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mrs. Ford, *with two Servants.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; despatch. [*Exit.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain.—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket!—O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say! Come, come forth: behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics: this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspeet me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah.

[*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.



Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman." Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa! mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband.—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by* MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her.—Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed, and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest. Should he not be publicly shamed?

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses; the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them; they have had my houses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late a heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie! he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown into the rivers, and has been grievously peaten as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus.
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then, let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—[*Aside.*]—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton.—[*To them.*]—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook;
He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit* Mrs. FORD.

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well-money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military; art thou there! it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine host!

Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir?

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no. Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir, like, who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage; mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say, they be fled: Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town tells me, there is three couzin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de *Jarretière?*

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany; by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain! go.—Assist me, knight; I am undone.—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and* Bardolph.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant: speciously one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together. Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*



Page. Out of my door, you witch.

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON *and Host.*

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answered my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser)
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
[*Showing the letter.*
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine Host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be masked and vizarded)
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device: I'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*



Herne's Oak.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* Mrs. QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go:—I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears; hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit* Mrs. QUICKLY.

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed

frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam, because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste: go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow. Strange things in hand, master Brook: follow. [*Exeunt.*



(Eton.)

SCENE II.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come: we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, "mum;" she cries, "budget," and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your "mum," or her "budget?" the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, *and* Dr. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: to the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Ju-

piter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD *and* Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves;" hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome. [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away! [*They run off.*
Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *like a Satyr;* Mrs. QUICKLY, *and* PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Queen. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys!
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die:
I'll wink and couch. No man their works must eye. [*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's Bede?—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Queen. About, about!
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies, use flowers for their charactery.
Away! disperse! But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand: yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay! I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-looked, even in thy birth.

Queen. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial! come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire? [*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Queen. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch FALSTAFF: Doctor CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, *and* Mrs. FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now.
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you come; hold up the jest no higher.—
Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave; here

are his horns, master Brook: and, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill-luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choaked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter: your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust, and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy; if it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried, "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy: it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* CAIUS.

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgive me. Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress; how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious, cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy.—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state:
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy.
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.
Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further.—Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days.—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.
Ford. Let it be so.—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford.
[*Exeunt.*



PAGE. We'll couch i' the castle ditch.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

[The following observations were intended as part of the Introductory Remarks, prefixed to this play, and were accidentally omitted there. The reader will perceive that they contain some views differing from those of the English editors, whose remarks have been there selected.]

A traditionary anecdote ascribes the origin of the Merry Wives of Windsor to the command of Queen Elizabeth, and places the date of its composition at some time after that of the two parts of Henry IV. Rowe, in the life prefixed to his edition of Shakespeare, first published in 1709, thus relates the story. Queen Elizabeth "was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of Henry IV., that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show Falstaff in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing the Merry Wives of Windsor." The same tradition had been related by the well-known critic, Dennis, seven years before, with such variations (omitting one circumstance and adding another) as, without contradicting Rowe's account, indicates that he derived his information from some different source. In the preface to the "Comical Gallant," (1702,) a play manufactured out of the Merry Wives of Windsor, in the fashion of Davenant's alteration of Macbeth, and Dryden's of the Tempest, by additions of new characters, and rewriting the dialogue; Dennis says of his original, that "it had pleased one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world. The comedy was written by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days, and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation."

In his prologue, he again asserts, that "Shakespeare's play in fourteen days was writ." This anecdote was again repeated in 1710, by Gildon, a dramatic and critical author of no original merit, but often referred to as a competent authority as to facts of literary and theatrical history. It was also received as unquestionable by the earlier editors, as Pope and Theobald, down to Johnson.

Modern criticism has however been more sceptical, and according as the tradition can be made to agree with one or other conjectural theory of the progress of Falstaff's character, the connection of his adventures here with those related in the historical plays, and the relative date of the composition, and of this comedy, the story has been either rejected, as wholly apocryphal, or received with such modifications as might suit the critic's theory. Mr. Knight admits only the royal command and the rapid composition, but holds the Falstaff of Windsor to have been a previous conception to the Knight of Eastcheap; while Collier rejects the whole story, because "Dennis had to make out a case in favour of his alterations, by showing that the comedy had been composed in an incredibly short period, and was consequently capable of improvement."

Yet, as Rowe relates his anecdote on the same authority with that on which most of the generally received facts of the Poet's history are known, acknowledging his obligations to Betterton, "for the most considerable passages" of the biography; as Betterton was then seventy-four years of age, and thus might have received the story directly from contemporary authority; as Gildon was Betterton's friend and biographer, and as Dennis (a learned acute man, of a most uninventive and matter-of-fact mind,) told his story seven or eight years before, "with a difference," yet without contradiction, so as to denote another and an independent source of evidence; as Pope, the rancorous enemy of poor Dennis, whom he and his contemporary wits have "damned to everlasting fame," received the tradition without hesitation; we have certainly, in the entire absence of any external or internal evidence to the contrary, as good a proof as any such insulated piece of literary history could well require or receive, although it may not amount to such evidence as might be demanded to establish some contested point of religious, or legal, or political opinion. The tradition, too, corresponds perfectly with the manner in which the printed copies of the comedy first appeared.

The first part of Henry IV., whenever written, was printed in 1597, and the second in 1600. In 1601, this comedy first appeared in print with this title:

"A Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr Iohn Falstaffe, and the merrie Wiues of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable humors, of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Iustice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where."

The same text, with slight variations, was reprinted in 1619. The edition of 1601, (dated 1602,) was lately reprinted for the Shakespeare Society, as "The first Sketch of Shakespeare's 'Merry Wives of Windsor,'" excellently edited and annotated by Mr. Halliwell. This sketch is like the first edition of Hamlet, evidently a pirated and very inaccurate transcript of the piece it purposes to give, printing prose for verse, often mistaking the sense, and sometimes probably interpolating passages. Yet it is clearly not simply a mangled or abridged edition of the comedy we now have, but an ill-published copy of a sketch, an outline, such as might well have been written in a fortnight, by an author as fertile as Shakespeare in comic invention. The comedy we now read was first printed in the original folio of 1623; the dialogue being nearly twice as long as that of the sketch, though the plot, characters, and succession of incidents, are, with slight variations, the same. The character of Shallow is heightened, both in humour, and in resemblance to the wise Justice in Henry IV., while the slight outline of Slender in the earlier editions, is worked up into the present whimsically effective piece of insignificance. The fairy scene at the close, originally slight, gay, and satirical, such as the good folks of Windsor might have invented, when inspired by a spirit of frolic-mischief, is discarded, in order to substitute a higher tone of fairy poetry, graceful and delicate, fanciful and grotesque. It seems probable that the author, when his play was about to be reproduced before the court, after some celebration of the Order of the Garter, rejected his former verses, in order to enrich his piece with a scene imitating and rivalling the high fanciful elegance of the Masques, which had then become popular, and in which Ben Jonson was then exhibiting an exuberance of refined, and original, and delicate fancy, which could never have been anticipated from the stern satire, the coarse humour, and the learned imitations of his regular drama.

Still, the precise date of the play, in relation to the other Falstaffian dramas, is a question on which no small amount of critical ingenuity and minute investigation has been displayed. Those who are not content to receive the old opinion, without further inquiry, may find much amusement and instruction in the prefaces of Halliwell and Knight, and the discussions of their predecessors, Malone and Chalmers.

Another warmly and ingeniously debated point of

controversy is, as to the relative place in Sir John's biography which his Windsor adventures should occupy. Johnson thought that they ought to be read between the second part of HENRY IV. and HENRY V. The objection to this conjecture is the incongruity of the relation which Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, &c., bear to Falstaff at Windsor, with the situation in which they are left at the close of HENRY IV. Mrs. Quickly, especially, appearing at Windsor as Doctor Caius's housekeeper, without any prior acquaintance with Sir John, after having been so long the landlady of his old haunt on Eastcheap, brings the supporters of this theory "into such canaries," as she would say, "as is wonderful." The same difficulty applies to Mr. Halliwell's theory, that the time of action is between the two parts of HENRY IV. Others get rid of the whole difficulty, by assuming that the Poet did not trouble himself to make up any connected story, but having, for some reason or other, chosen to exhibit Falstaff in a new light, he naturally surrounded him with his old companions, so long the favourites of the audience, without thinking of their several situations and catastrophies in his other dramas. "Any other mode of solving the difficulty," says Collier, "seems unsatisfactory, and we do not believe that it ever presented itself to the mind of our great dramatist."

The question, as it stands, has been well argued, and the young critic, or the young lawyer, may find in its discussion by Malone, Knight, Halliwell, and others, an excellent exercise for his skill in analyzing and applying circumstantial and internal evidence. As my own opinion upon this grave question happens not to agree precisely with that of any of my predecessors, I cannot refrain from submitting it, with the full confidence that it will either settle the controversy, or else will add to its interest, by suggesting new doubts, and, "by decision, more embroil the fray."

I agree, then, with Mr. Knight, that the place of the Windsor courtship, in Falstaff's dramatic biography, is before the historical plays, but I see no reason why this should involve the necessity of the play having also been written first, the two questions appearing wholly unconnected.

Assuming that Shakespeare, either in obedience to the command of his political sovereign—a lady somewhat tyrannical, and not a little fantastical, and yet a woman of genius and of letters, whose suggestions the most republican poet might be proud to receive—or to please that other many-headed sovereign, the public, to whom the Poet owed a still truer allegiance—after having exhausted the last days of Falstaff in the historical dramas, had revived him for a new display of his character, and surrounded him with his former companions, it is quite incredible that he should have done so without some regard to the incidents, adventures, and characteristics that he alone had bestowed upon each one of them. Had these personages been like the cunning slave, the parasite, and the bully, of the Latin stage, or like the Scapins and Sganarelles of the old French comedy, (characters common to every dramatic author,) he would not have cared for any such connection. But these were the children of his own fancy, and they had lived in a world of his own creation; so that, though like Cervantes in similar circumstances, he might fall into an occasional forgetful contradiction of his own story, it was every way improbable that he should not have had in his mind some plan of congruous invention. Now, he had already made his readers and audience familiar with the latter part of Falstaff's career. When he reproduced him, therefore, it was natural that he should return to a somewhat earlier period of his life, especially when he was to represent him as a lover. Who, indeed, does not assent to Johnson's remarks on Falstaff's appearance in this character?

"No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakespeare knew what the queen seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast could have remained. Falstaff could not love but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love. Thus the Poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having, perhaps, in the former plays completed his own ideas, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment."

Every one of Falstaff's acquaintances must feel his amusement at Windsor dashed with constant vexation, at seeing the hero of the Boar's Head "made an ass of," hunted and worried, and at last obliged to veil his triumphant wit even to "the Welch flannel." But we also feel that this same pleasant "villainous misleader of youth," that "grey iniquity" delighting to "take his ease in his own inn," could not easily have been made the sport and butt even of ladies as sprightly and malicious as those of Windsor. It is quite clear that in the days of Mrs. Hostess Quickly, he had rid himself of all personal vanity that could lead him into any such self-delusions. Yet, as the vanity of being thought acceptable to the other sex is one of the last that men get rid of, the author would naturally be led to paint Falstaff, in the perilous adventures to which he had destined him, as being still of an age (however ridiculous his courtship would seem to Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford) to be yet liable to the delusions of personal vanity, and exposed to its attendant mortifications. He is of course made to take his last lesson of experience in that matter, before settling down into the lazy luxury of the Boar's Head. He is accordingly, though substantially the same character, made more of a vivacious, dissolute old boy, and less of the sagacious Epicurean wit, than he appears in HENRY IV. We have, then, only to imagine an indefinite interval of two or three years, during which Pistol and Bardolph return to their old service, and Mrs. Quickly removes from the quiet shades of Windsor to the more congenial atmosphere of a London tavern, and nothing is wanted to make the whole consistent and probable.

Mr. Halliwell has collected in his appendix to his curious reprint of the "First Sketch" of this play, several early Italian and old English tales, containing incidents similar to some of those introduced in this comedy, and which very probably furnished casual hints to the author. But the main plot appears to be Shakespeare's own invention, and several of the characters seem to have been sketched from known personages of the times.

Shallow has been identified, both by tradition, and by the heraldic allusions, with the Poet's old enemy, Sir Thomas Lacy. Doctor Caius, Dame Quickly, Sir Hugh, and the Host, have all of them very much the air of portraits of individuals, spirited and faithful, though a little caricatured.

The author has, by employing the comic personages of his own historical plays, fixed the date as of the reign of Henry IV.; but there is otherwise almost nothing to connect the plot or dialogue with that age; on the contrary, they rather partake of the manners and social habits of his own time. The scene is laid among the "green retreats of Windsor," so long "at once the Monarch's and the Muse's seat;" and the localities are said to be marked with sufficient distinctness to be still traced. Yet, except in the closing poetical allusions to the chivalric dignities of the castle, there is scarcely any thing to denote a state of society, under the shadow of a royal palace; no court gossip, no petty functionaries affecting superiority, no aping the manners of the great. Every thing much more resembles the probable state of old English society in some humbler provincial village; so that I am much inclined to believe that Shakespeare has here left us a living picture of the simple hospitality, the easy conversation, the social amusements, of his own half-village half-rural life at his native Stratford.



(Windsor, 1839.)

NOTES ON THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"*Sir Hugh*"—"Sir" was a title formerly applied to the inferior clergy as well as to knights. At Cambridge and Dublin, the designation is still applied to bachelors of arts, but annexed to the surname only; as, Sir Evans, etc. Fuller, in his "Church History," says, "Such priests as have the addition of 'sir' before their Christian name, were not men graduated in the university; being in orders, but not in degrees; while others, entitled 'masters,' had commenced in the arts." It had the same use and origin with the Dutch and Scotch title of 'Dominie,' from the Latin address of *Domine*, used in colleges.

"*— a Star-chamber matter*"—The obnoxious old court of Star-chamber took cognizance of routs and riots.

"*Ay, cousin Slender, and* Cust-alorum."—*Custalorum* is meant by Shallow, who is pedantic, not illiterate, for an abridgement of *Custos Rotalorum*. Slender, not understanding the abbreviation, adds, "and *ratolorum* too."

"*— writes himself* armigero"—Slender had seen his relative's official attestation, "*Jurat coram me, Roberto Shallow, armigero,*" and thus substitutes the ablative case for the nominative, *armiger*, or esquire.—Stevens.

"Shallow. *Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.*—Shallow's identification of himself with his forefathers is very characteristic, and not yet out of date in England. The late Washington Allston used to relate an anecdote which occurred in his presence at a seat of one of the oldest families in England. Some mistake had been made in conversation in relation to some supposed ancestor of the noble host, which the chaplain warmly correcting, added—"His lordship came over with William the Conqueror." To which his lordship (an accomplished gentleman, who had no other resemblance to Shallow but on this point) gravely added, "Yes, *I* came over with the Conqueror;" thus carrying his own personality five hundred years further back than the learned Justice did.

"*The* luce *is the fresh fish; the* salt fish *is an old coat.*"—A *luce* was the old name for a *pike;* and sir Thomas Lacy, (the Poet's old Stratford enemy,) whom Shakespeare is supposed to have intended to ridicule in this passage, bore three "luces" in his coat-of-arms. When Shallow adds that "the *salt fish* is an old coat," a joke seems intended upon the manner in which salt fish was capable of being kept.—Collier.

The English commentators have been much perplexed here, and pronounce the passage "an heraldic puzzle." Did not Shakespeare merely intend to ridicule the pedantry of heraldry, so common in his days, and doubtless, like all other pedantry, often blundering?

"Slender. *Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?*"—This and Slender's next speech are transferred in nearly all of the modern editions to Shallow, on the authority of Malone, who thought they were better suited to the Justice than to Slender. But all the older editions which have them (for they are not in the first sketch) ascribe them to Slender; and though they suit Shallow very well, yet it seems a more natural touch of humour to make Slender, so negatively indifferent as to all other matters, struck with admiration at the legacy. I accordingly concur with Collier in adhering to the original copies.

"*— he was outrun on* Cotsall"—i. e. on Cotswold downs, in Gloucestershire, celebrated for coursing, for which they are suited by their fine turf, and were famous for other rural sports. Tom Warton, in a note in Johnson and Stevens, luxuriates in his account of the "Olympick Games" there celebrated, and commemorated by Ben Jonson, Drayton, Randolph, and the choicest wits of the reign of James I. These games lasted until (says Warton, with characteristic unction) "the grand rebellion broke up every liberal establishment."

"*— kiss'd your keeper's daughter.*"—Commentators have supposed this to be a quotation from some old ballad. Walter Scott, in Kenilworth, suggests another interpretation: that this was part of the charge made against the Poet himself by Sir Thomas Lacy, whose character furnished much of the material for Shallow.

"*'Twere better for you, if it were known in* counsel."—*Counsel* seems here equivalent to *secresy*, as in Heywood's *Edward IV.*—'Nay, that's *counsel*, and two may keep it, if one be away." Stevens suggests that Falstaff means to play upon the words "council" and "counsel;" and he is probably right.

"*Good* worts? *good cabbage.*"—*Worts* (according to the old authors cited by Stevens) was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind. We still say cole-wort.

"— *and against your* CONEY-CATCHING *rascals.*"—Coney-catcher was synonymous with *sharper*, one who took in men as silly as coneys or wild rabbits.

"— *two Edward* SHOVEL-BOARDS."—*Shovel-board* was a game, not yet discontinued. The broad shillings of Edward IV. were well adapted to it, and hence they were sometimes called "shovel-boards." Slender had paid more than double price for them, for some reason or other; but he is no great accountant, as is shown by his estimate of his loss by robbery: i. e. two shillings and four pence, all in *sixpences*.

"— *lattin bilbo*"—Another allusion to Slender's person. Lattin is a mixed metal of copper and calamine, and cast in thin plates; it would consequently, both in edge and substance, be a vile material for making sword blades. The word is still used in the north of England as equivalent to tin. Stevens suggests that the word should be *lathen* bilbo. Falstaff talks of driving the Prince and his subjects before him with a dagger of lath.

"*Word of denial in thy* LABRAS"—Lips. This is equivalent to saying "the lie in thy teeth."

"— *marry trap*"—This apparently was an exclamation of triumph, when a man was caught in his own snare, or otherwise punished as the consequence of his own behaviour.

"— *the* NUTHOOK'S *humour*"—The nuthook was used by the thief to hook portable commodities out of a window; and thus Nym, in his queer fashion, means, "if you say I'm a thief," etc.

"*What say you, Scarlet and John?*"—Alluding to Robin Hood's well-known men, and to the *red* face of Bardolph.

"*And being* FAP."—*Fap* is drunk, or fuddled; a cant word.

"— *conclusions pass'd the carieres*"—The ingenious Bardolph appears affectedly obscure in this passage; he is trying to escape, like the cuttle-fish, in a darkness of his own creation. If we allow him to have any distinct meaning, he probably intends to say that the whole affair passed all reasonable bounds, and became a scene of confusion, in which, unfortunately, even his innocence could not protect him from suspicion. This erudite defence serves his purpose of confounding Slender, who answers, "Ay, you spake in Latin then too."

"— *upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas*"—This is a chronological error of the very particular Simple, and one no doubt intended by the Poet. Allhallows is, in reality, five weeks after Michaelmas.

"— *three* VENEYS *for a dish of stewed prunes.*"—Three veneys signifies three bouts, or *comes-on;* from the French word *venir*.

"*I have seen* SACKERSON *loose.*"—Sackerson was the name of a bear exhibited at Paris Garden, Southwark, in Shakespeare's time. The custom then was to name the animals after their owners. Sir John Davies, in his "Epigrams," has allusion to the prevalent custom of bear-baiting:—

> 'Publius, a student of the common law,
> To Paris Garden doth himself withdraw:
> Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke alone,
> To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson.'

— "*that it* PASS'D"—It *surpassed;* or, it passed expression; a common mode of referring to something extraordinary. Thus, in act iv. scene 2, "This passes."

"*By cock and pye*"—A common adjuration of the period. *Cock* is a corruption of the sacred name; the *pye* is a table in the old Roman offices, showing how to find the service of the day.

SCENE II.

"*Doctor Caius.*"—I doubt whether Shakespeare had the learned founder of an eminent Cambridge college in his mind when he gave a name to this character, who is, of course, intended as a satire on the foreign physicians of the time, who were so fashionable and popular with the English gentry. Farmer, however, says that the doctor was handed down as a sort of Rosicrucian, and mentions a MS. entitled "The Secret Writings of Dr. Caius." In the "Merry Tales of Jack of Dovor," 1604, a story told by "the fool of Windsor" begins thus:—"Upon a time there was in Windsor a certain simple outlandish doctor of physick belonging to the dean," &c. The character may then possibly have been drawn from life; and, as Shakespeare would scarcely have introduced the real name into his play, he may have made quite an arbitrary choice.—HALLIWELL.

SCENE III.

"*Let me see thee froth, and* LIME."—In the quartos it stands *lime*, in the folios "line;" a very easy and probable misprint. We know from Shakespeare himself, that *lime* was fraudulently put into sack, as Stevens asserts, "to make it sparkle in the glass;" and he adds, "soap into the tankard to make the beer froth." We may understand the words as addressed to Bardolph only, which will take away Knight's ground of defence for the other reading: i. e. "that the host could not so unblushingly avow the frauds of his calling."

"— *base* HUNGARIAN *wight*"—So the folio. The quarto, which has supplied the ordinary reading, gives us *Gongarian*. The editors have retained *Gongarian*, because Stevens says there is a similar epithet in one of the old bombast plays. *Hungarian* means a gipsy; and is equivalent to the *Bohemian* of Quentin Durward. In this play the Host calls Simple a "Bohemian Tartar." Bishop Hall, in his "Satires," has a punning couplet,—

> 'So sharp and meagre that who should them see
> Would swear they lately came from Hungary,'—

and therefore Malone says that "a Hungarian signified a hungry, starved fellow."—KNIGHT.

"— *the* HUMOUR *of it*"—The following epigram, taken from "Humor's Ordinarie, where a Man may bee verie merrie and exceeding well used for his Sixpence," quarto, 1607, will best account for Nym's frequent repetition of the word *humour*. Epigram 27:

> 'Aske HUMOURS what a feather he doth weare,
> It is his *humour* (by the Lord) he'll sweare;
> Or what he doth with such a horse-taile locke,
> Or why upon a whore he spends his stocke,—
> He hath a *humour* doth determine so:
> Why in the stop-throte fashion he doth gee,
> With scarfe about his necke, hat without band,—
> It is his *humour*. Sweet Sir, understand,
> What cause his purse is so extreme distrest
> That oftentimes is scarcely penny-blest;
> Only a *humour*. If you question, why
> His tongue is ne'er unfurnish'd with a lye,—
> It is his *humour* too he doth protest:
> Or why with sergeants he is so opprest,
> That like to ghosts they haunt him ev'rie day;
> A rascal *humour* doth refuse to pay.
> Object why bootes and spurres are still in season,
> His *humour* answers, *humour* is his reason.
> If you perceive his wits in wetting shrunke,
> It cometh of a *humour* to be drunke.
> When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
> The occasion is, his *humour* and a whoore:
> And every thing that he doth undertake,
> It is a veine, for senseless *humour's* sake.' STEVENS.

"— *to steal at a minute's rest.*"—Nym's meaning is, that a thief should be always ready to practise quickly and dexterously.

"— *she discourses, she carves.*"—Jackson (Shakespeare's Genius Justified) proposes to read *crares;* and the emendation is certainly easy and simple, had

it been necessary for the sense; but a passage that Boswell produces from Vittoria Corombona, seems to place the accuracy of the generally received reading out of doubt—"Your husband is wondrous discontented.—*Vit.* I did nothing to displease him; *I carved to him* at supper time."

"*He hath studied her* WILL," etc.—The ordinary reading is "He hath studied her *well*," etc. The folios and later quarto read *will;* the two earlier quartos only "He hath studied her *well*," etc. There seems no reason for the received common reading, introduced by Malone and Stevens, which I concur with Knight and Collier in rejecting.

"— *he hath legions of* ANGELS."—The allusion here is to the coin called an angel.

"*Falstaff will learn the* HUMOUR *of this age.*"—The folio has "honor." Few misprints were more frequent than "honor" for *humor*, and *vice versa*. Falstaff alludes to the fashion or *humour* of being attended by a skirted page.

"— *the humour of this love to* PAGE."—So the quartos, and so the fact, as afterwards appears. In the folio 1623, *Ford* seems to have been accidentally printed for *Page*, and *Page* afterwards for *Ford*. Possibly Shakespeare originally intended that Nym should "discuss the humour" of Falstaff's love to Ford, while Pistol took the same course with Page.



(Winchester Tower, Windsor Castle.)

SCENE IV.

"— *a* CAIN-*coloured beard.*"—In the folios it is "Caine coloured," as if the allusion were to Cain; who being a murderer, was, like Judas, usually represented with a red, or sandy beard. But the quartos read "kane coloured," which means that Slender's beard was of the colour of *cane*. Repton, the celebrated landscape gardener, published an essay on old English beards, some years ago, which the later changes of fashion may bring again into notice for other than antiquarian purposes.

"— *as* TALL *a man of his hands.*"—"Tall" was familiarly used in that day for bold, stout. I had thought with many editors, that "of his hands" referred to the jockey measurement; but Singer's quotation from Cotgrave's contemporary French and English Dictionary, shows its meaning to be, "a man of valour." *Haut a la main, homme a la main:* a man of his hands; a man of his execution or valour.

"*We shall all be* SHENT."—i. e. *reproved* or *scolded*.

"— *what, the good year!*"—An exclamation of the time.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"— *this Flemish* DRUNKARD."—The English of the days of Elizabeth accused the people of the Low Countries with having taught them to drink to excess. The "men of war" who had campaigned in Flanders, according to Sir John Smythe, in his "Discourses," 1590, introduced this vice; "whereof it is come to pass that now-a-days there are very few feasts where our said men of war are present, but that they do invite and procure all the company, of what calling soever they be, to carousing and quaffing; and because they will not be denied their challenges, they, with many new conges, ceremonies and reverences, drink to the health and prosperity of princes; to the health of counsellors, and unto the health of their greatest friends; in which exercise they never cease till they be dead drunk, or, as the Flemings say, Doot dronken."

"*These knights will* HACK."—James the First of England made two hundred and thirty-seven knights in one month, and his whole number was so immense that the order became ridiculous. Accordingly "these knights will hack" means, will become common. Being "Sir Alice Ford" would not "alter the article of thy gentry" means, would not add any lustre to thy gentry. The passage was added when the play was enlarged, after the accession of James.

"*We burn day-light*"—We waste our time like those who use lamps by day.

"*Hope is a* CURTAL-DOG *in some affairs.*"—This is not literally a dog without a tail, as it is explained generally; nor is it spelled *curtail*. The "curtal dog" is, like the "curtal friar," an expression of contempt. The worthless dog may have a short tail, and the Franciscan friar might wear a short garment; and thus they each may be *curtailed*. But the word came to express some general defect, and is here used in that sense.—KNIGHT.

Hence our word *cur*.

"— *here's a fellow frights* ENGLISH *out of his wits.*"—So the folio, from which there is no reason to vary, although the quartos have "humour" for *English*.

"*I never heard such a* DRAWLING-AFFECTING *rogue*"—i. e. a rogue who so affects drawling. The printing the passage, "such a drawling, affecting rogue," destroys the point of it: with Collier, we follow the folio, 1623.

"*I will not believe such a* CATAIAN."—China was of old called Cataia, or Cathay, and *Cataian* may have been a cant term for a *liar, thief*, or *cheat:* here we find it put in opposition to "true man," as in other places we have had *thief* and "true man," opposed to each other.

"— *my name is* BROOK"—The folio throughout gives the assumed name of Ford as *Broome;* the quartos, *Brooke*. We must adopt the reading of "Brook," for we otherwise lose a jest of Falstaff's, "Such Brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor." For a century after, however, the stage name was Broome. In Johnson's "Life of Fenton," we have this anecdote:

"Fenton was one day in the company of Broome, his associate, and one Ford, a clergyman. * * * They determined all to see the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, which was acted that night; and Fenton, as a dramatic poet, took them to the stage-door; where

the door-keeper, inquiring who they were, was told that they were three very necessary men, Ford, Broome, and Fenton. The name in the play which Pope restored to 'Brook' was then *Broome*."

"*Will you go,* MYNHEERS *?*"—The folio reading is *An-heires,* which is evidently a misprint for something else, and the quartos afford no light. Various emendations, as "cavalieres," "on hearts," and "hear us," have been conjectured. The one adopted in the text seems most likely to have been the one thus mistaken, and is in the Poet's manner, just as he calls Shallow "cavalero."

"— *with my long sword.*"—Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation, by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long sword,* and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier.—JOHNSON.

"— *stands so firmly on his wife's frailty*"—A phrase equivalent to saying, "has such perfect confidence in his frail wife."

SCENE II.

"FAL. *I will not lend thee a penny.*"

The passage in the quarto is thus :—

'*Fal.* I'll not lend thee a penny.
Pist. I will retort the sum in equipage.
Fal. Not a penny.'

The editors could not be satisfied to receive the answer of Pistol, "Why then the world's mine oyster," etc., without retaining the weaker passage, "I will retort the sum in equipage."—KNIGHT.

Yet Falstaff's answer seems to require Pistol's renewal of his demand. I think that the author, in enlarging and improving the play, added the two lines, and that by some mistake of his own, or of the copyist or printer, they were thought to be meant not as an addition, but to be substituted. All the editors except Knight and Collier have therefore retained the line.

Equipage is mentioned by Davies as one of the new affectations of that age, and Bulokar, (English Exposition, 1616,) defines it to mean horse furniture, especially for occasions of parade: this we may suppose Pistol meant to "convey."

"— *lost the handle of her fan*"—The fans of Elizabeth's days were far more costly than those of modern date. The fan itself was composed of ostrich or other valuable feathers, and the handles were usually silver or gold, and sometimes inlaid with jewels.

"*A short knife and a* THRONG."—i. e. a *crowd,* in which you can use your "short knife" in cutting purses. Some editors have injuriously substituted "thong" for *throng.*

"— *to your manor of* PICKT-HATCH"—A low neighbourhood in the east of London. "I proceeded toward Pickt-hatch, intending to beginne there first, which, as I may fitly name it, is the very skirts of all brothel-houses."—*The Black Booke ;* by T. M.

"— *your* RED-LATTICE *phrases*"—i. e. your *public-house* language: public-houses were distinguished by red lattices.

"— *she leads a very* FRAMPOLD *life with him.*"—*Frampold* is a very common word in authors of the time, but variously spelled: it usually means *vexatious,* or *uneasy,* as here. It is still used in Norfolk.

"— *of all loves*"—By all means. This pretty antique phrase is now obsolete. We have it in OTHELLO: "The general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it."

"— *and, in any case, have a* NAYWORD,"—i. e. *byeword,* or watchword. It occurs again in act v. scene 2.

"FORD *disguised.*"—The husband becoming the unknown confidant of the object of his suspicions, is the leading idea of one of the tales of Straparola, the Italian novelist, (*Le tredeci piaceroli notti,*) which had been translated by Tarlton, in 1590. Shakespeare had unquestionably read this story in some shape, as he has used several of the incidents, and some passages of the dialogue seem to have been suggested by expressions in the tale. But the main story and characters have no similitude. Such use of literary materials no more detracts from the general originality of an author, than the use of facts drawn from history or from actual observation.

A similar confidence of the young lover to his aged rival, is the chief source of comic interest in Moliere's *Ecole des Femmes,* which the critics have received as his own invention, (as it probably was,) while he was assailed for having borrowed some other incidents from a novel of his contemporary, Scaron.

"— *and flying what pursues.*"—This couplet is printed in Italic, and marked with inverted commas in the folio, 1623: it is probably a quotation, although the writer of it has not been discovered.

"— *and I will aggravate his* STYLE."—*Style* is a phrase from the Herald's office. Falstaff means, that *he will add more titles to those he already enjoys.* So, in Heywood's "Golden Age," 1611:

'I will create lords of a *greater style.*'

Again, in Spenser's "Faery Queen,"—

'As to abandon that which doth contain
Your honour's *stile,* that is, your warlike shield.' STEVENS.

SCENE III.

"— *thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant.*"—These, and others that precede them, are Anglicised terms of the fencing-school.

"*Thou art a* CASTALIAN," etc.—The Host ridicules the Doctor through his ignorance of English. He is a "heart of elder," the elder being filled with soft pith: he is a Castilian, that name being an opprobrious designation for the Spaniards, whom the English of Elizabeth's time hated as much as their descendants were accustomed to hate the French.—KNIGHT.

"*Cried game*"—So all the old copies, including the first imperfect sketch. Warburton proposed to read *cry aim,* a phrase of archery, but figuratively used for assisting, encouraging, in any thing, as the one who cries "Aim!" did the archer. The Host thus says, "Consent, approve; did I not say well?" "Cry aim" is used in this sense in the next act. Much learning has been expended in support of this reading. Those who retain the original *cry'd game* suppose that the Host addresses Dr. Caius by this as a name. He calls him "heart of elder." *Cry'd game,* says Stevens, is a *professed buck.* But, says Knight, surely Anne Page "at a farm-house, a feasting" is the *game* which the host has *cried.* The meaning would be perfectly obvious were we to read, *Cried I game?*

Mr. Halliwell, one of the most learned old-English scholars of his day, confesses, in his late curious edition of the original sketch of this play, that he cannot clear up the obscurity. The fact seems to be that the phrase having been merely colloquial, and not preserved in books, is so obsolete that the meaning can only be guessed at.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*To shallow rivers,*" etc.—The verses here sung by the doleful duellist are taken (with some variations) from the beautiful old ballad, supposed to be written by Marlowe, "Come live with me, and be my love," and exceedingly popular in Shakespeare's age. The line interposed with them, "When as I sat in Babylon," forms part of the ancient version of the 137th

Psalm, and may be supposed to force itself on the recollection of Sir Hugh, from his professional habits.

Scene II.

"— *all my neighbours shall* CRY AIM."—To *cry aim*, in archery, was to *encourage* the archers by crying out *Aim* when they were about to shoot. Hence it came to be used for to applaud or encourage, in a general sense. Thus, in KING JOHN, act ii. scene 1.

'It ill beseems this presence *to cry aim*
To these ill-tuned repetitions.' SINGER.

"— *he speaks holyday*"—That is, a holiday style; as much superior to the common, as is a holiday to an ordinary working day. "He smells April and May" is the ancient phraseology for *of* April and May, as may be observed in Shakespeare's own use elsewhere.

"— *'tis in his* BUTTONS."—The general explanation is, this is an allusion to the custom of wearing the flower called *bachelor's buttons*. Mr. Knight, however, says that a similar phrase, "It does not lie in your breeches," means—It is not within your compass: "'tis in his buttons" therefore means—he's the man to do it; his buttons hold the man. This is certainly a much more probable interpretation, and the context appears not only to warrant but almost require that explanation.—HALLIWELL.

"— *I shall drink in* PIPE-*wine first with him*"—That is, in wine from the pipe. From the words that follow ("I'll make him dance,") it appears that Ford intends a quibble on the word, by referring it to the musical instrument. "Drink in" is the old phrase for "drink of."

Scene III.

"— *among the* WHITSTERS"—A launder is still called a whitster; but the whitsters in that day were probably similar to the *blanchisseuses* of the Seine, and washed, like them, in cold running waters.

"*How now, my* EYAS-MUSKET"—The *musket* is the small sparrow-hawk; the *eyas* is a general name for a very young hawk; the first of five several names by which it is called in its first year. Spenser has a pretty image connected with the eyas:

'— youthful gay,
Like eyas-hawk up mounts into the skies,
His newly-budded pinions to essay.'

"*You little* JACK-A-LENT"—A puppet thrown at in Lent. Thus, in Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub:"

'— on an Ash-Wednesday,
When thou didst stand six weeks the Jack o' Lent,
For boys to hurl three rows a penny at thee.'

"*Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?*"—The song in Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella" begins thus:—

'Have I caught my heavenly jewel
Teaching sleep most fair to be!'

"— *if fortune thy foe were not, nature thy friend.*"—So the old copies, which, thus pointed, need no change. We must understand *being* after "nature."

"— *and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time.*"—*Simples* were herbs, which were sold at the many apothecaries' shops in Bucklersbury.

"*I will ensconce me behind the arras*"—The allusions to this convenient mode of concealment are frequent in Shakespeare and other writers of the period. There was a vacant place between the walls and the wooden frames on which the arras was hung.

Scene IV.

"— *thy father's wealth*"—Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing, that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, "That though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion." At the end of Elizabeth's reign, seven hundred pounds formed such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda. No poet will now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand.—JOHNSON.

"*I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't*"—The phrase is proverbial—I shall produce some effect, much or little. A shaft was a long sharp arrow; a bolt, a short thick one, used only for birds, and thence called a bird-bolt.

"— *come cut and long-tail.*"—A common old phrase, expressive of dogs of every kind, which Slender applies to persons. The commentators are very learned on the origin of the phrase.

"— *happy man be his dole!*"—This is a proverbial expression of frequent occurrence. The apparent signification here is: "happiness be his portion who succeeds best," but the general meaning of the phrase may be interpreted: "Let his portion or lot be happy man." *Dole* is the past participle and past tense of the A. S. verb *Dælan*, to deal, to divide, to distribute.—SINGER.

Scene V.

"— *would have drowned a* BLIND BITCH'S *puppies.*"—So every old copy, meaning, of course, the blind puppies of a bitch; modern editors, in a refinement of correctness, which does not allow for a colloquial expression, have thought it necessary to alter the text to a "bitch's blind puppies." Falstaff was not in a state of mind to study extreme accuracy in his phrascology.



(Buck-basket.)

ACT IV.—Scene II.

"*Peer-out, peer-out!*"—Shakespeare refers to a sport of children, who thus call on a snail to push forth his horns:—

'Peer-out, peer-out, peer-out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.'

"— *there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too*"—Coarse hats were made of the end of a weaver's warp, which is called the thrum. The muffler was used to cover the lower part of the face.

"— *full of* KNIGHT"—So the folio of 1623. The second folio has "full of *the* knight," which is the received reading. The article would destroy the wit. The servant uses "knight" as he would say *lead*.

"*Youth in a basket.*"—So the folio; but Malone introduced, from the quartos, "You, youth in a basket, come out here!" which forms part of a subsequent speech by Ford there, and is no portion of what he says when first he meets the loaded servants. The reading of the folio is natural and intelligible.—COLLIER.

"— *for his wife's* LEMAN"—i. e. lover: it was applied to women as well as men—more frequently to the former.

"*— in fee simple, with fine and recovery*"—This is one of the many examples of Shakespeare's legal knowledge. Ritson says, "fee-simple is the *largest* estate, and fine and recovery the *strongest* assurance, known to English law."

Scene IV.

"*— and* TAKES *the cattle*"—Infects with disease. As, in HAMLET, "no fancy takes."

"*Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.*"

This line is not in the folio; but it is certainly wanted. The passage in the quarto in which this line occurs is a remarkable example of the care with which the first sketch has been improved:

'Hear my device.
Oft have you heard since *Horne* the hunter died,
That women to affright their little children
Says that he walks in shape of a great stag.
Now, for that Falstaffe hath been so deceived
As that he dares not venture to the house,
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguis'd like Horne, with huge horns on his head.
The hour shall be just between twelve and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I have you present there at hand,
With little boys disguised and drest like fairies,
For to affright fat Falstaffe in the woods.'

"*With some* DIFFUSED *song.*"—Diffused is used here, and elsewhere, in the sense of *confused*, or *unintelligible*. Palsgrave, in his *Eccl. de la Langue Franc*, 1530, and Cooper, in his Dictionary, 1584, explain "diffuse" as "hard to be understood."

"*— to-pinch the unclean knight.*"—*To* thus prefixed to the verb, was an old Anglo-Saxon idiom, frequent in Chaucer, Gower, and used by Spenser. It has an augmentative sense, as well-pinched, thoroughly-pinched. It is oftenest used with *all* prefixed, as "al-to broke his skull," in the English Bible; completely broke his skull.

Scene V.

"*— the* WISE WOMAN *of Brentford.*"—Scott, in his Discovery of Witchcraft, says—"At this day it is indifferent to say in the English tongue, She is a *witch*, or she is a *wise woman.*"

"*Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell*"—Simple probably follows up his question relating to the awful old woman, with a look of open-mouthed eagerness; and Falstaff, whom nothing of the ludicrous escapes, calls him "muscle-shell" from that circumstance.

"*Ay, sir* TIKE"—A word still used in Yorkshire and Scotland, there retaining its ancient sense, of a large dog of some common breed, as a shepherd's dog. Burns marks the distinction, and shows Falstaff's meaning, by making one of his *twa* dogs "o' high degree," and the other, who is of humbler breed, "a gash and faithful tyke."

"*— three Doctor Faustuses.*"—Popular audiences had become acquainted with Dr. Faustus, the German necromancer, both from the often-printed popular story-book of his life, and from Marlowe's play, which had been constantly acted from about the year 1590.

ACT V.—Scene V.

"*Divide me like a* BRIBE-BUCK."—"A *buck*," says Theobald, "sent for a bride." The old copies read *brib'd*-buck; and to bribe, of old, meant to steal. See Way's "Promptorium;" therefore, "a brib'd-buck" may be a stolen buck.

Malone, in Chalmers's edition of his text, reads, "bride-buck," i. e. a buck sent for a bridal feast or present, which is ingenious, and may be right.

"*You* ORPHAN-HEIRS *of fixed destiny*"—On this obscure line, the later editors have thrown no light, nor can I, beyond giving the substance of the older comments and opinions. Perhaps this part of the text is corrupt. Warburton plausibly proposes to read *ouphen-heirs*, i. e. you elves, who minister and succeed in some of the works of destiny. Dr. Farmer supposes the term to be addressed to a "part of the troop, as mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies; orphans, in respect of their real parents, and now only dependent on destiny herself." Shakespeare uses the word *heirs* in the sense of children. By "ouphen-heirs of fixed destiny," he might therefore mean, "fairy children, who execute the decrees of destiny."

"*Raise up the organs of her fantasy.*"

That is, let her who has performed her religious duties be secure against the grosser illusions of fancy; have her sleep, like that of infancy, free from disordered dreams. It was supposed that invisible beings had the power of disturbing with dreams, or otherwise annoying, those who had not prayed ere they slept. Imogen exclaims—

'To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!'

"*Honi soit qui mal y* PENSE"—"*Pense*" is a dissyllable, as the final *e*, though not accented, was anciently sounded, especially in Norman-French, though I should think with an obscure sound, more like *uh* than the accented French *e*.

"*I smell a man of middle earth.*"—By this term is merely meant a *mortal man*, in contradistinction to a *spirit* of the earth or of the air, such as a fairy or gnome. It was in use in the north of Scotland a century since, and appears borrowed from the Saxon *Middan Eard.*—SINGER.

"*— still pinch him to your time*"—Theobald and Malone here insert a speech from the quarto: "It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity." Theobald says "this speech is very much in character for Sir Hugh." He forgets that the real actors of the comedy are here speaking in assumed characters. Pistol has a speech or two; but all traces of Pistol's own character are suppressed. The entire scene is elevated into pure poetry in the amended edition, and none of the coarseness of the original is retained. For example, in the quarto, Sir Hugh says,

'Where's Pede?
Go and see where brokers sleep,
And fox-eyed serjeants with their mace:
Go lay the proctors in the street,
And pinch the lousy serjeant's face;
Spare none of those when they're a-bed
But such whose nose looks blue and red.'

"*— these fair* YOKES."—The extremities of yokes for oxen as still used in several counties of England, bend upwards, and rising very high, in shape resemble horns. In Cotgrave's Dictionary, *voce* JUELLES, we have "Arched or yoked vines; vines so under-propped or fashioned that one may go under the middle of them." See also Hutton's Latin, Greek, and English Lexicon, 1585, in *voce* JUGUM; "a thing made with forkes. like a gallowes, a frame whereon vines are joyned."

"*— ignorance itself is a* PLUMMET *o'er me*"—Johnson would read *plume*; Dr. Farmer *planet*. Tyrwhitt's explanation of the old reading is satisfactory to me—Ignorance is not so low as I am by a plummet or plumb-line's length.

"*— to repay that money will be a biting affliction.*"—Here the quartos add what is worth giving in a note, though it should not be inserted in the text, as in some editions, since the author in his corrected edition rejected it, and substituted the speeches of Page and his wife:

'*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.
Ford. Well, here's my hand: all's forgiven at last.
Fal. It hath cost me well: I have been well pinched and wash'd.'

The verses sung by Sir Hugh are from a beautiful pastoral, formerly attributed to Shakespeare, and printed in an earlier edition of his sonnets, 1599. It was then accompanied by an answer signed Ignoto. Walton, in his "Compleat Angler," has inserted both, describing the first as "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, and an answer to it by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days." Whether the pastoral be Shakespeare's or Marlowe's, both it and the answer are what Walton calls them, "old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good;" and we therefore think, with Dr. Johnson, that "the reader will not be displeased to find them here:"

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

'Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals:
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull:
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.
Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.'

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

'If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come:
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.
What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath bless'd and sent for food.
But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, and age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.'



(Scene in Windsor Forest.)


TWELFTH NIGHT
OR
WHAT YOU WILL





TWELFTH NIGHT.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

CHRONOLOGY, CHARACTERISTICS OF MANNER, ETC.

UNTIL within a few years, this comedy was considered as one of the latest, and even sometimes decidedly pronounced to be the very last, of its author's works. This opinion was founded partly on the conjectures of the critics of the last century, as to some supposed allusions to the events of King James's reign, in the dialogue; but, on the whole, it was rather assumed as a traditionary critical opinion than deduced from any clear show of presumptive proof. There was besides, formerly, no positive external evidence known for any other date. The play had appeared in print, for the first time, in the folio of 1623. It is there carefully printed, with the regular divisions into acts and scenes, (circumstances often more or less neglected in other plays in that volume,) and without any of those repetitions, or confusions of sense, which, in some other cases, have shown that the manuscript in the printers' hands had been altered or interlined, as if in a subsequent revision of scenes written during the author's earlier life. The entries of intended new publications in Stationers' Hall, and the record of the plays acted at court, which have often thrown light on the chronology of the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, contain no mention of TWELFTH NIGHT; nor is there any mention of it by any contemporary critic, nor any probable allusion to it in any other writer of the age. Thus the field was fairly open to critical acuteness and antiquarian research. Tyrwhitt, an ingenious and well-read commentator, supposed that Sir Toby's indignation at "undertakers" was a popular allusion to the political undertakers of James the First's time, who *undertook* to carry the measures of the court through parliament, by certain gentle appliances, similar to those familiar to the modern "lobby-members" of our own republic—a point of resemblance (by the way) of Old-England in the good old times with our age and country, which, like many others, may serve to attest the strong influence and effect of our Anglo-Saxon blood. If this allusion were really intended, the comedy must have been written after 1614, when this phrase of "undertakers" first came into use. Then there is a mention of the Sophy of Persia; and a passage (act iii. scene 2) in which the insolence of Sir Edward Coke, when attorney-general, in repeatedly *thou*-ing Sir Walter Raleigh on his trial, is assumed to have been meant to be rebuked. Upon such and similar very slight grounds of conjecture, Malone decided first that this play was written in 1614, and afterwards in 1607, while Chalmers maintained the date of 1613. This slender foundation for chronological conjecture, however, was thought sufficient authority for a pretty general acquiescence, for some years, in the opinion that the TWELFTH NIGHT was written after all the author's great tragedies, and as affording some indication of the author's temper and cast of mind in the later years of his life. Thus Schlegel adopted it so far as to build on it, half doubtingly, one of his ingenious and brilliant speculations. "If this (says he) were really the last work of Shakespeare, as is affirmed, he must have enjoyed to the last his youthfulness of mind, and have carried with him to his grave the fulness of his talents."

This observation, pleasing as the idea is in reference to the Poet himself, and in itself probably true in fact as to him, might yet, in the critical judgment it implies as to the comedy, have suggested doubts in regard to the date of composition thus assumed.

This comedy, with all its admirable points, and its delightful variety of poetic feeling and humorous invention, yet certainly has not those indications of the fulness of its author's talent which may be traced in his later works, even in those not of the highest comparative rank. After the succession of his great tragedies, OTHELLO, MACBETH, LEAR, including the deeper sentiment and sadder philosophy at that time infused into his before merely dramatic HAMLET, he seems to have written nothing which does not retain some trace, in thought and expression, of that storm-like inspiration which had thus swept over his mind. The poetry of the TWELFTH NIGHT is exquisite in fancy and feeling, but has none of that intense idiosyncrasy of thought and expression—that unparalleled fusion of the intellectual with the passionate—which discriminates the poetry of LEAR from that of the MERCHANT OF VENICE, not only in the general spirit, but in more transient images and phrases, and even single epithets. All this does not detract from the exquisite delicacy and grace of the poetic scenes of this comedy, but still it marks

that the very highest and most peculiar powers of the author's mind had not yet been so developed and made familiar by use, that his genius had become (as it did afterwards) wholly "indued unto that element."

Again: so far as "youthfulness of mind" is implied in the faculty of creating and depicting incidents or characters of the broadest humour, and the manifest self-enjoyment of the author himself in the exercise of that talent, this is displayed as much in Shakespeare's later works as in any of those of earlier date—as much in Autolycus as in Bottom. Yet it is very observable that in every one of his dramas known to have been written after he had acquired that cast of thought which at once led to the composition of his later tragedies, and was evolved and made habitual by their composition, the predominant tone is never that of festive enjoyment; but the bright flashes of gay invention seem always to illuminate a graver and sometimes a more gloomy back-ground.

The TWELFTH NIGHT is wholly pleasurable in its intent and in its feeling, the gay and the ludicrous predominating over and yet assimilating with its higher dramatic poetry; because the passion of that is not of strong emotion, but of fancy and sentiment. Thus its characters claim immediate brotherhood with that throng of comic inventions which seem to have been spontaneously developed in the Poet's mind between his thirtieth and fortieth year, amid the excitement and variety of a great city, when he probably mixed widely in various society, and enjoyed the passing scenes of "many-coloured life" with the joyous buoyancy of youth and health, and successful genius; at the same time that he scanned the foibles and caprices of his companions with an artist's eye.

I do not maintain that all these indications of the period of the author's life at which he wrote this agreeable and beautiful drama are so conclusive as alone to settle that question definitively; for the highest probabilities of this nature are often refuted by stubborn facts; but I am glad to find that this view of the subject, which appears to throw some light on the intellectual as well as the personal history of the great dramatist, is confirmed by the recently discovered evidence of facts. Mr. Collier first ascertained "that it was acted on the celebration of the Readers' Feast, at the Middle Temple, on Feb. 2, 1602. The fact of its performance we have on the evidence of an eye-witness, who seems to have been a barrister, and whose 'Diary,' in his own hand-writing, is preserved in the British Museum. The memorandum runs, *literatim*, as follows:—

"'Feby. 2, 1601[2]. At our feast we had a play called Twelve-Night, or What You Will, much like the comedy of errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian, called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they tooke him to be mad.'

"This remarkable entry was pointed out in the 'History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage,' (1831;) and the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his 'Disquisition on the TEMPEST,' (1839,) has ascertained that it was made by a person of the name of Manningham." Besides this date, we have also the fact that Meares, who was a personal friend of Shakespeare's, in the list of his plays, up to 1598, does not include this comedy. Moreover, the critical antiquarians have proved that it must have been written after the publication of the translation of Linschoten's "Voyages into the East and West Indies," to which only Maria's allusion (act ii. sc. 3) can be referred, where she says of Malvolio, "He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies." Malone could not ascertain the date of this map, but it is now known to have been published in 1598. Thus we may safely fix the date of this comedy about the year 1600 or 1601, and class it among the later productions of that period of Shakespeare's life when his mind most habitually revelled in humorous delineation, while his luxuriant fancy, turning aside from the sterner and painful passions, shed its gayest tints over innumerable forms of grace and beauty. He seems, by his title of the TWELFTH NIGHT, to apprise his audience of the general character of this agreeable and varied comedy—a notice intelligible enough at that time, and still not without its significance in a great part of Europe, though quite otherwise among our un-holiday-keeping people on this side of the Atlantic. The TWELFTH NIGHT (twelfth after Christmas) was, in the olden times, the season of universal festivity—of masques, pageants, feasts, and traditionary sports. This comedy then would not disappoint public expectation, when it was found to contain a delightful combination of the delicate fancy and romantic sentiment of the poetic masque, with a crowd of revelling, laughing, or laugh-creating personages, whose truth all would recognize, and whose spirit and fun no gravity could resist. He gave to these the revelling spirit, and the exaggeration of character necessary for the broadest comic effect, but still kept them from becoming mere buffoon masquers by a truth of portraiture which shows them all to be drawn from real life. Malvolio—the matchless Malvolio—was not only new in his day, to comic delineation of any sort, but I believe has never since had his fellow or his copy, in any succeeding play, poem, essay, or novel. The gravity, the acquirement, the real talent and accomplishment of the man, all made ludicrous, fantastical, and absurd, by his intense vanity, is as true a conception as it is original and droll, and its truth may still be frequently attested by actual comparison with real Malvolios, to be found everywhere, from humble domestic life up to the high places of learning, of the state, and even of the church. Sir Toby certainly comes out of the same associations where the Poet saw Falstaff hold his revels. He is not Sir John, nor a fainter sketch of him, yet with an odd sort of family likeness to him. Dryden and other dramatists have felicitated themselves upon success in grouping together their comic underplots with their more heroic personages. But here, all, grave and gay, the lovers, the laughers, and the laughed-at, are made to harmonize in one scene and one common purpose. I cannot help adding—though perhaps it may be a capricious over-refinement—that to my mind this comedy resembles MACBETH, in one of the marked characteristics of that great drama; appearing, like it, to have been struck out at a heat, as if the whole plot, its characters and dialogue, had presented themselves at

once, in one harmonious group, before the "mind's eye" of the Poet, previously to his actually commencing the formal business of writing, and bearing no indication either of an original groundwork of incident, afterwards enriched by the additions of a fuller mind, or of thoughts, situations, and characters accidentally suggested, or growing unexpectedly out of the story, as the author proceeded.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

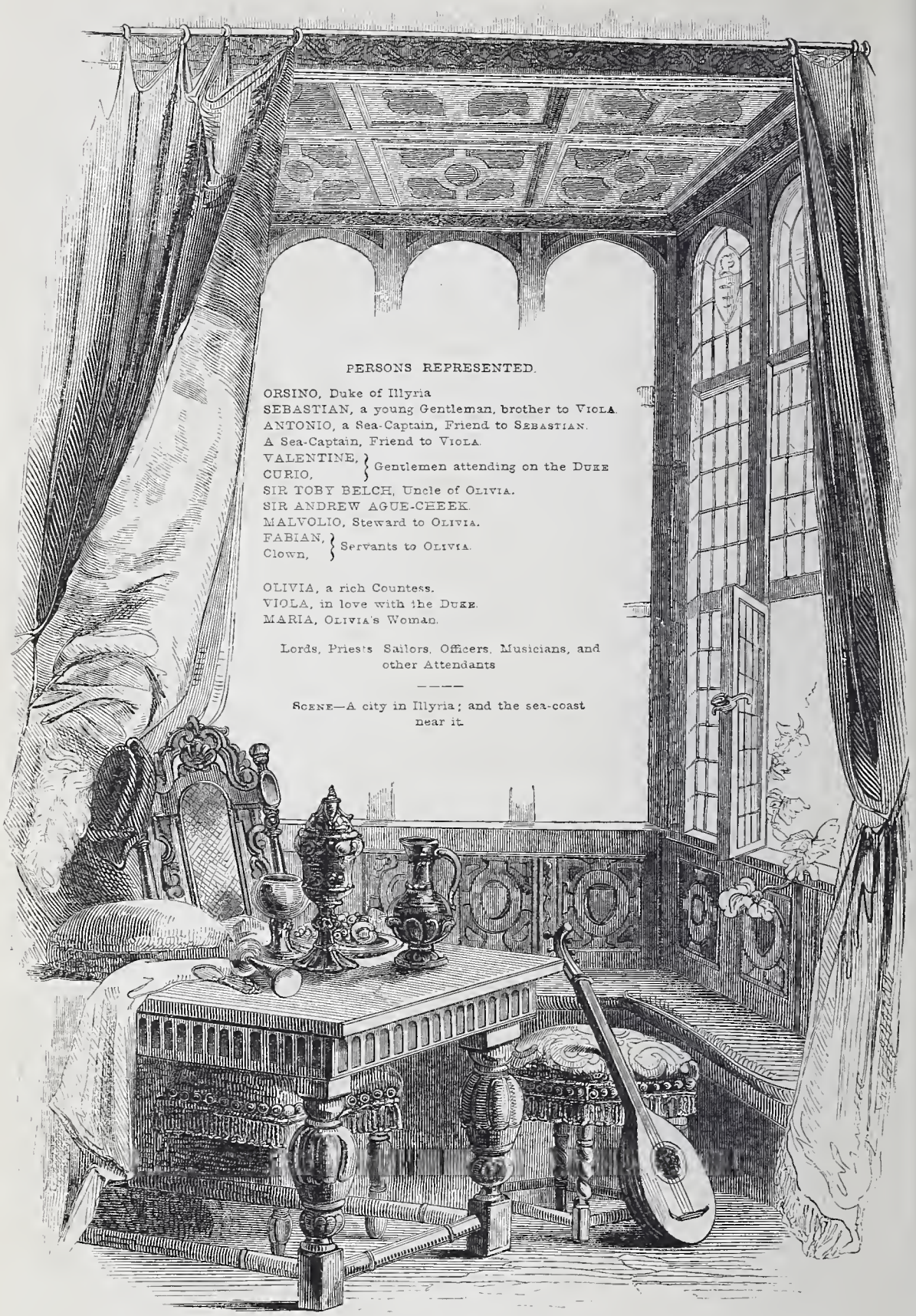
The Shakespearian critics of the present century have been very industrious in their endeavours to trace out the source of the plot of the TWELFTH NIGHT. I abridge, from Mr. Collier, the substance of their researches and discoveries. It is, however, very obvious that though there were several tales and plays founded on incidents similar to the story of Viola, yet Shakespeare has borrowed nothing from them of character, situation, or imagery, and is indeed in no way indebted to them, beyond the suggestion of the leading ideas of a resembling twin, brother and sister, their separation, and the heroine being disguised as a page, and living in the service of a prince whom she passionately loves, and who loves another. Several authors had used these materials, and he must have read all or most of them, so that the recollection of these incidents somewhat mingled with his own invention or adaptation of the main plot; but there is nothing in the comedy that looks at all like the adopting and translating any particular original, still less like compiling from more than one. There is no verbal trace of any obligation to any of them, such as have been pointed out in ROMEO AND JULIET to Brooke's poem, and such as in fact he never disdained to use whenever it would add to the effect of his work. But here he selected for the groundwork of his plot two or three incidents which he knew to be familiar and pleasing to his audience, and possessing a certain dramatic or romantic interest; and beyond this he owes nothing to those who had worked on the same materials.

"Several originals of TWELFTH NIGHT, in English, French, and Italian, have been pointed out, nearly all of them discovered within the present century. A voluminous and various author, of the name of Barnabe Rich, who had been brought up a soldier, published a volume, called 'Rich his Farewell to Military Profession,' without date, but between the years 1578 and 1581. It contains a novel entitled 'Apolonius and Silla,' which has many points of resemblance to Shakespeare's comedy. Rich derived his chief materials from the Italian of Bandello, or from the French of Belleforest. In Bandello it forms the thirty-sixth novel of the *Seconda Parte*, where it bears the subsequent title:—'*Nicucla, innamorata di Latantio, và à servirlo vestita da paggio; e dopo molti casi seco si marita; e ciò che ad un suo fratello avvenne.*' In the collection by Belleforest, (Paris, 1572,) it is headed as follows:—'*Comme une fille Romaine, se vestant en page, servist long temps un sien amy sans estre cogneue, et depuis l'eust à mary, avec autres divers discours.*' Belleforest adopts the names of Bandello, but abridges or omits many of the speeches and some portions of the narrative: what in Bandello occupies several pages is often included by Belleforest in a single paragraph.

"Upon the novel by Bandello two Italian plays were composed, which were printed, and have come down to our time. The title of one of these is given by Manningham, where he says that Shakespeare's TWELFTH NIGHT was 'most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*.' It was first acted in 1547, and was printed in 1582, when it bore the title of '*Gl' Inganni Commedia del Signor N. S.*' The other Italian drama, founded upon Bandello's novel, bears this title:—'*Gl' Ingannati Commedia degl' Accademici Intronati di Siena*,' which was several times printed. Whether our great dramatist saw either of these pieces before he wrote his TWELFTH NIGHT, may admit of doubt. It might seem as if it were a matter understood, at the time TWELFTH NIGHT was acted at the Temple, on Feb. 2, 1602, that it was founded upon the '*Inganni*.' There is no indication in the MS. Diary that the writer of it was versed in Italian literature, and '*Gl' Inganni*' might at that day be a known comedy of which it was believed Shakespeare had availed himself.

"To '*Gl' Ingannati*,' as respects its similarity of construction with TWELFTH NIGHT, attention was first directed by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his 'Disquisition on Shakespeare's TEMPEST.' '*Gl' Ingannati*' follows Bandello's novel with more exactness than '*Gl' Inganni*,' though both change the names of the parties; and here we have the important feature that the heroine, called Lelia, (disguised as Fabio,) is a page to Flamminio, with whom she is in love, but who is in love with a lady named Isabella. Lelia, as in Shakespeare, is employed by Flamminio to forward his suit with Isabella.

"The likeness between '*Gl' Ingannati*' and TWELFTH NIGHT is, in some points, stronger than that between '*Gl' Inganni*' and Shakespeare's drama; but to neither can we say, with any degree of certainty, that our great dramatist resorted, although he had perhaps read both, when he was considering the best mode of adapting to the stage the incidents of Bandello's novel. There is no hint, in any source yet discovered, for the smallest portion of the comic business of TWELFTH NIGHT. In both the Italian dramas it is of the most homely and vulgar materials, by the intervention of empirics, braggarts, pedants, and servants, who deal in the coarsest jokes and the grossest buffoonery. Shakespeare shows his infinite superiority in each department: in the more serious portion of his drama he employed the incidents furnished by predecessors as the mere scaffolding for the erection of his own beautiful edifice; and for the comic scenes, combining so admirably with, and assisting so importantly in the progress of the main plot, he seems, as usual, to have drawn merely upon his own interminable resources."



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria
SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman, brother to VIOLA.
ANTONIO, a Sea-Captain, Friend to SEBASTIAN.
A Sea-Captain, Friend to VIOLA.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } Gentlemen attending on the DUKE
SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle of OLIVIA.
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, Steward to OLIVIA.
FABIAN, Clown, } Servants to OLIVIA.

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the DUKE.
MARIA, OLIVIA's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants

SCENE—A city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.





SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *Lords; Musicians attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on:
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough! no more:
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O, spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence:
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now! what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:—
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her: when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,) with one self king.—
Away, before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, *Captain, and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—what think you, sailors?



ACT I. SCENE 2.—This is Illyria, lady.

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.
Vio. O, my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company,
And sight of men.
Vio. O! that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.
Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain,
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pr'ythee, (and I'll pay thee bounteously,)
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid

For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only, shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What,



Act. I. Scene 3.—PARISH-TOP.

wench! *Castiliano vulgo;* for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again!

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.



Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. O knight! thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for, thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff,

and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a damask-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul;
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her:
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow,
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O! then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it,
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair.—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will, for I myself am best,
When least in company.—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady:—[*Aside.*]—yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter MARIA, *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay; either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely; you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA, *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest: if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum:* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such

a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him!—[*Exit* MARIA.]—Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. —[*Exit* MALVOLIO.]—Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains; for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here.—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink: he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep: he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly: one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty.—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, begone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the

olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. We will hear this divinity.—[*Exit* MARIA.]—Now, sir; what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I was this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir: 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O! such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense:
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O! you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord:
I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman."—I'll be sworn thou art:
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague.
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho! Malvolio.—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so! [*Exit.*



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore, I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy; but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in: therefore, it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but, you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio! forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*



Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there;
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir: on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this: receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir; you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring? why, he sent her none.
I am the man:—if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe.
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on: there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me, too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. *O, mistress mine! where are you roaming?*
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou Knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians;

Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!" [*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. "O! the twelfth day of December,"— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Snick up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O! no, no, no, no, you dare not."



Sir To. Out o' tune!—Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir: rub your chain with crumbs.—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us: tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan! thy exquisite reason, dear knight!

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse, now, would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass I doubt not.

Sir And. O! 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come: I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends.—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come; but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* CURIO.—*Music.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then, let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas! that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, *and Clown.*

Duke. O, fellow! come, the song we had last night.—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music.*

THE SONG.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it:
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit Clown.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—[*Exeunt* CURIO *and Attendants.*]—Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much: they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,—
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought:
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly, rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue;—shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—How now, my metal of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting!—[*The men hide themselves.*]—Lie thou there;—[*Throws down a letter.*]—for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.—

Sir To. Peace! I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio.—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace! peace!

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace! peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace!



Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech."—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight."

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One Sir Andrew."

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. [*Seeing the letter.*] What employment have we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. [*Taking up the letter.*] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*; and thus makes she her great *P's*. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's:* Why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads.*]

"Jove knows, I love;
But who?
Lips do not move:
No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows? the number's altered.—"No man must know:"—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads.*]

"I may command, where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel checks at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this.—And the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I.—

Sir To. O! ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio:—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel, that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O! shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I:—this simulation is not as the former;—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[*Reads.*]—"If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state: put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The fortunate-unhappy."

Day-light and champaign discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised! here is yet a postscript.—[*Reads.*]—"Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee."—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Enter MARIA.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and Clown.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir; I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain: they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun: it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold; there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee: I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir: 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say element, but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art;
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit,
But wise men's folly fall'n quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.



Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia, *and* Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odours!" well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed:"—I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt* Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, *and* Maria.

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.—

Oli. O! by your leave, I pray you:
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf?
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward ho!
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship.
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom: give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me: I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour: challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo.* Go.
[*Exit* Sir ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis: I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befal your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys



I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not, then, walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA, *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says, he'll come.
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam; he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles ridiculously.*

Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;"—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so:"—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him.—[*Exit Servant.*]—Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;—"be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;"—and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no drachm of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so!

Sir To. Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace: this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers: good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you; he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.—[*Reads.*]—"Youth; whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."



Fab. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. "I will way-lay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK." If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now, will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece. Give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt* Sir TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on't.
There's something in me that reproves my fault,
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here; wear this jewel for me: 'tis my picture.
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you;
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny,
That, honour sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard

end. Dismount thy tuck; be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir: I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady: I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit* Sir Toby.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, *with* Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil, I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on't. This shall end without the perdition of souls.—[*Aside.*]—Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian, *and* Viola.

I have his horse—[*To* Fab.]—to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him;—[*To* Sir Toby.]—and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir:—[*To* Viola.]—he will fight with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore, draw for the supportance of his vow: he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more.
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O, good sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir; put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir:—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man: do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot: I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away: he knows, I know him well.

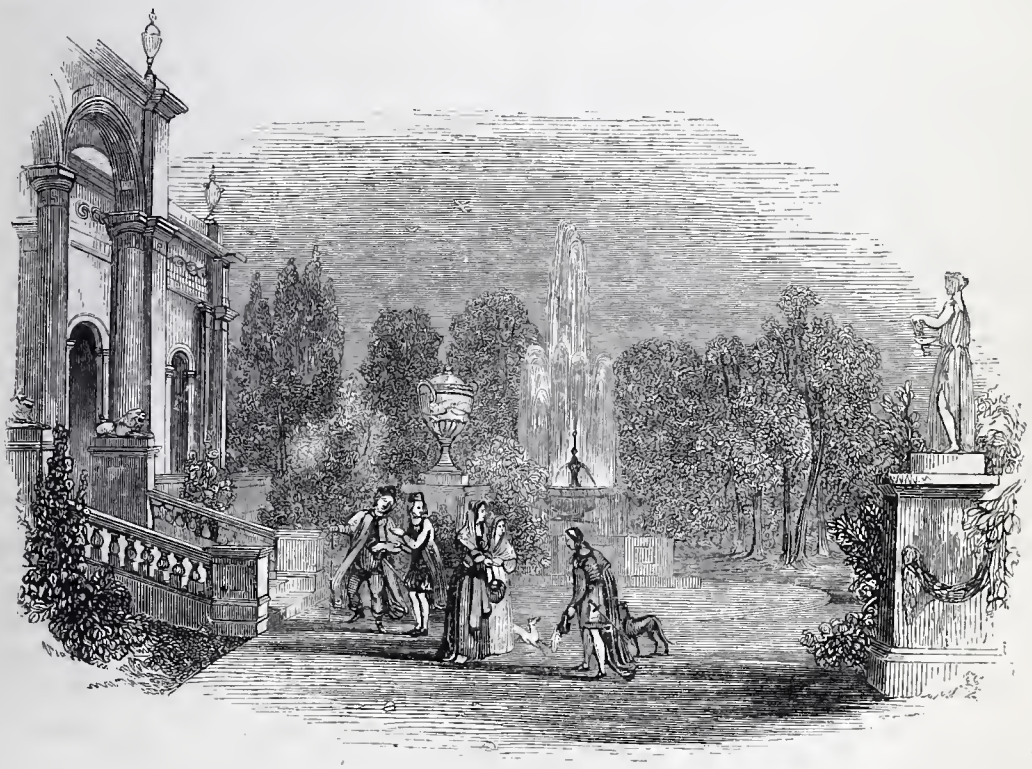
Ant. I must obey.—[*To* Viola.]—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy: I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myself. You stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

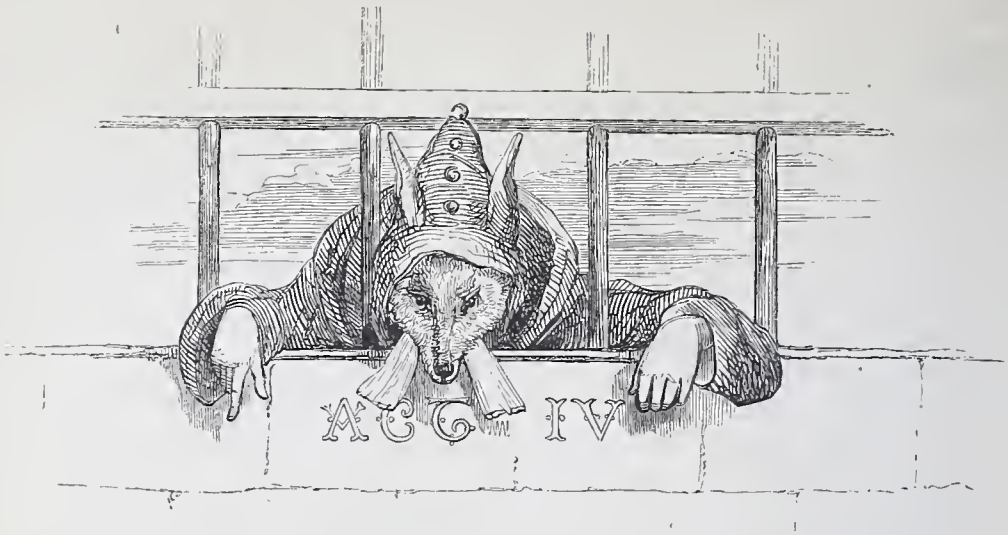
Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something. My having is not much:

I'll make division of my present with you.
Hold, there's half my coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Ant. O, heavens themselves!
2 *Off.* Come, sir: I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth, that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by: away!
Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.
1 *Off.* The man grows mad: away with him!
Come, come, sir.
Ant. Lead me on.
[*Exeunt Officers, with* ANTONIO.
Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O! prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O! if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*
Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.
Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.
Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.
Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.
Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*
Fab. Come, let's see the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.



ACT III. SCENE 1.—Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you



SCENE I.—*The Street before* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, *and Clown.*

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me.
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad? [*Beating* Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.
[*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, sir: hold!
[*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed. Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'st thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what! Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.
[*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby! on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam—

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt* Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil, and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O! say so, and so be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter MARIA, *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard: make him believe thou art sir Topas, the curate: do it quickly; I'll call sir Toby the whilst.
[*Exit* MARIA.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, "That, that is, is;" so I, being master parson, am master parson, for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho! I say.—Peace in this prison.

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there? 33—1



Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man. Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas! sir Topas!—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas.

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard, and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt* Sir TOBY *and* MARIA.

Clo. "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does."

[*Singing.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,*
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does. There's something in't,
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA, *and a Priest.*

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!
[*Exeunt.*





ACT V

SCENE I.—*The Street before* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter Clown, and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me: now, my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O! you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter ANTONIO, *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd,
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war.
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me;
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.



Enter Olivia, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth!—
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly.—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come boy, with me: my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me! detested? how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father? [*Exit an Attendant.*

Duke. Come away. [*To* Viola.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Cesario: take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant, with the Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?



Oli. O! do not swear:
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broken.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings! here he is.—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the Clown.*

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more:
but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Sir To. That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O! he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone: his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help? An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave! a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown*, Sir TOBY, *and* Sir ANDREW.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio! O, my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.—
[*To* VIOLA.]—Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day, when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O! that record is lively in my soul.
He finished, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds: by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.
Seb. So comes it, lady,—[*To* OLIVIA.]—you have been mistook;
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd:
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy,—[*To* VIOLA.]—thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent, the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.
Oli. He shall enlarge him.—Fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

How does he, sirrah?
Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do. He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.
Oli. Open it, and read it.
Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—[*Reads.*]—"By the Lord, madam,"—
Oli. How now! art thou mad?
Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.
Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.
Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.
Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.
Fab. [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on: with the which I doubt not but to do myself much



right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

"The madly-used MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian: bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.—
[*To* VIOLA.] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister:—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people?
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character;
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one.—"By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;"—But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:" And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls:—mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man,
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

CLOWN SINGS.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.





(Middle-Temple Hall, London.)

NOTES ON TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"— *it had a* DYING FALL"—By 'fall' is meant *cadence*, (from *cado*,) a musical term, signifying the close of a passage or phrase, and which commonly includes the transition from a dissonant to a consonant sound; or, in the language of Lord Bacon, (*Sylva Sylvarum*,) 'the falling from a discord to a concord, which maketh great sweetnesse in musicke.' Milton, in 'Comus,' uses the word in the same sense as Shakespeare; and Pope, in his 'Ode to St. Cecilia's Day,' has 'dying fall.' 'Dying' probably means a diminution of sound, technically expressed *diminuendo*."—Knight.

"— *like the sweet* SOUTH"—I have, not without hesitation, retained in the text Pope's beautiful and ingenious conjectural reading. The original has, "the sweet *sound* that breathes," etc.; which cannot well be denied to be possibly the word used by one so bold in the application of poetical language as Shakespeare. Rowe, startled at the boldness of it, suggested *wind* for *sound*; but Pope, presuming a very natural typographical error, (*sound* for *south*,) offered a new and beautiful thought, which has been approved by the commentators, except Douce and Knight. The latter retains the old reading, and thus maintains it:—

"— *like the sweet* SOUND—To those who are familiar with the well-known text—

O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet *south*—

the restoration of the word *sound* will appear strange and startling. But let us consider whether Shakespeare was most likely to have written *sound* or *south*, which involves the question of which is the better word. Stevens tells us that the thought might have been borrowed from Sidney's 'Arcadia,' (book i.,) and he quotes a part of the passage. We must look, however, at the context. Sidney writes, 'Her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer.' The comparison is here direct. The sweet breath of Urania is more sweet than the gentle south-west wind. Sidney adds, 'and yet is nothing, compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth carry.' The music of the speech is not here compared with the music of the wind—the notion of fragrance is alone conveyed. If in the passage of the text we read *south* instead of *sound*, the conclusion of the sentence, 'Stealing, and giving odour,' rests upon the mind; and the comparison becomes an indirect one between the harmony of the dying fall and the odour of the breeze that had passed over a bank of violets. This, we think, is not what the Poet meant. He desired to compare one sound with another sound. Milton had probably this passage in view when he wrote—

——— Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and *whisper* whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.

The image in Milton, as well as in Shakespeare, combines the notion of sound as well as fragrance. In

Shakespeare, 'the sound that breathes'—the soft murmur of the breeze playing amid beds of flowers—is put first, because of the 'dying fall' of the exquisite harmony; but in Milton the 'perfumes' of the 'gentle gales' are more prominent than 'the whisper'—because the image is complete in itself, unconnected with what precedes. Further, Shakespeare has nowhere else made the *south* an odour-breathing wind; his other representations are directly contrary. In As You Like It, Rosalind says—

> You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
> Like *foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?*

In Romeo and Juliet, we have the 'dew-dropping *south*.' In Cymbeline, 'the *south-fog* rot him.' We prefer, therefore, on all accounts, to hold to the original text."

"— *what* validity"—i. e. *Value*.

"— *my desires, like fell and cruel hounds*"—"This image evidently alludes to the story of Actæon, by which Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Actæon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn in pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who, indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his 'Wisdom of the Ancients,' supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing that those who know that which for reasons of state should be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants."—Johnson.

"— *kill'd the* flock"—Sir P. Sidney, in his "Arcadia," (1590,) as Stevens observes, has a similar expression—"the *flock* of unspeakable virtues;" meaning, of course, the *assemblage* of them. Collier adds that this passage occurs in the "Arcadia" just below one already quoted, respecting "the sweet south"—a confirmation of that reading.

"(*Her sweet perfections,*)"—"Stevens thus explains this passage:—'Liver, brain, and heart are admitted, in poetry, as the residence of passions, judgment, and sentiments. These are what Shakespeare calls her sweet perfections.' This is doubtless a mistaken interpretation. The phrase ought probably to be, 'Her sweet *perfection*.' The filling of the 'sovereign throne' with 'one self king' is the *perfection* of Olivia's merits—according to the ancient doctrine that a woman was not complete till her union with a 'self king.' In Lord Berners's translation of 'Froissart,' there is a sentence which glances at the same opinion. The rich Berthoult of Malines is desirous to marry his daughter to the noble Earl of Guerles; and he thus communes with himself:—'Howbeit, I will answer these messengers that their coming pleaseth me greatly, and that my daughter should be happy if she might come to so great a *perfection* as to be conjoined in marriage with the Earl of Guerles.'"—Knight.

"— *with one* self king"—Many editors adopt a reading of the second folio, *self-same*, as improving the metre. But all dramatic metre is modified by emphasis. Here the sense leads to a strong emphasis on *one*, and the line thus read does not halt in its metre. "Self" seems used for *sèlf-same*, as in Lear—"I am made of that self metal as my sister," etc.; and elsewhere.

Scene II.

"— those *poor number*"—Shakespeare uses "number" as the plural: this was a peculiarity of antique phraseology, which, unless we choose to modernize him throughout, we have no right to alter (with Malone and others) to *that*.

> "— *she hath abjur'd the* company,
> *And* sight *of men.*"

In all the old copies the passage stands as follows:—

> They say she hath abjur'd the sight,
> And company of men.

The alteration, making "sight" and "company" change places, was by Hanmer; and it is for the better, both in metre and sense. Olivia has abjured not only the "company," but even the "sight" of men. Knight adheres to the older reading.

Scene III.

"— *as* tall *a man*"—i. e. As *valiant* a man. "As *tall* a man" is used here by Sir Toby with more than the usual license of the word. He was pleased with the equivoque, and banters upon the diminutive stature of poor Sir Andrew, and his utter want of courage.

"— *the* viol-de-gamboys"—Meaning, of course, the *viol-di-gambo*—an instrument then much in use.

"— *a* coystril"—"Coystril" was a term applied to certain menial servants, formerly the usual attendants upon the body-guard of the monarch. Hollingshed thus designates the unwarlike followers of an army. A "coystril," or *kestrel*, in falconry, (says Nares,) is sometimes wrongly used for the name of a worthless, mongrel kind of hawk.

"— *like a* parish-top"—The "parish-top" was a large *top*, formerly kept in each village, for the peasants to whip, by way of exercise and amusement.

"— *Castiliano* vulgo"—Warburton supposed that "vulgo" should be printed *volto*, and that Maria was to put on a Castilian, or grave countenance, on the approach of Sir Andrew. Hall, in his "Satires," describes his man of forms as making "a Spanish face." This is doubtless the allusion; but Sir Toby blunders in his Spanish, as he has just done in his "viol-de-gamboys."

"The old copy reads, Castiliano *vulgo*. Warburton proposed reading, *Castiliano volto*. In English, 'Put on your Castilian countenance'—i. e. grave serious looks. I have no doubt that Warburton was right, for that reading is required by the context, and Castiliano *vulgo* has no meaning. But I have met with a passage in Hall's 'Satires' which, I think, places it beyond a doubt:—

> —— he can kiss his hand in gree,
> And with good grace bow it below the knee,
> Or make a *Spanish face* with fawning cheer,
> With th' Iland conge like a cavalier,
> And shake his head, and cringe his neck and side, etc.

The Spaniards were in high estimation for courtesy, though the natural gravity of the national countenance was thought to be a cloak for villany. The *Castiliano volto* was in direct opposition to the *viso sciolto*, which the noble Roman told Sir Henry Wootton would go safe over the world. Castiliano *vulgo*, besides its want of connection or meaning in this place, could hardly have been a proverbial phrase, when we remember that Castile is the *noblest* part of Spain."—Singer.

This is probably enough the meaning intended; but this edition has not deviated from the old reading, because it looks as if the author meant that Sir Toby should make an accidental or intentional blunder—just as he does as to the *viol-de-gamboys*, using of choice the vulgar corruption.

"Accost, *Sir Andrew*"—Sir Andrew did not understand the word "accost;" and since the time of Dryden, who employs it, the use of it in this sense is rare. Sir Toby afterwards explains it, "front her, board her," etc. "Accost" is from the French *accoster*, and means, strictly, to come *side by side*, and more generally to *approach*.

"— *bring your* hand *to the* buttery-bar"—The "buttery" was the place from which meat and drink were formerly delivered. To have a dry hand was formerly considered a symptom of debility, as Stevens shows, by various quotations.

"— *mistress* Mall's *picture*"—The name of this woman was Mary Frith. She was in the habit of wear-

ing men's clothes, and obtained extraordinary celebrity in connection with many low characters of the time. Her picture might be curtained, either because it was considered indecent, or simply, as sir Toby says, to preserve it from the dust. Her death occurred in 1659, and in 1662 her "Life and Death" was published. John Day, the dramatist, wrote a tract upon her "mad pranks," which was entered at Stationers' Hall in August, 1610; but it is not known to have been printed. Possibly, her "Life and Death" (1662) was only Day's tract with additions. All the known particulars regarding her have been collected by the Rev. Mr. Dyce, in his introduction to Decker's and Middleton's comedy, the "Roaring Girl," (1611,) which has a wood-cut of the heroine upon the title-page.

"— *a* GALLIARD"—A lively *dance*. "A lighter and more stirring kind of dancing than the pavan," says Morley, a contemporary of Shakespeare; who adds—"The Italians make their galliards plain, and frame ditties to them, which, in their *mascaradoes*, they sing and dance, and manie times without any instrumeuts."

"— *a* CORANTO" (*courante*)—A quick dance, as the word indicates, and for two persons, according to Mersenne, ("Harmonie Universelle," 1636.) Morley describes it as "traversing and running, as our country-dance, but hath twice as much in a straiu."

"— *a* SINK-A-PACE"—i. e. *Cinque-pace*—"the name of a dance, (says Sir John Hawkius,) the measures whereof are regulated by the number five." In an old Italian work, "Il Ballerino," (1531,) this dance is described as consisting of four steps and a cadence; and, according to Sir John Davis, in his poem on "Dancing"—

> Five was the number of the music's feet,
> Which still the dance did with five paces meet.

"— *a* DAMASK-COLOURED STOCK"—"*Dam'd* coloured stock," or *stocking*, is the reading of the original editions. Pope altered it to "*flame-coloured*," which is the common reading. We have preferred Knight's reading, both because it is nearer to the old copy, and therefore more likely to have been misprinted, and because "damask-coloured" is a phrase used by Drayton, in the same age; and in this play we have *damask cheek*.

"TAURUS? *that's sides and heart*"—"Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular constellatious."—JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

"— *a* BARFUL *strife*"—i. e. A struggle on my part *full of bars*, or impediments.

SCENE V.

"*Enter Maria, and* CLOWN"—The Clown in this play, as well as in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, is the domestic fool, or jester. In AS YOU LIKE IT, he is the court-fool. All three wore "motley."

"—*fear no* COLOURS"—Maria explains the saying in one way—it was born in the wars; referring to the colours of an enemy. It probably meant—I fear no deceptions. Holofernes says, "I do fear colourable colours." (LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, act iv. scene 2.)

"— *your* GASKINS *fall*"—"Gaskins" were large *breeches*, or hose. Maria puns upon the word "points," which were the tags at the ends of strings, used to fasten or sustain the dress, before the common use of buttous.

"— CUCULLUS NON FACIT MONACHUM"—"The cowl does not constitute the monk."

"— *Mercury endue thee with* LEASING"—The sense is not very clear. Johnson says that it is, "May Mercury teach thee to *lie*, since thou liest in favour of fools." Warburton would read *pleasing*, and Hanmer substitutes *learning;* but Johnson's interpretation seems to be the true one. The Clown means to say, that unless Olivia lied she could not "speak well of fools;" consequently, he prays Mercury to endue her with "leasing," or *lying*.

"— *like a* SHERIFF'S POST"—The posts at the doors of sheriffs, on which originally proclamations and placards were exhibited, are very often meutioned in writers of the time.

"— *as a* SQUASH *is before 'tis a* PEASCOD"—The vegetable, familiarly known to us under the name of "squash," was not known in England in James the First's reign; and the term meant only an unripe *pod* of *peas*. It is thus used again in the WINTER'S TALE.

"— *a* CODLING *when 'tis almost an* APPLE"—A "codling" (according to Mr. Gifford) means an *involucrum*, or *kell*, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate shape. Mr. Nares says, a "codling" was a *young raw apple*, fit for nothing without dressing: and that it is so uamed because it was chiefly eaten when *coddled*, or scalded—codlings being particularly so used when unripe. Florio interprets—"Mele cotte; *quodlings*, boiled apples."

"— *very* COMPTIBLE"—"Comptible" is *accountable;* and here seems to mean *subject to*, or sensitive of, "the least sinister usage."

"— *I am to* HULL *here*"—Viola follows up Maria's sea-phrase, aud tells her that she is to lie there a little longer. To "hull" is to remain "driven to and fro by the waves," as it is expressed in a passage iu Philemon Holland's "Translation of Pliny," (1601.)

"— *beauty truly* BLENT"—i. e. *Blended*. So, iu the MERCHANT OF VENICE, we have—

> Where every something, being *blent* together,
> Turns to a wild of nothing.

"— *leave the world no copy*"—Shakespeare has expressed the same thought iu his Ninth, Eleventh, aud Thirteenth "Sonnets."

"— *loyal* CANTONS"—"Cantons" was the old English word for *canto*. Heywood, in his "Great Britain's Troy," (1609,) calls the seventeen divisions of his poem "cantons."

"*I am no* FEE'D POST"—I am no paid messenger.

"— *that same* PEEVISH *messenger*"—Another instance, out of many, to prove that in the time of Shakespeare, and earlier, "peevish" did not mean *petulant*, or *testy*, but *silly*, or *foolish*. In this place Olivia may wish Malvolio not to perceive that she takes any interest about so insignificant a person as "the county's man."

"— *ourselves we do not* OWE"—i. e. *Own*, as in many other places. The meaning, as Malone remarks, is—"we are not our own masters."

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"— ESTIMABLE *wonder*"—"Shakespeare often confounds the active and passive adjectives. '*Estimable* wonder' is *esteeming* wonder, or wonder and esteem. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think so highly as others of his sister."—JOHNSON.

Thus Milton uses "unexpressive" notes, for *unexpressible*, in his "Hymn on the Nativity."

"*If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant*"—"These words are uttered by Antonio to Sebastian, whom he has saved from drowning. The commentators offer no explanation of them; but we think that they have a latent meaning, and that they allude to a superstition of which Sir Walter Scott has made such admirable use in the 'Pirate.' Our readers will remember that, when Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from 'the breach of the sea,' and is endeavouring to restore

the animation of the perishing man, he is thus reproved by Bryce, the pedlar:—'Are you mad? you, that have lived so long in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?' Sir Walter Scott has a note upon this passage:—

"'It is remarkable that, in an archipelago where so many persons must be necessarily endangered by the waves, so strange and inhuman a maxim should have engrafted itself upon the minds of a people otherwise kind, moral, and hospitable. But all with whom I have spoken agree that it was almost general in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy, and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors. There is little doubt it had been originally introduced as an excuse for suffering those who attempted to escape from the wreck to perish unassisted, so that, there being no survivor, she might be considered as lawful plunder.'

"It appears to us, however, if we mistake not the meaning of our text, 'if you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant,' that the superstition was not confined to the Orkneys, in the time of Shakespeare. Why should Sebastian murder Antonio for his love, if this superstition were not alluded to? Indeed, the answer of Sebastian distiuctly refers to the office of humanity which Antonio had rendered him, and appears to glance at the superstition as if he perfectly understood what Antonio meant—'If you will not undo what you have done, that is, *kill him whom you have recovercd*, desire it not.' The vulgar opinion is here reversed."—KNIGHT.

SCENE II.

"—RECEIVE *it so*"—i. e. *Understand*, or *take* it so, without reference to the ring. Viola follows it up by expressing surprise at what Malvolio had said about the ring, which she had never seen till then.

"—*the* PROPER FALSE"—"Proper" is here *handsomc*, as in OTHELLO—

> This Ludovico is a *proper* man.

This adjective is compounded with "false" in the same way that we subsequently have *beauteous-evil*.

"—*such as we are made* OF, *such we be*"—The folios read, "For such as we are made, *if* such we be." I cannot perceive that this gives any satisfactory sense, and have adopted Tyrwhitt's correction—*of* for *if*—thus gaining a natural sense, expressed in a phrase of the Poet's manner, as in the TEMPEST—"such stuff as dreams are made *of*." Knight and Collier, however, retain and defend the old reading, which is said to allow the following sense:—"How easy is it (says Viola) for handsome false men to set their forms in the waxen hearts of women; for which, alas! our frailty is the cause, not ourselves, inasmuch as we are made such as we are, if indeed we be such."

"—FADGE"—To *suit*, to *agree*. Drayton has—

> With flattery my muse could never *fadge*.

SCENE III.

"—DILUCULO SURGERE"—*Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*—"'Tis healthiest to rise early." This well-known adage Shakespeare found in Lily's "Grammar;" the manual of his age.

"—*a* STOOP *of wine*"—The word "stoop," says Reed, is derived from the Belgic, and is equivalent to a measure of two quarts.

"—*the picture of* WE THREE"—An allusion to an old print, formerly a favourite ornament of the room-walls of country alehouses. It represented *two* only, but, underneath, the rustic connoisseur read this complimentary inscription—"We *three* are asses;" or the more refined and metrical one—

> We three
> Loggerheads be.

"—*an excellent* BREAST"—"Breast" and *voice* were of old synonymous, and it is, therefore, not nccessary to substitute *breath*, as some have recommended.

"—*for thy* LEMAN"—The word is spelled *lemon* in the old copies, and Collier supposes the meaning may be, that Sir Andrew sent the Clown sixpence in return for, or to buy a lemon. But it is clear enough that Sir Andrew sent the sixpence to the Clown's sweetheart. "Leman" has been differently derived—from *l'aimant*, (Fr.) or, more probably, from the Saxon *leof*, (dear,) and *man*. But its sense in Old-English is familiar for a lover, or mistress.

"—IMPETICOS *thy* GRATILLITY"—"This is evidently a touch of the fantastic language which the Clown continually uses. Johnson would read—'I did impetticoat thy gratuity." No doubt we understand it so. But then comes a grave discussion among the commentators, whether the Clown put the sixpence in his own petticoat or gave it to his leman. Dr. Johnson says, with great candour and wisdom—"There is much in this dialogue which I do not understand." And we are content to plead his sanction in not entering upon this recondite question of the petticoat; in leaving unexplained the still more abstruse histories of 'Pigrogromitus' and the 'Vapians;' and in giving up the riddle why 'the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.'"—KNIGHT.

"—*a song of* GOOD LIFE"—i. e. A "civil and virtuous song," as it is called in the "Mad Pranks, etc., of Robin Good-fellow," in opposition to a "love-song."

"*They sing a catch*"—This "catch" is contained in Ravenscroft's "Deuteromelia," (1609,) where the air is given to the following words:—

> Hold thy peace, and I pr'ythee hold thy peace,
> Thou knave, thou knave! hold thy peace, thou knave.

"It appears to be so contrived," says Sir John Hawkins, "that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."

"—*a* CATAIAN"—It is not easy to explain this term of reproach, nor is it of much consequence. Stevens supposes it to mean a cheat, or a thief. "Cataian" is found in Davenant's "Love and Honour," in the sense of *sharper*. Cathay was the old name of China.

"—*a* PEG-A-RAMSEY"—Sir Toby grows more musical as he grows more mellow. His allusions are all to songs and tunes, some not of the most decorous character, on which much learning will be found in the commentators.

"—COZIERS' *catches*"—i. e. *Botchers'* "catches." A "cozier" meant either a tailor or a cobbler. Minshew says that it is a cobbler; but it is, in fact, any person engaged in *scwing*—from the Fr. *coudre*.

"—*Snick up*"—A term of contempt, of which the precise meaning is lost. Stevens would derive it from "sneak-up," applied to the Prince (HENRY IV., part i.) by Falstaff, and such may have been its origin; but it became afterwards equivalent to the phrase "Go and hang yourself," or "Go and be hanged."

"*Farewell, dear heart, since I must nceds be gone*"—In Percy's "Reliques," the ballad from which this line is taken is inscrted at length, from the "Golden Garland of Princely Delight." What is subsequently sung by Sir Toby and the Clown is a variation, for their purpose, of parts of the first two stanzas of the ballad.

"*Out o'* TUNE"—So all the old copies; but modern editors read, "Out of *time?*"—as if it were a question put to Malvolio, in reference to what he had said soon after his entrance. All that Sir Toby means is, that the Clown had sung out of tune. "Sir, ye lie!" is addressed to Malvolio with the purpose of affronting him.

"—*Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?*"—It was the custom, on saints' days and other holidays, to eat ginger-cakes and quaff ale. in their honour; and Malvolio, sometimes affeeting to be, as Maria says, "a kind of Puritan," may

be supposed to have censured this practice as superstitious, which the Puritans did.

"— *rub your chain with crumbs*"—"Stewards formerly wore gold chains, as a mark of distinction, and these chains were cleaned with crumbs. Nash, in his 'Have With You to Saffron Walden,' (1596,) charges Gabriel Harvey with having 'stolen a nobleman's *steward's chain*;' and in Webster's 'Dutchess of Malfy,' (1623,) occurs this passage—'Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to *scouer his gold chain*.'"—STEVENS.

"— *a* NAYWORD"—i. e. A *byeword*, says Stevens. Forby ("Vocabulary of East Anglia") defines it, "a byeword, a laughing-stock."

"— *an* AFFECTIONED *ass*"—i. e. An *affected* ass. "Affection" for *affectation* was common at the time.

"— *great* SWATHS"—i. e. Great *parcels*, or *heaps*. "Swaths" are the rows of grass left by the scythe of the mower.

"— PENTHESILEA"—"Penthesilea" was a celebrated queen of the Amazons, politely slain, in single combat, by Achilles.

"— *call me* CUT"—"Cut" (a docked or curtail horse) is a slang term of contempt, often used by the old dramatic writers. So, in the old comedy of "Gammer Gurtou's Needle," (act iii. scene 3,) "Thou slut! thou *cut!*"

SCENE IV.

"— *upon some* FAVOUR"—"Favour" is often used for *feature*, or *countenance*. In her reply, Viola plays upon the double meaning of the word—"a little, by your *favour*."

"*Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take*"—We learn from Mr. Collier that it was an opinion, confidently stated by Coleridge, in his lectures, in 1818, (of which only fragments are preserved in his printed works,) that this passage had a direct application to the circumstances of his own marriage with Anne Hathaway, who was so much senior to the Poet. Some of Shakespeare's biographers had previously enforced this notion, and others have since followed it up; but Coleridge took the opportunity of enlarging eloquently on the manner in which young poets have frequently connected themselves with women of very ordinary personal and mental attractions, the imagination supplying all deficiencies, clothing the object of affection with grace and beauty, and furnishing her with every accomplishment.



ACT II. SCENE 4.—The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones.

"— FREE *maids*"—i. e. "*Chaste* maids, employed in making lace. This passage has puzzled the commentators. Johnson says, '*free* is perhaps *vacant, unengaged, easy in mind*.' Stevens once thought it meant *unmarried;* then that it might mean *cheerful;* and at last concludes that 'its precise meaning cannot easily be pointed out.' Warton mentions, in his notes on 'L'Allegro' of Milton, that it was a common attribute of woman, coupled mostly with *fair;* but he did not venture upon an explanation. The following extracts will show that in our older language *free* was often used for *chaste, pure*. Thus Chaucer, in the 'Prioress's Tale:'—

O mother maide, O maide and mother *free*.—(Ver. 13397.)

——— This song, I have heard say
Was makid of our blisful Lady *free*.—(Ver. 13594.)

Wherefore I sing, and sing I mote certaine
In honour of that blisful maiden *free*.

"In the 'Speculum Vitæ' of Richard Rolle, (MS.,) it is thus applied to the Virgin Mary:—

For our Lorde wolde boren be
Of a weddid woman that was *fre*,
That was blessid Marye *mayde clene*.

The force of the word will be best understood by the following examples of its use, from the same poem:—

Wherfor God sais in the Gospelle,
Yf two of yow with hert *fre*, (i. e. pure,)
Accorden togethir with me,
Whatever ye of my fadir craue,
Withoute doute ye sal haue.

Again—

When he praied to God with hert *fre*.

"Its occurrence in Spenser, and our old 'Metrical Romances,' is so frequent, coupled with *fair*, that I am surprised it had not struck some of the commentators that *beauty* and *chastity* were the highest gifts with which the sex could be endowed; but Drayton uses it in his fourth 'Eclogue:'—

A daughter eleped Dowsabel, a maiden *fair* and *free*.

And Ben Jonson makes part of the praise he lavishes on Lucy, Countess of Bedford—

I meant to make her fair, and *free*, (i. e. chaste,) and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great."
SINGER.

"—*the* OLD AGE"—The "old age" is the *ages past*, the times of simplicity.

"—*sad* CYPRESS"—"There is a doubt whether a *coffin* of cypress-wood, or a *shroud* of cypress, be here meant. The 'sad cypress-tree' was anciently associated, as it is still, with funereal gloom, and was probably used for coffins. The stuff called 'cypress,' (our *crape*,) which derives its name either from the island of Cyprus, or from the French *crêspe*, was also connected with mournful images. In a subsequent scene of this play, Olivia says—

—— a *cyprus*, not a bosom,
Hides my heart.

In the WINTER'S TALE, Autolycus reckons among his wares—

Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as e'er was crow.

In Ben Jonson's 'Epigrams,' we have '*solemn* cypress' as opposed to 'cobweb-lawn.' It is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary, to decide the question; for the sentiment is the same, whichever meaning we receive."—KNIGHT.

"—*thy mind is a very* OPAL"—An "opal" is a stone of various colours, according to the light in which it is seen. The Clown wishes the duke to have his dress made to correspond with his mind.

"*A blank, my lord. She never told her love*"—Coleridge says, "After the first line the actress ought to make a pause, and then start afresh, from the activity of thought, born of suppressed feelings, and which thought had accumulated during the brief interval, as vital heat under the skin during a dip in cold water."

"—*like patience on a monument*"—Every reader who is willing to take the obvious sense would take this to mean, that the lady sat smiling at her grief, as Patience is represented in monumental sculpture. But some of the critics have imagined that the comparison is with a figure of Patience smiling at another of Grief, on the same monument. There seems no foundation for this refinement, but if the passage were at all ambiguous it would be cleared up by the use of this figure elsewhere. Thus, in PERICLES, we have—

—— Thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of art.

Middleton, in the same age, has—

Like one that's forced to smile upon a grief.

There is a passage in the beginning of the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, describing Phedra brooding over her secret love, which is singularly like this in thought, and in plaintive sweetness of melody and language. It is of course merely one of the coincidences of genius, for there is no reason to think that the "Hippolytus" could have been known to Shakespeare: it was reserved for Racine to transfer its spirit into his "Phedre"—the most beautiful production of the modern classic drama.

"—*bide no* DENAY"—i. e. *Denial*. "Denay" is often used as a verb, but there is no other instance in which it is converted into a substantive.

SCENE V.

"—*my* METAL *of India*"—So the original folio—*mettle*. The second folio has *nettle*, which is followed in many editions. "My metal of India" is, obviously, *my heart of gold, my precious girl*. My *nettle* of India is said to be a "zoophyte, called the *Urtica Marina*, abounding in the Indian seas." We cannot but ask, with Knight, "Was Sir Toby likely to use a common figure, or one so far-fetched? If Shakespeare had wished to call Maria a *stinging-nettle*, he would have been satisfied with naming the indigenous plant—as he has been in RICHARD II. and HENRY IV.,—without going to the Indian seas."

"—*how he* JETS"—To "jet" is to *strut*, or *swagger*; one of the commonest words in writers of the time.

"—*the lady of the* STRACHY"—"There is, doubtless, an allusion here to some popular story not now known; 'Strachy' (printed, or misprinted, in Italic in the original edition) being the name of some noble family, of which one of the female branches had condescended to marry a menial. Possibly that family was the Strozzi of Florence; and the copyist of Shakespeare's MS., not being able to read the word, wrote 'Strachy' for *Strozzi*, or *Strozzy*. On the other hand, Knight suggested that 'Strachy' was the *strategus*, or governor, of some province, whose widow had married below her rank. Warburton's conjecture of *Trachy*, from Thrace, and Stevens's notion about the *starchy*, connected with the laundry, are equally untenable. The meaning of Malvolio merely is, that a great lady had married a servant; and whether 'Strachy' be a corruption, or the real name given in the old story to which Shakespeare referred, is a matter of little consequence."—COLLIER.

"—*a* STONE-BOW"—A bow used for the purpose of discharging stones.

"—*a* DAY-BED"—"Day-beds," or *couches*, were a luxury among the rich in Shakespeare's time; and, according to a line of Spenser—

Some for untimely ease, some for delight.

"—*wind up my watch*"—Pocket-watches were first brought from Germany about the year 1580, so that in Shakespeare's time they were very uncommon.

"—*play with my—some rich jewel*"—So the old copy, but omitting the dash. Stevens understands "my some rich jewel" to mean, "some rich jewel of my own;" but it is more natural to suppose that Malvolio, having mentioned his watch, then a rarity, wishes to enumerate some other valuable in his possession, and pauses after "or play with my," following it up with the words "some rich jewel;" not being able on the sudden to name any one in particular.

"—*her great* P's."—"In the direction of the letter, which Malvolio reads, (says Stevens,) there is neither a *C* nor a *P* to be found." To this Ritson ingeniously answers, "From the usual custom of Shakespeare's age, we may easily suppose the whole direction to have run thus:—'*T*o the *U*nknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes,' with *C*are *P*resent."

"—*wax.—Soft*"—Malone contends that the word "Soft" applies to the wax, and is not an exclamation; Stevens shows that the wax used for letters, at this period, was not commonly "soft." There can be no doubt that "soft!" here is to be taken exactly in the same sense as "softly!" and "soft!" used by Malvolio afterwards.

"— *the* NUMBER'S *altered*"—i. e. The "number" of the *metrical feet* is altered.

"— BROCK"—i. e. *Badger*.

"— *the* STANNYEL"—"Stanuyel" signifies a species of *hawk*.

"— *any* FORMAL *capacity*"—i. e. Any one in his senses—not deranged. So, "a *formal* man," in the COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"SOWTER *will cry*"—"Sowter" is used for the name of a dog, which, having found the scent, gives tongue. Fabian afterwards carries on the allusion: "the cur is excellent at faults."

"— *Daylight and* CHAMPAIGN"—The modern reader is apt to suppose this to be an allusion to the popular French wine; but that was not known in England till a century after. The meaning is—Daylight and *open country* do not discover more. "Champaign" (spelled *champain* in the old editions) was a common word for a wide expanse of country.

"— POINT-DEVICE"—i. e. *Exactly*, with the utmost nicety. "The phrase (says Douce) has been supplied from the labours of the needle. *Poinct*, in the French language, denotes a stitch; *devisé*, any thing invented, disposed, or arranged. *Point-devisé* was, therefore, a particular sort of patterned lace, worked with the needle; and the term *point-lace* is still familiar to every female." It is incorrect to write *point-de-vice*, as is usually done.

"— *at* TRAY-TRIP"—"Tray-trip," or *trey-trip*, seems, by various quotations, to have been a game at which dice were employed. By "*play* my freedom," Sir Toby means, *stake* his freedom.



Act. II. Scene 5.—TRAY-TRIP.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

"— LIES *by a beggar*"—i. e. *Sojourns, dwells.*

"— *a* CHEVERIL *glove*"—i. e. A *kid* glove, an *easy-fitting* glove. So, in ROMEO AND JULIET—"a wit of *cheveril*."

"*Would not a pair of these have bred*"—Meaning a couple of pieces of money, instead of one only, which Viola had given him.

"*Cressida was a beggar*"—In the "Testament of Cresseyde," a continuation of Chaucer's "Troilus and Cresside," by Rob. Henryson, Cressida is represented, according to the romantic narrative of these lovers, as punished with disease and beggary for her perfidy:—

——— great penurye
Thou suffer shalt, and as a *beggar* dye.

"— CONSTER"—With Knight, I have retained in the text the old mode of spelling this word as it was pronounced, instead of *construe*. All the old poets so spelled the word, when used in this sense; and it lasted thus till Pope's time, in whose letters it may be found. In colloquial use, this sound is still retained by schoolboys and their teachers.

"— *like the* HAGGARD"—A "haggard" is a wild or untrained *hawk*, which flies at all birds, without distinction.

"— *wise men's folly fall'n quite taints their wit*"—This is the old reading, which Heath thus explains:—"But wise men's folly, when once it is fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion." Malone, with others, reads—

But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

"— *the* LIST *of my voyage*"—Viola follows up Sir Toby's figure of a trading-voyage, and says that she is bound to Olivia, who is the limit (or list) of her expedition.

"TASTE *your legs*"—"Taste" was used by the Elizabethan poets for *try*. The use of the word was not limited to *taste* by the palate. In Chapman's "Odyssey" we have—

——— He now began
To *taste* the bow.

This sense of the word, as in many other instances, has in its old age dropped out of good society, and become a slang phrase. It is odd enough that it appears, from a passage in Aristophanes, to have been also slang or vulgar Greek.

"— *we are* PREVENTED"—i. e. *Anticipated, gone before*—a use of the word now only retained in the "Common Prayer."

"— *your most* PREGNANT *and vouchsafed ear*"—i. e. *Ready*, or *prepared* ear; as, in MEASURE FOR MEASURE, we have *pregnant* and *unpregnant*, for *ready* and *unready*.

"— *a* CYPRUS, *not a bosom*"—Meaning, that her heart may be as easily seen as if it were covered only with a "cyprus," or *crape* veil, and not with flesh and blood.

"— *a* GRISE"—i. e. A *step*—from the French *grez*. The word occurs, also, in TIMON OF ATHENS—

——— for every *grise* of fortune.

SCENE II.

"— *I had as lief be a* BROWNIST"—The sect of the "Brownists" arose in the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, and was so called from Robert Brown, its founder. He died in 1630. The sect was ridiculed during a long

period, and to laugh at a Brownist did not go out of fashion until after the Restoration.

"—*if thou* THOU'ST *him*"—"Shakespeare is thought to have had Lord Coke in his mind, whose virulent abuse of Sir Walter Raleigh, on his trial, was conveyed in a series of *thous*. His resentment against the flagrant conduct of the attorney-general, on this occasion, was probably heightened by the contemptuous manner in which he spoke of players, in his charge at Norwich, and the severity he was always willing to exert against them."—THEOBALD *and* STEVENS.

I have preserved the substance of the disquisitions of the older critics on this point, as a curious specimen of ingenious error. We now know that this comedy was writen before Sir Walter's trial; but, besides, it is not at all likely that here should be any allusion to a lawyer's invective: it merely refers to the usages of the duello, and of the men of punctilio who challenged by rule.

"—*his* OPPOSITE"—i. e. His *adversary*, or *antagonist*. The use of "opposite," in this sense, is very usual in Shakespeare, and other dramatists.

"—*the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies*"—"A clear allusion (says Stevens) to a 'map' engraved for Linschoten's 'Voyages,' an English translation of which was published in 1598. This map is *multilineal* in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included."

SCENE III.

"—*thanks, and ever* THANKS"—The folio has, "And thanks: ever oft good turns"—which Collier and Knight both retain; the former with the colon transposed thus, "And thanks, and ever:" the latter without alteration. The probability of an accidental omission of the third "thanks" is so great, and the sense gained by inserting it so satisfactory, that I have not hesitated to adopt Malone's reading.

"—*my* WORTH"—"Worth" is used for *wealth*, in the same sense that we still say, colloquially, a man is *worth* so much.

SCENE IV.

"—*bestow* OF *him*"—This was the language of the time, though Stevens calls it a "vulgar corruption" for "*on* him." It was the form of expression among the highest classes.

"—SAD, *and* CIVIL"—i. e. *Grave*, and *decorous*.

"—*not* BLACK *in my mind*"—There was an old ballad-tune called "Black aud Yellow," and to this Malvolio seems to allude.

"—*kiss thy hand so oft*"—This fantastical custom is taken notice of by Barnaby Rice, in "Faults, and Nothing but Faults," (1606:)—"And these 'Flowers of Courtesie,' as they are full of affectation, so are they no less formal in their speeches, full of fustian phrases, many times delivering such sentences as do betray and lay open their masters' ignorance; and they are 'so frequent with the kisse on the hand,' that word shall not passe their mouths till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes."

"—FELLOW"—"Fellow," at this period, was used for *companion*, as well as in its derogatory sense. The actors constantly called each other "fellows." In the WINTER'S TALE, Antigonus speaks of the lords present as his "noble fellows."

"—*play at* CHERRY-PIT"—The game of "cherry-pit" was played by pitching *cherry-stones* into a hole.

"—*in a dark room, and bound*"—Chains and darkness were the universal prescription for lunatics, in the time of Shakespeare. There was a third remedy, to which Rosalind alludes in AS YOU LIKE IT:—"Love is a madness, and deserves as well a *dark house* and a *whip* as madmen do."

"—*the belief that he's mad*"—The excess of vanity is among the most ordinary moral phenomena of insanity, so much so that it would not be difficult to make a plausible argument in favour of Olivia's judgment, and to maintain that Malvolio was really out of his senses. It would form an amusing sequel to the Hamlet controversy, and might, if it did nothing more, be made fruitful in moral instruction.

"—*a* FINDER *of* MADMEN"—"'Finders of madmen' must have been those who acted under the writ *De Lunatico Inquirendo*; in virtue whereof they *found* the man *mad*."—RITSON.

"—*a* BUM-BAILIE"—This was the old jocose pronunciation, as it is printed in the old copies, and is so still. There is no reason for altering it to *bum-bailiff*, as has been done by Malone and others.

"—*too unchary* ON'T"—i. e. On the heart of stone: "bestowed my honour too incautiously on a heart of stone."

"—*Dismount thy* TUCK; *be* YARE"—"Tuck" is *rapier*, and "yare" *nimble*.

"—UNHATCH'D *rapier, and on* CARPET *consideration*"—According to most commentators, an "unhatched rapier" is an *unhacked* rapier, (from the French *hacher*.) But Mr. Dyce has proved that to *hatch* meant the decorating of weapons by inlaying them with gold or silver, and cannot have the sense given to it by most of the editors. He would, therefore, read "unhacked rapier." The words "carpet consideration" refer to the dubbing of what were called *carpet-knights*, as distinguished from knights who had the honour conferred upon them ou the field of battle. Such knights, of whom King James made hundreds, were the constant subjects of ridicule by authors of the time.

"—*Hob, nob*"—"Hob nob" is a corruption of *hap or ne hap*—i. e. "let it happen or not happen;" and is equivalent to "come what may."

"—*sir priest, than sir knight*"—This expression was probably proverbial, and arose out of the habit in olden times of calling a priest "sir," as well as a knight. Thus, we have in this play "Sir Topas," and elsewhere "Sir Hugh."

"—*such a* FIRAGO"—"No doubt, (as Johnson observes) Sir Toby means to indicate by 'firago,' that though Viola looked like a woman, she possessed manly prowess. *Virago* is often used for a female warrior, but it is spelled 'firago' in the old editions, perhaps with allusion to the word *devil*, in the preceding part of the sentence." Thus Collier, and others; but may not the word be one of Shakespeare's coinage, to express what we now call a *fire-eater*?

"—*an* UNDERTAKER"—"'Undertakers' were persons employed by the king's purveyors to take up provisions for the royal household, and were, no doubt, exceedingly odious. But still, I think, the speaker intends a quibble; the simple meaning of the word being, one who *undertakes*, or *takes up* the quarrel or business of another."—RITSON.

"—*lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness*"—Collier holds that "lying" and "babbling" are not to be taken as substantives, but as participial adjectives; and that the line should be read thus:—

Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness.

"—*empty* TRUNKS"—"Trunks," which are now furniture for the bed, dressing, or lumber-chamber, were, in Shakespeare's time, appertainments to parlours, and other company-rooms; were mounted upon feet, and richly ornamented on the top, at the ends, and along the sides, with scroll-work, and emblematical devices of all kinds.

"—*so do not I*"—i. e. I do not believe myself, because I dare not hope that my brother is still living.



Act IV. Scene 1.—Hold, Toby! on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

ACT IV.—Scene I.

"—*this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney*"—The Clown is struck by the affected word *vent;* and, hearing it from Sebastian, expresses his fear lest the whole world, "this great lubber, the world," should "prove a cockney;" i. e. use such ridiculous terms as were employed by cockneys—or, in Johnson's phrase, "that affectation and foppery will overspread the world." This seems clear enough, though some annotators have not found it so, and propose to read, "this lubber the *word* (meaning the word *vent*) will turn out cockney dialect."

"—*foolish* Greek"—A *merry* "Greek," or a "foolish Greek," were ancient proverbial expressions applied to boon companions, good fellows, as they were called, who spent their time in riotous mirth.

"—*a good* report *after fourteen years' purchase*"—The meaning obviously is—after the *rate* of fourteen years' purchase. Twelve years' purchase (as we learn from Sir Th. Childs, the father of the English political economists) was the current rate in England at that time, so this was a high rate; and any money given to fools for a good "report" was buying the commodity of reputation at a high rate—bringing in a poor return.

Scene II.

"— dissemble *myself*"—i. e. *Disguise*, divest of *likeness*—a Latinism.

"—'*That, that is, is*'"—In this speech of the Clown is probably intended a "fling" at the jargon of the schools, once so prevalent, in such phrases as "Whatsoever is, is," and "It is impossible for the same thing to be, and not to be," etc. The old hermit of Prague was, doubtless, a very admirable logician in his time, and family-physician to King Gorboduc.

"— competitors *enter*"—Shakespeare uses the word "competitor" synonymously with *confederate*, not only here, but in the Two Gentlemen of Verona—"Myself in counsel his *competitor;*" and in Love's Labour's Lost—"And he and his *competitors* in oath."

"— bay-windows"—A "bay-window" is the same as what is commonly called a *bow-window*—a window in a *recess*, or *bay*.

"—*the* clear-stories"—The folio has *cleere stores*, which is *cleere-stories*. A *clerestory*, or *clear-story*, is that part of the *nave*, or *choir*, of a church, which rises above the aisles, in which an upper tier of windows is usually introduced.

"—*a* woodcock"—The Clown mentions a "woodcock," because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

"—*I am for all waters*"—A proverbial phrase not yet satisfactorily explained. The meaning, however, appears to be—"I can turn my hand to any thing, or assume any character." Florio, in his translation of Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says—"He hath an *oar in every water*, and meddleth with all things." In his "Second Frutes," there is an expression more resembling the import of that in the text—"I am a knight for all saddles." Nash, in his "Lenten Stuffe," (1599,) has almost the language of the Clown:—"He is first broken to the sea in the Herring-man's skiffe or cock-boate, where having learned to *brooke all waters*, and drink as he can out of a tarrie can," etc.

"— propertied *me*"—i. e. Taken *possession* of me, as of a man unable to look to himself. The Dauphin, in King John, has the same use of the word:—

> I am too high born to be *propertied*,
> To be a secondary at control.

"—*I am* shent"—i. e. *Rebuked, reproved*. The word is common in old writers. We meet with it in Hamlet, and in Troilus and Cressida.

"—*goodman devil*"—This is unquestionably a part of some well-known old comic song, alluding to the

business of the Vice, in old interludes, to beat the devil with his wooden dagger.

Scene III.

"— *there I found this* CREDIT"—It has been controverted whether we ought to read "credit," with the old authorities, or *credent*, upon that of Theobald. The meaning of Sebastian is, that he had not been able to find Antonio at the Elephant, where, however, he had been, and where Sebastian found this "credit," or *belief*, that Antonio had gone to seek him.

"— DECEIVABLE"—i. e. *Deceitful*, or *deceptive*—able to deceive.

"WHILES *you are willing*"—i. e. *Until*. "This word is still so used in the northern counties of England. It is, I think, used in this sense in the preface to the 'Accidence.'"—JOHNSON.

"— *having sworn* TRUTH"—i. e. *Troth*, or *fidelity*. It should be remarked that this was not an actual marriage, but a *betrothing*, affiancing, or solemn promise of future marriage; anciently distinguished by the name of *espousals*. This has been established by Mr. Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare," where the reader will find much curious matter on the subject.

ACT V.—Scene I.

"— *four negatives make your two affirmatives*"—Coleridge thus explains this passage:—"The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative."

"— *the* TRIPLEX"—i. e. *Triple* time in music—a measure in which each bar divides into three equal parts, and is counted *one, two, three*.

"— *at this* THROW"—i. e. At this *time*—a word in use with our poets from Chaucer downwards.

"— SCATHFUL *grapple*"—i. e. *Harmful, destructive*.

"— *so bloody, and so* DEAR"—"Dear" is here used as in HAMLET, (act ii. scene 2)—"my *dearest* foe." (See note.)—It is, in its Old-English use, that which excites the strongest feeling of earnestness, whether it be a feeling of love or hate. It comes from the same root with *dearth*, or scarceness. The etymological learning of the subject has been discussed by Horne Tooke, in "Diversions of Purley," with much scorn of the Shakespearian editors of the last age.

"— *the Egyptian thief at point of death*"—An allusion to an affecting incident in the popular old Greek romance, the "Ethiopics" of Heliodorus, which an English version, by Thomas Underdowne, had made familiar to the English public, long before this play; the second edition (the date of the first not being known) appearing in 1587. Thyamis, a native of Memphis, and captain of a band of robbers, being deeply enamoured of Chariclea, who had fallen into his hands, and being surprised by a company of banditti, caught her by her tresses with his left hand, and with his right plunged his sword into her heart, to prevent her becoming their victim after his inevitable death.

"— *interchangement of your rings*"—"In our ancient marriage ceremony, the man received, as well as gave a ring."—STEVENS.

"— *on thy* CASE"—i. e. On thy *exterior*. The *skin* of a fox, or of a rabbit, is called its "case."

"— *a* PASSY-MEASURES PAVIN"—The commentators have been very prolific in their accounts of those ancient dances, etc., of which Singer has thus given the substance:—

"The 'pavin' was a grave Spanish *dance*. Sir John Hawkins derives it from *pavo*, (a peacock,) and says that every 'pavin' had its *galliard*—a lighter kind of air formed out of the former. Thus, in Middleton's 'More Dissemblers beside Women'—

> I can dance nothing but ill favour'dly,
> A strain or two of *passe measures galliard*.

By which it appears that the *passy-measure pavan*, and the *passy-measure galliard*, were only two different measures of one dance. Sir Toby therefore means, by this quaint expression, that the surgeon is a rogue, and a *grave solemn coxcomb*. In the first act of the play, he has shown himself well acquainted with the various kinds of dance. Shakespeare's characters are always consistent, and even in drunkenness preserve the traits of character which distinguished them when sober."

It looks somewhat as if the character of Sir Toby was drawn from some individual, who stood for the whole class of roystering wags, so graphically embodied in the Knight. It is a touch of personal capricious peculiarity.

"— *it* SKILLS *not much*"—i. e. It *signifies* not much—a common old idiomatic expression.

"— *you must allow* VOX"—The Clown begins to read the letter as a madman; and for this violence of voice Olivia reproves him, and thus he justifies himself.

"— *notorious* GECK"—To "geck" is to *deride;* and hence a *geck* is one made a subject of ridicule—a *butt*. This is more consistent with Shakespeare's use than Collier's derivation from the Saxon *geuc*, a cuckoo, and thence a *fool*.

Dr. Johnson, after according to this comedy the merit of being "in the graver parts elegant and easy, and in some lighter scenes exquisitely humorous," and conceding both the comic and the moral effect of Malvolio's character, and the truth of that of Ague-cheek, yet protests against the latter, as being "one of natural fatuity," therefore not the proper prey of the satirist, concludes with the decision that the "marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life."

Mr. Hallam, too, speaks of this comedy in one of those colder and fastidious moods of judgment, or of feeling, which occasionally mix with the deep and philosophical admiration he elsewhere expresses for the great dramatist:—

"TWELFTH NIGHT, notwithstanding some very beautiful passages, and the humorous absurdity of Malvolio, has not the coruscations of wit and spirit of character that distinguish the excellent comedy (MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING) it seems to have immediately followed, nor is the plot nearly so well constructed. Viola would be more interesting if she had not deliberately, as well as unfairly towards Olivia, determined to win the Duke's heart before she had seen him. The part of Sebastian has all that improbability which belongs to mistaken identity, without the comic effect, for the sake of which that is forgiven in the COMEDY OF ERRORS."—*"History of Literature."*

In all judgments of the relative merits of works of imagination or of humour, much must be allowed for the peculiar associations of the individual. The delicate fancy, the subdued yet fine feeling of the poetic passages, do not fall within the range of Johnson's perception, or his tastes. Of character and humour he is a true and acute judge, and it is, therefore, surprising that he overlooked the true answer, and one lying deep in moral truth, to his objections to Sir Andrew Ague-cheek's character. Sir Andrew Ague-cheek is not ridiculous from mere fatuity, for such weakness of intellect, though a true picture of it might not be out of place in any representation of life, yet would, if connected with innocence and humility, create no feelings but those of kindness or pity. But when such weakness is associated, as it is here, with vanity and the ambition or affectation of fashionable vice, it becomes a most proper subject for the moral satirist, besides being rich in laughable suggestions.

Mr. Hallam, keenly alive alike to the "meditative philosophy" of HAMLET, the passion of OTHELLO, and the pure poetry of fancy, strikes me as entering somewhat coldly, as a critic, into the sympathetic enjoyment of broad humour.

Perhaps such may be the reasons that caused these great critics to censure as improbable, and containing "no just picture of life," this delightful comedy, the defects of which, if such they are, pass unmarked by others, in the exhilarating effect of the whole, arising from the complete connection and interlacing of the ludicrous with the beautiful—of the impassioned sweetness of the poetry, with the lively rapidity of incident, and the fantastic originality of its revelling invention. It is this which may explain what some readers may think paradoxical or exaggerated—Coleridge's speaking of LEAR, OTHELLO, HENRY IV., and the TWELFTH NIGHT, "as giving the highest proof of the author's dramatic talent."—(*Remarks on "Shakespeare as a Poet generally."* Hazlitt adds his own to the general suffrage, and says—"It is justly considered as one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies."

Mrs. Jameson thus defends Viola and Olivia from the censures above quoted:—

"Viola is engaged in the service of the Duke, whom she finds 'fancy sick' for the love of Olivia. We are left to infer, (for so it is hinted in the first scene,) that this duke—who, with his accomplishments and his personal attractions, his taste for music, his chivalrous tenderness, and his unrequited love, is really a very fascinating and poetical personage, though a little passionate and fantastic—had already made some impression on Viola's imagination; and when she comes to play the *confidante*, and to be loaded with favours and kindness in her assumed character, that she should be touched by a passion made up of pity, admiration, gratitude, and tenderness, does not, I think, in any way detract from the genuine sweetness and delicacy of her character,—for 'she never told her love.'

"Now all this may not present a very just picture of life, and it may also fail to impart any moral lesson for the especial profit of young ladies; but is it not in truth and in nature? Did it ever fail to charm or to interest, to seize on the coldest fancy, to touch the most insensible heart?

"Viola, then, is the chosen favourite of the enamoured Duke, and becomes his messenger to Olivia, and the interpreter of his sufferings to that inaccessible beauty. In her character of a youthful page, she attracts the favour of Olivia, and excites the jealousy of her lord. The situation is critical and delicate; but how exquisitely is the character of Viola fitted to her part, carrying her through the ordeal with all the inward and spiritual grace of modesty! What beautiful propriety in the distinction drawn between Rosalind and Viola! The wild sweetness, the frolic humour, which sports free and unblamed amid the shades of Ardennes, would ill become Viola, whose playfulness is assumed as part of her disguise as a court-page, and is guarded by the strictest delicacy.

"The feminine cowardice of Viola, which will not allow her even to affect a courage becoming her attire—her horror at the idea of drawing a sword, is very natural and characteristic; and produces a most humorous effect, even at the very moment it charms and interests us.

"Contrasted with the deep, silent, patient love of Viola for the Duke, we have the lady-like wilfulness of Olivia; and her sudden passion, or rather fancy, for the disguised page, takes so beautiful a colouring of poetry and sentiment, that we do not think her forward. Olivia is like a princess of romance, and has all the privileges of one: she is, like Portia, high-born and high-bred, mistress over her servants; but not like Portia 'queen o'er herself.' She has never in her life been opposed; the first contradiction, therefore, rouses all the woman in her, and turns a caprice into a headlong passion.

"The distance of rank which separates the countess from the real page—the real sex of Viola—the dignified elegance of Olivia's deportment, except where passion gets the better of her pride—her consistent coldness towards the Duke—the description of that 'smooth, discreet, and stable bearing' with which she rules her household—her generous care for her steward Malvolio, in the midst of her own distress,—all these circumstances raise Olivia in our fancy, and render her caprice for the page a source of amusement and interest; not a subject of reproach. TWELFTH NIGHT is a genuine comedy—a perpetual spring of the gayest and the sweetest fancies. In artificial society, men and women are divided into castes and classes: and it is rarely that extremes in character or manners can approximate. To blend into one harmonious picture the utmost grace and refinement of sentiment, and the broadest effects of humour—the most poignant wit and the most indulgent benignity;—in short, to bring before us, in the same scene, Viola and Olivia, with Malvolio and Sir Toby, belonged only to Nature and to Shakespeare."

Mr. Hazlitt thus felicitously characterizes its poetic beauties:—

"We have a friendship for Sir Toby; we patronize Sir Andrew; we have an understanding with the Clown; a sneaking kindness for Maria and her rogueries; we feel a regard for Malvolio, and sympathy with his gravity, his smiles, his cross-garters, his yellow stockings, and his imprisonment in the stocks. But there is something that excites in us a stronger feeling than all this—it is Viola's confession of her love.

"Shakespeare alone could describe the effect of his own poetry:—

> O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing, and giving odour.

What we so much admire here is not the image of Patience on a monument, which has been so generally quoted, but the lines before and after it. 'They give a very echo to the seat where love is throned.' How long ago it is since we first learned to repeat them! and still they vibrate on the heart like the sounds which the passing wind draws from the trembling strings of a harp left on some desert shore!

"There are other passages of not less impassioned sweetness. Such is Olivia's address to Sebastian, whom she supposed to have already deceived her in a promise of marriage:—

> Blame not this haste of mine—
> * * * * *
> Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
> That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
> May live at peace.

"After reading other parts of this play, and particularly the garden-scene, where Malvolio picks up the letter, if we were to say that Shakespeare's genius for comedy was less than his genius for tragedy, it would perhaps only prove that our own taste in such matters is more saturnine than mercurial."

To conclude, Thomas Campbell, who, as our readers have seen, had found not a little to censure in MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, which Mr. Hallam places so far above the TWELFTH NIGHT, after analyzing the plot of the latter, concludes thus:—

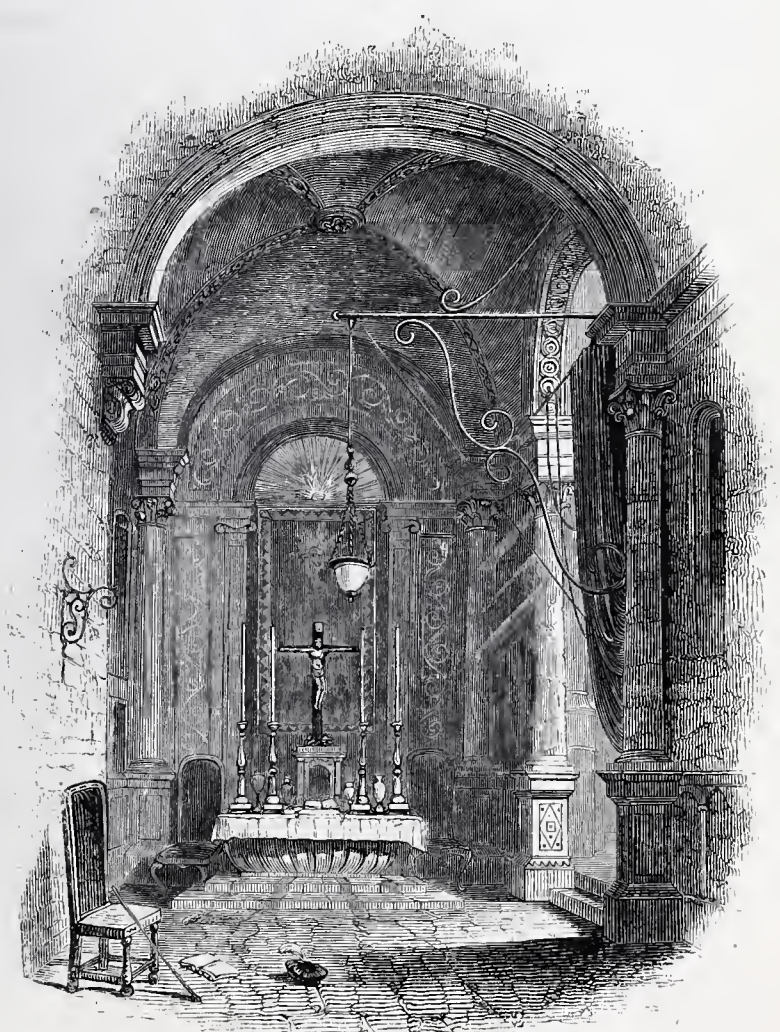
"This is a dry abbreviation of the story; but who can abridge Shakespeare's stories, or tell them in any other language than his own? The delicacy with which a modest maiden makes love in male disguise, and the pathos with which she describes her imaginary but too real self—when 'concealment, like a worm i' the bud, fed on her damask cheek,'—and the sudden growth of Orsino's attachment to her, on the discovery of her sex, and on the recalling of her words from his memory to his understanding, form beauties in this comedy which no touch of human revision could improve. The comic and the grave and tender were never more finely amalgamated than here. The characters play booty, as it were; they are in collusion to aid each other, though seemingly hostile. The character of Viola is so sweetly peculiar that I have never seen justice done to it on the stage. Mrs. Siddons was too tragic for it, and Mrs. Jordan too comic."

The critics who are precise upon points of dramatic geography and of historic *costume*, in its larger sense of manners, customs, names, etc., as well as dress, are much at a loss to settle the questions of this sort arising in this play. The "Pictorial" editor admits the difficulties, and proposes a very ingenious solution of some of them :—

"The scene is laid in Illyria, while the names of the *dramatis personæ* are a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and English. The best mode of reconciling the discrepancies arising from so many conflicting circumstances appears to us to be the assumption, first, that Duke or Count Orsino (for he is indifferently so entitled in the play) is a Venetian governor of that portion of Dalmatia which was all of the ancient Illyria remaining under the dominion of the republic at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and that his attendants, Valentine, Curio, etc., as well as Olivia, Malvolio, and Maria, are also Venetians; and, secondly, that Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek are English residents—the former a maternal uncle to Olivia; her father, a Venetian count, having married Sir Toby's sister. If this be allowed, and there is nothing that we can perceive in the play to prevent it, there is no impropriety in dressing the above-named characters in the Venetian and English costume of Shakespeare's own time, and the two sea-captains and Sebastian in the very picturesque habits of 'Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote.'"

Ingenious as this is, it does not carry with it much likelihood of such an explanation having ever been in the Poet's mind, and is besides a needless refinement. The supposed English personages are clearly meant as natives of Illyria—Italians in race and tongue, whose characteristic names, in their own tongue, the Poet has translated into English for the sake of his audience. Sir Toby might have been the *Cavaliere Rutto*, but the English audience would then have lost the significance of that name; which the author, therefore, puts in plain English, just as some of Cervantes's translators have turned his characteristic Spanish compound names into their own vernacular. Illyria may well be the Ragusan part of the Illyria of ancient history and middle-age romance, as that was ruled by a noble Italian aristocracy. But it is to be presumed that the Poet had no intention of defining his locality any further than to throw the scene far away from common-place and home associations, to some place on the romantic and poetic Adriatic, such as would harmonize with the romantic incidents and poetic thoughts of his nobler personages; while, as to the rest of his creations, poor human nature is so much alike everywhere and at all times, in its follies and vices, that his coxcombs, fools, and frolickers would be as much at home on the shores of the Adriatic as on the banks of the Thames.

The dramatic chronology is marked as much as the locality, and no more. Its age is not of classical or barbarous, or even legendary manners. They belong to the period of the existence of the independent Italian states, and of the manners of Europe which were modern in the author's day, without being marked as contemporary—such as belonged generally to the two or three preceding centuries; thus affording ample latitude for the romantic, without imposing any inconvenient restraint on humorous and satirical delineation.

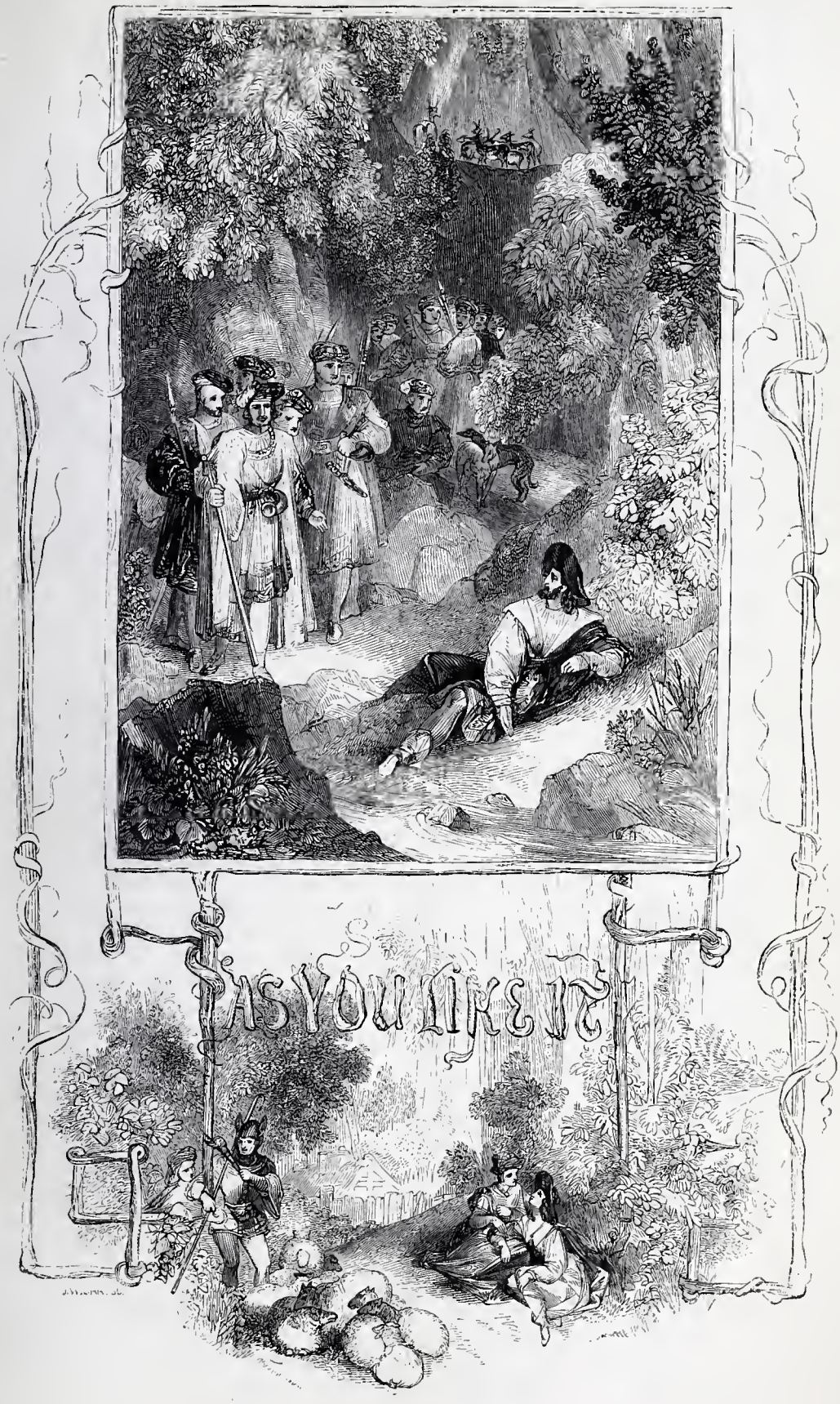


Act IV. Scene 3.—Into the chantry by



As You Like It




AS YOU LIKE IT



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

DATE OF COMPOSITION,—CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLE, THOUGHT, ETC.

THIS comedy, at once romantic, philosophical, and picturesque, is in its way one of its author's most peculiar and original works—original, indeed, in every thing but the rough materials of the story, and peculiar in all its poetic and dramatic characteristics. In addition to the interest it derives from its varied beauties, it has also that of belonging to a remarkable epoch of Shakespeare's intellectual life—that of the perfection of his art and taste in that especial walk of poetical comedy of which he had been the inventor, and which was the chief occupation of his genius from the beginning of his career of dramatic authorship, during the brilliant and crowded years of his youth and ripening manhood, until he approached middle life. When he entered upon that dramatic career, he found English tragedy not such certainly as he afterwards made it, in depth of passion or in moral truth, yet fully formed as a part of the national literature, and possessing many productions of great though unequal merits. Even the tragedies of the preceding generation had their share of bold and true conception mixed with their extravagance, and (as Sir Philip Sidney, the stern censurer of their defects, allowed) "were full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases;" while Shakespeare's immediate dramatic predecessors, Peel and Kyd, and Greene, were fertile in glowing imagery and invention, and Marlowe had clothed much magnificence of thought and declamatory passion in that flowing and "mighty line" so much admired by his contemporaries. Shakespeare did not shrink from measuring his strength with these dramatists at an early period, and—not to speak of Pericles, or more doubtful pieces—gave the bright promise of his future glories in his first form of Romeo and Juliet, and probably of Hamlet, as well as in the heroic scenes of several of his historical dramas. But these appear to have been the occasional employment of his genius, when excited by some congenial theme; while he discovered before him a wide province of poetic art and invention unoccupied by any predecessor, and open to his sway. The comedy of the English stage, so far as the drama could be said to have assumed that form at all, was but a coarse farce, having no higher or other object in view than "to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh." Shakespeare seems, at the very first, to have formed to himself a different conception of the object and character of the poetic comedy. Even in his first regular effort, the Two Gentlemen of Verona, he embodied his leading idea as distinctly as in after works of far more exquisite execution. Of all genuine comedy, the delineation and exhibition of character must be the foundation; but the peculiarity of Shakespeare is that he does this not merely in the spirit of the satirist, or the faithful painter of humorous absurdity, but constantly entwines and contrasts the whole with the most refined forms of grace and beauty, with the poetry of fancy, of sentiment, and even of moral meditation. Upon this new and rich field of invention he entered with the ardour and high relish of youth; so that, between the year 1584 and 1602, he had given to our language thirteen dramatic productions, original in their very conception and character, as combining exquisite truth of character and scenes of the wildest drollery with romantic grace and every form of purely poetic fancy. I include in these productions, together with his comedies written within the above dates, the two parts of Henry IV. and Henry V., as stamped with the same characteristics; the poetry of high heroic song there supplying the same effect of contrast to the mirthful that results from the poetry of the gentler passions and the pure fancy in his professed comedies. The whole of these were without any model in any preceding literature, as they are without equals in that of any other age or nation. It is worthy of observation that the only work of humour, in which he neglected this principle of contrast, was the Merry Wives of Windsor, in its earlier form; and that he considered it of so much importance to the effect of even such a pure exhibition of contemporary English life, in its most domestic aspect, that in his revision of the play he rejected the concluding very pleasant and appropriate scene, to substitute some fragments of a pure chivalric and legendary poetry. For the same purpose of enabling himself thus to associate, in one mixed impression upon his audience, the higher graces of imagination with

laugh-provoking images and incidents, he generally selected such scenes of action and periods of time as might be associated with legendary and romantic recollections, instead of painting the men and women of his country and times in their every-day costume.

In separately analyzing his comedies, it is very perceptible how, in each new effort, the work became more peculiarly conformed to that pervading idea of poetic comedy, while the execution became more perfect in itself, and more free from whatever he had imbibed merely from the taste of the age or the writings of contemporaries. In his first comedies, we find the humour verging to farce, and contrasted chiefly with the dialogue of artificial though often sparkling wit; and when these are relieved, as they so frequently are, by purer poetry, these beauties are rather those of the masque, the sonnet, or the pastoral, then belonging to dramatic personation of life.

These characteristics, as well as the rhyming dialogues, were thrown aside more and more in the Poet's progress, while a graver and, at times, a more didactic morality gradually mingled itself with the luxuriant sweetness of his verse, and the revelling jollity of his prose scenes; and at the same time his wider intercourse with varied society is attested by the boldness and freedom with which he marks and individualizes the personages who throng with such infinite variety through his crowded and living scenes.

To the close of this progressive creation of the peculiarly Shakespearian, or poetic and romantic comedy, during the brilliant summer of the author's youth, and to the era of the perfection of his style, As You Like It belongs—a period of the author's intellectual history which was soon to end with the Twelfth Night; after which graver thoughts took fuller possession of his mind, and he turned away from the more brilliant aspect of the world and the playful exposure of its follies and frailties, to deal with man's sufferings and crimes, his darker and sterner emotions—*mox in reluctantes dracones.*

The language, the cast of thought, the familiar mastery of the flexible dramatic blank verse, which the Poet had gradually substituted to the rhymes and metrical regularity of his first comedies, had concurred, with other circumstances, to lead the older critics to assign this play to this period, though the external evidence of its date was not so clear as it has since been made. It first appeared in print in the folio of 1623. But Mr. Collier has since shown that, in the registers of the Stationers' Company, As You Like It is entered for publication on the same day (August 4) with Henry V., Much Ado about Nothing, and Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour." The date of this entry, to which is added a memorandum "to be staid," refers clearly to the year 1600, in the memorandum immediately preceding. Henry V. and Much Ado about Nothing were both printed in 1600, having been re-entered August 14, and August 23, 1600. On the other hand, this comedy is not in Meares's list of 1598, and besides it contains the "saw of might," quoted by Phebe, (act iii. scene 2:)—

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

This is a quotation from Marlowe, whom all his surviving contemporaries delighted to honour as "the muses' darling," and it is contained in his "Hero and Leander," first printed in 1598, after his death. We have thus satisfactory indications that As You Like It must have been produced in 1598, 1599, or 1600.

The prevailing characteristic of this comedy has been noted by Mr. Hallam, with his usual philosophical discrimination; and it corresponds well with the period of the author's rapidly evolving genius, as marked by other evidence. "In no other play do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakespeare's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age." But in a subsequent part of the same admirable work, ("History of the Literature of Europe,") Mr. Hallam again refers to this play, as affording another indication of the history of the Poet's mind. In this we cannot entirely concur:—"There seems to have been a period of his life, when his heart was ill at ease and ill-content with the world, or with his own conscience: the memory of hours misspent, the pangs of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have infused into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity and with a gayety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke of Measure for Measure. In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart, under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful corruscations amid feigned gayety and extravagance. In Lear it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness. In Timon it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy. These plays all belong to nearly the same period. * * * In the later plays of Shakespeare, especially in Macbeth and the Tempest, much of moral speculation will be found; but he never returned to this type of character in his personages."

Mr. Hallam has here pointed out what every student of Shakespeare must have felt, the change from the predominant tone of youthful buoyancy and exuberant spirits to a sadder—it may sometimes be called a more bitter cast of sentiment; and those darker views of life (he might have added) were remarkably accompanied by a corresponding change in the language, becoming more oppressed with the weight of thought, and often obscure from a labouring fulness of sense. Whether this transition arose from the personal calamities and mental sufferings of the author, as intimated by Mr. Hallam, or was the natural result of sadder scenes observed and graver themes become familiar to contemplation, as the illusion of youth faded away, must be but matter of conjecture. But, to my judgment, this play does not mark the commencement of that change, which would seem to have occurred at some time between the date of the joyous and brilliant Twelfth Night and the revision of Hamlet, or not long

before Shakespeare's fortieth year. Neither Jaques nor the exiled Duke seem to me to breathe that spirit, so accurately described by Mr. Hallam, which indicates the suppressed passion, the wounded feeling of one whose scorn of the world, and loathing of the evils of man's nature, were prompted by the sense of personal injury or past sorrows. The moralized melancholy of As You Like It is more calmly and didactically poetic; and though it be melancholy, it is of that not unpleasing sadness with which a placid experience may contemplate the passing follies of the world, and has no tinge of the bitter loathing and disgust of one who himself groaned under the load of "a weary life." The difference between the Poet's tone of moral contemplation here and in the preceding dramas, and that which he breathes in Hamlet and Lear, as well as in the language which that difference prompted, is as wide as that between the two great Greek dramatists, and not a little resembling it. In this comedy, in the Merchant of Venice, etc., the scholar will often be reminded of the moral beauties and sweetness of the contemplative Euripides; while it is in his later works that Shakespeare may be recognized as the rival and parallel of Eschylus.

But on whatever side of this remarkable epoch in the Poet's intellectual and moral life this comedy is to be arranged, it is conceded by all to be one of his most delightful and popular works—at least to the reader—for it is said by the chroniclers of the acted drama that its success on the stage has always depended on the personal ability of Rosalind to give effect to the lively wit and the woodland poetry. Equally original in its poetical character with the Midsummer-Night's Dream and the Tempest, it differs from both in this—that they are founded on the fanciful mingling of the supernatural with the natural, while here all is human and natural, and yet throughout it is idealized truth. The time and place, and manners are thrown out of the definite into the undefined time and region, where and when the heroes and ladies of chivalric poetry were wont to "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." Charles Lamb used to call Love's Labour's Lost the "Comedy of Leisure," because its personages not only "led purely ornamental lives" but were well content to do so, and, having nothing to do, did it agreeably. He might have given the title in a higher sense to As You Like It, where the pervading feeling is that of a refined and tasteful, yet simple and unaffected throwing off the stiff "lendings" of artificial society; and this is done by those who had worn those trappings with ease and grace. The humour too is toned down to suit the general impression, being odd, fanciful, gay, and whimsical, without much connection with the more substantial absurdities of the real "work-day world." As You Like It is less magnificent than the Merchant of Venice, which had not long preceded it, and less exhilarating than the Twelfth Night, which soon followed it; and yet it keeps up and leaves a more uniformly pleasurable impression than either.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

In retaining the name of Rosalind for his most captivating character, Shakespeare has frankly, though by implication, confessed his obligation to the novel or tale of "Rosalynde," by his ingenious contemporary, Thomas Lodge. Lodge was a character in his way, conspicuous even in that day of odd individuality. He claims, in his "Rosalynde," to be a "scholar and a soldier;" he had been edueated at Oxford, appears to have been in the army, and besides made several voyages and expeditions by sea. He afterwards appears to have belonged to the Middle-Temple, as in some way connected with the law, or a student of it. He was besides an actor, and a dramatic author, and finally added the honours of a medical doctorate at Avignon to all the rest. Shakespeare used his materials very freely as to incident, but raised the whole into a higher mood of feeling and fancy, and connected it with pleasantry, besides adding to Lodge's personages Jaques with Touchstone and his bride. Lodge's style is pedantic and over-ornate, and yet sometimes coarse; but he had a prolific and gorgeous fancy, and his story is worthy of the honours it received from his great contemporary. Lodge, however, was not nearly as original in the construction of his novel as Shakespeare was in that of his drama; for it is evidently borrowed, or rather paraphrased, with large additions, from "The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn"—an old English poem, of the age of Chaucer, formerly ascribed to him, as one of his "Canterbury Tales," and was printed as such in one of the editions of his works. It is, however, conceded not to be his, but the work of some unknown poet, of the age of Edward III. I think it not improbable that the research into the older literature of the continent, which has lately been awakened in France, may carry back the origin of this story still further; for "Gamelyn" has not a little the air of a translation, or imitation, of some older Norman or Provençal romance.

As the Old-English "Sir Gamelyn" was preserved only in manuscript, in Shakespeare's time, (not being printed until a century afterwards,) it is not probable that he had any knowledge of it; though there are two or three circumstances and expressions in which he comes nearer to the old poem then to his contemporary's novel.

"Rosalynde" has been lately reprinted, in Collier's "Shakespeare's Library."



PERSONS REPRESENTED

DUKE, living in exile.
FREDERICK, brother to the DUKE, and usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, } Lords attending upon the DUKE in his banishment.
JAQUES, }
LE BEAU, a Courtier attending upon FREDERICK.
CHARLES, a Wrestler.
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } Servants to OLIVER.
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a Vicar.
CORIN, } Shepherds.
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with AUDREY
HYMEN.

ROSALIND, Daughter to the banished DUKE.
CELIA, Daughter to FREDERICK.
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a Country Wench.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

SCENE—First, near OLIVER'S house; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.





SCENE I.—*An Orchard, near* OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O! sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you, albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois: he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good



education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in.—[*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revennes enrich the new duke; therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O! no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honour if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which, thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore, use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester. I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he: yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No: when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent

this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough. Speak no more of him: you'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better: we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do: and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons.——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—"Be it known unto all men by these presents,"——

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it. [*Flourish.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords*, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it. I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: speak to him, ladies: see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by. [DUKE *goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess: he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious: if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends

no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come; where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after: you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wrestle.*

Ros. O, excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away.

[CHARLES *is borne out.*

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege: the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* Duke FRED., *train, and* LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown.
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit* LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother.—
But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind.—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father. O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.



Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do.—

Enter Duke Frederick, *with Lords.*

Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay:
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone. Then, open not thy lips:

Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her. She is banish'd.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself:
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt* Duke FREDERICK *and Lords.*
Cel. O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love,
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle
In the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, *and other Lords, like Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet,
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites, and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O! yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend;
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.
2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
Duke F. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before* OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO, *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?
Adam. What! my young master?—O, my gentle master!
O, my sweet master! O, you memory
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O, unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors: within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you used to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orl. Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orl. What! would'st thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
Orl. O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways: we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.
Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years, till now almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND *for Ganymede*, CELIA *for Aliena, and Clown, alias* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.
Cel. I pray you, bear with me: I can go no further.
Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you, for, I think, you have no money in your purse.
Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.
Touch. Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home I was in a better place, but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you; who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN, *and* SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As sure I think did never man love so,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit,
Till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond' man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say.—
Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir; and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree,*
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More! I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza. Call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see, etc.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme:
Here shall he see, gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdàme?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Enter ORLANDO, *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O! I die for food. Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerily; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam. [*Exeunt.*



ACT II. SCENE 6.—Dear master, I can go no further.

SCENE VII.—The Same.

A Table set out. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, *Lords, and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.—
Go, seek him: tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What, you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!——I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; (a miserable world!)
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
"Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;



And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O, noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
Duke S. What fool is this?
Jaq. O, worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke S. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd,
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?
Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th' embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.
Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That, in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, etc.

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke,
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him, dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*



Enter CORIN, *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun; that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.



Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Ros. *From the east to western Ind,*
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:——

"If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Wintred garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind."

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe. and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desert be?*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O, most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now? back, friends.—Shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O! yes, I heard them all, and more too: for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck? Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee, now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it quickly; and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for

me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO, *and* JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[ROSALIND *and* CELIA *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. Good bye, you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES.—ROSALIND *and* CELIA *come forward.*

Ros. [*Aside to* CELIA.] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—[*To him.*]—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then, there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then, your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house, and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a loving humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind, observing them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features? Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness: sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife: 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier



than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver.—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Mr. What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you for your last company. I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then, one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver! Not
O sweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behind thee:
But wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* Jaques, Touchstone, *and* Audrey.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.—The Same. *Before a Cottage.*

Enter Rosalind, *and* Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me: I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire: therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is:* besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was? I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well; and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O! come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?



ACT III. SCENE 5.—Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame!
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps, but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.
Sil. O! dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.
Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.
Ros. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven fasting for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd.—Fare you well.
Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.
Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?
Phe. For no ill will I bear you.
Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.
Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"
Sil. Sweet Phebe,—
Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy;—yet he talks well:—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper, and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not, and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*



ACT IV.

Scene I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Rosalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. And to travel for it too!

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—[*Exit* Jaques.]—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont,



(Hellespont.)

and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I; Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—"Will you, Orlando,"—

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:—there's a girl, goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts: they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep

for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O! but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—"Wit, whither wilt?"

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you meet your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love! I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways.—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu!

[*Exit* ORLANDO.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O! coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love.—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES, *and Lords, like Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.
Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn; [The rest shall bear this burthen.
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, *and* CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain,
He hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—
To sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action,
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all.
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as Phœnix. Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well;
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest; I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter.
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you; for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.
Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"—

Can a woman rail thus?
Sil. Call you this railing?
Ros. "Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"
Did you ever hear such railing?—

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."—

Meaning me a beast.—

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?
Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!
Ros. Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her:—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

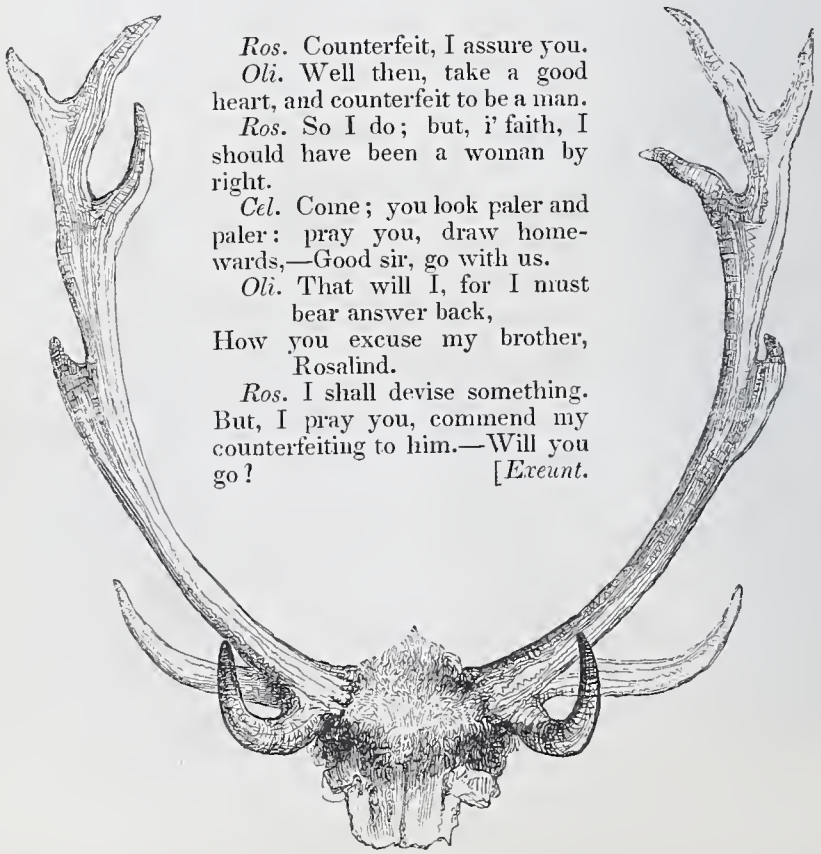
Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years:—"The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
Ros. I am. What must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural,
That liv'd 'mongst men.
Oli. And well he might do so,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando.—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler even than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place:—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love:
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm,
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede! [ROSALIND *swoons*.
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin!—Ganymede!



Oli. Look, he recovers.
Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man? You lack
A man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—
Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.



Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.
Ros. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.
Cel. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards,—Good sir, go with us.
Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back,
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Ros. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*



ACT V.

Act. V. Scene 4.—Here comes a pair of very strange beasts.

Scene I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Touchstone, *and* Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey; there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i'the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me. To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent, that *ipse*, is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter ORLANDO, *and* OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her; and, loving, woo; and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all's contented followers.

Enter ROSALIND.

Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O! I know where you are.—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw," and "overcame:" for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Look; here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all obeisance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* ROSALIND.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* PHEBE.

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak, too, "why blame you me to love you?"

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you,—[*To* SILVIUS.]—if I can:—I would love you,—[*To* PHEBE.]—if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you,—[*To* PHE.]—if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you,—[*To* ORLANDO.]—if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you,—[*To* SILVIUS.]—if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you—[*To* ORLANDO.]—love Rosalind, meet;—as you—[*To* SILVIUS.]—love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

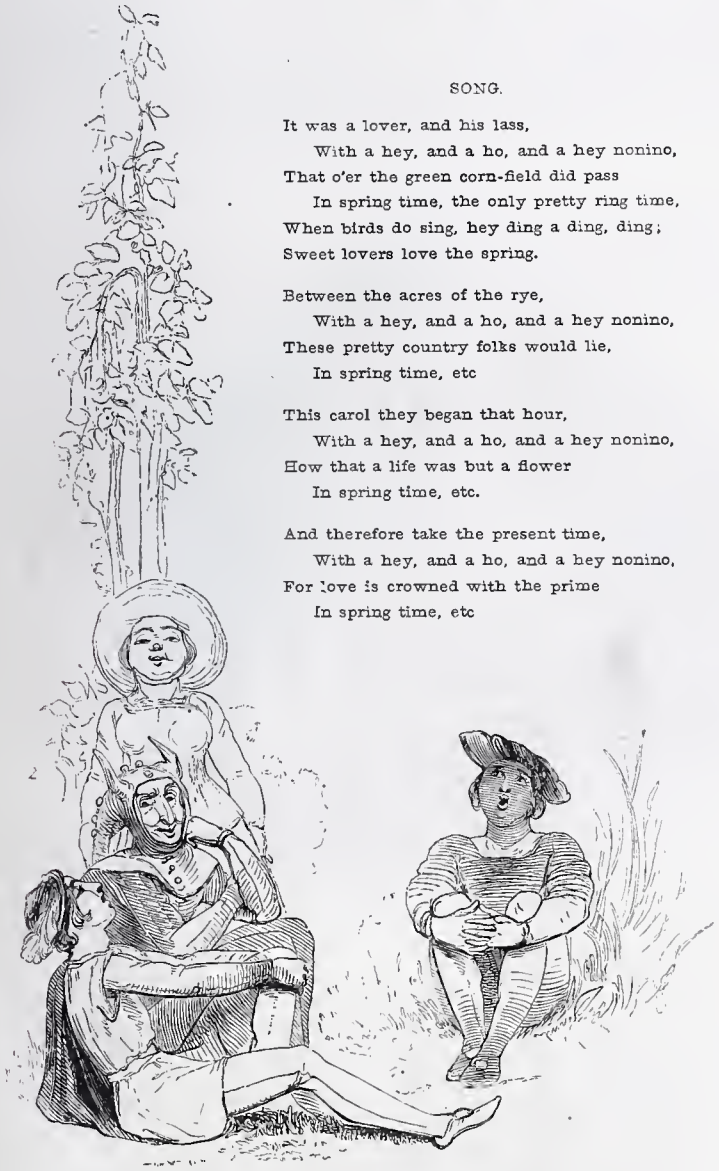
1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit; sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you: sit i'the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.



SONG.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, etc

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 *Page.* You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices. Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.—
[*To* Duke S.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. [*To* ORLANDO.] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. [*To* PHEBE.] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [*To* SILVIUS.] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke! to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, *and* CELIA.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.



ACT V. SCENE 4.—I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks.—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else

will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed.—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey.—As thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the "retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the "quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the "reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the "reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the "countercheck quarrelsome:" and so to the "lie circumstantial," and the "lie direct."

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the "lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "lie direct;" and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie, with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as *If you said so, then I said so;* and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, *leading* ROSALIND, *and* CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [*To* DUKE S.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To* ORLANDO.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. [*To* DUKE S.] I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[*To* ORLANDO.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[*To* PHEBE.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym.
Peace, ho! I bar confusion.
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
[*To* ORLANDO, *and* ROSALIND.] You and you no cross shall part:
[*To* OLIVER, *and* CELIA.] You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* PHEBE.] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
[*To* TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.] You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O, blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured:
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O, my dear niece! welcome thou art to me:
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. [*To* SILVIUS.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2 *Bro.* Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword.
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—

Play, music! and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
2 *Bro.* He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You—[*To* DUKE S.]—to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve it:—
You—[*To* ORLANDO.]—to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You—[*To* OLIVER.]—to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You—[*To* SILVIUS.]—to a long and well deserved bed:—
And you—[*To* TOUCHSTONE.]—to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end in true delights.



EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can not insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. — I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsey, bid me farewell.



[*Exeunt.*]



NOTES ON AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"*As I remember, Adam*"—This is printed as it stands in the old copies, and certainly gives the effect of colloquial ease and the careless phraseology of familiar dialogue, referring to something that had been said before. Several later editors have thought proper to give it a more formal and grammatical character, by correcting the reading in various ways. Thus, Johnson—"As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me. By will," etc. Blackstone suggests—"He bequeathed." We agree, with Caldecott, that "the old text is in the true spirit of all dialogue on such an occasion."

"— *his* countenance"—i. e. His *behaviour*, his *bearing*. A "countenance" (says Johnson) may be good or bad.

"— *be* naught *awhile*"—In Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub" we have—

> Peace and be *naught!* I think the woman's phrensic.

In his "Bartholomew Fair" we find—"Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curst* awhile." There are many examples in the old dramatists which clearly show that "be naught," or *be nought*, was a petty malediction; and thus Oliver says no more than—*Be better employed*, and *be hanged to you*. This is the substance of Gifford's note upon the passage in "Bartholomew Fair."

"— *nearer to his reverence*"—i. e. The reverence due to my father is, in some degree, inherited by you as the first-born. Warburton, always ingenious, proposes to read "his *revenue*."

"*I am no* villain"—The word "villain" is used by the elder brother in its present meaning: by Orlando, in its original sense, for a fellow of base extraction.

"— *the forest of Arden*"—Shakespeare was furnished with the principal scene in this play by Lodge's novel. Arden (or Ardenne) is a forest of considerable extent, near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenser, in his "Colin Clout," as famous "*Ardeyn;*" and in recent times is thus characterized by Lady Morgan:—"The forest of Ardennes smells of early English poetry. It has all the green-wood freshness of Shakespeare's scenes; and it is scarcely possible to feel the truth and beauty of his exquisite As You Like It, without having loitered, as I have done, amid its tangled glens and magnificent depths."

"— *of all sorts enchantingly beloved*"—"It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakespeare with want of truth to nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly, so livelily, and so voluntarily, have presented to itself in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant and so contrary to those which the qualities expressed would naturally have called forth. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will (*sit pro ratione voluntas!*) evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."—Coleridge.

"— kindle *the boy*"—i. e. *Instigate*. In Macbeth, we have—"*enkindle* you unto the crown."

Scene II.

"Cel."—"Celia asks a question, to which the Clown replies. The usurping duke in the last scene, is called Duke *Frederick*. In the old folios this speech is given to Rosalind; but we have to choose between two mistakes—either that Shakespeare in the last act forgot the name of the Duke of the first act, or that the printer gave a speech of Celia to Rosalind."—Knight.

With the majority of the editors, from Theobald to Knight, we have preferred the latter supposition—such a misprint being among the most common.

"— *you'll be whipp'd for* taxation"—It was the custom to whip fools when they allowed their tongues too great license. "Taxation" is *satire, censure, scandal.*

"— *the little wit that fools have*"—The allusion is to the professional fools, or jesters, who for ages had been allowed an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery; and about Shakespeare's time began to be less tolerated.

"— bills *on their* necks"—There is reason to think that "with bills on their necks," as Farmer suggested, should be part of the description Le Beau is giving of

the old man and his two sons. Lodge, in his "Rosalynde," calls the father a "lustie franklin of the country," with "two tall men that were his sonnes:" and they would properly be furnished with "bills on their necks," or *halberds*, commonly carried by foresters; and Rosalind immediately misinterprets the word "bills," as if it meant *public notices*—"Be it known to all men by these presents." However, the old copies give the words to Rosalind, who may still very naturally play upon the double sense of the word *bills*.

"— *broken* MUSIC *in his sides*"—"Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs, gradually shortening, and some musical instruments; and therefore calls *broken ribs* 'broken music.'"—JOHNSON.

"This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which, consisting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually lessening, bore some resemblance to the ribs of a man."—MALONE.

"— *if you saw yourself with* YOUR *eyes*"—Coleridge says, "Surely we should read *our* eyes, and *our* judgment." But Dr. Johnson interprets the passage according to the original: "if you used your own eyes to *see*, or your own judgment to *know yourself*, the fear of your own adventure would counsel you."

"— *a* QUINTAINE"—A "quintaine" was originally a wooden object, generally in the figure of a man, used in martial exercises, as a mark against which weapons were directed. It afterwards became a sport, and was such in the time of Shakespeare. The origin and use of the "quintaine" are thus described in the "Pictorial History of England:"—

"A pole or spear was set upright in the ground, with a shield strongly bound to it; and against this the youth tilted with his lance in full career, endeavouring to burst the ligatures of the shield, and bear it to the earth. A steady aim and a firm seat were acquired from this exercise; a severe fall being often the consequence of failure in the attempt to strike down the shield. This, however, at the best, was but a monotonous exercise; and therefore the pole, in process of time, was supplanted by the more stimulating figure of a *misbelieving Saracen*, armed at all points, and brandishing a formidable wooden sabre. The puppet moved freely upon a pivot, or spindle, so that, unless it was struck with the lance adroitly in the centre of the face or breast, it rapidly revolved; and the sword, in consequence, smote the back of the assailant in his career, amid the laughter of the spectators."

The *lifeless block* is clearly an allusion to the *wooden man* thus described. The "quintaine" was, however, often formed only of a broad plank on one side of the pivot, with a sand-bag suspended on the other side.

"— *the* SMALLER *is his daughter*"—The old copies have *taller*, which is certainly wrong, because Rosalind, in the next scene, says that she is "more than common tall." Pope altered it to *shorter;* but "smaller" comes nearer to the old reading, and we may add that *shorter* and *daughter* read dissonantly.

SCENE III.

"— *my* CHILD'S FATHER"—This is according to the old copies; "for the father of my children, if I ever have any"—an idea which has been thought indelicate. Coleridge maintains that we ought to read, *my father's child*, which had, on Rowe's suggestion, been adopted in many editions.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"*Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,*
The seasons' difference," etc.

I have here, with Caldecott and Collier, followed the original reading in the folio. The ordinary text, in all the editions of the last century, and many of this, reads thus:—

Here feel we *but* the penalty of Adam.

The change of "not" to *but* was made by Theobald, who says, "What was the penalty of Adam hinted at by our Poet? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons. The Duke says, the cold and effects of the winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty?" Boswell and Caldecott reply, "Surely the old reading is right. Here we feel *not*, do *not* suffer from, the penalty of Adam, the seasons' difference; for when the winter's wind blows upon my body, I *smile*, and say," etc.;—which seems very satisfactory. But Mr. Knight, following an ingenious suggestion of Whiter, retains the words of the folio, but changes the punctuation, thus:—

Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery,—these are counsellors, etc.

Although this reading strikes my ear as harsh and discordant to the general melody of this speech, and is broken into such pauses and interrupted sense as the Poet is wont to use only when strong passion is meant to be expressed, yet the argument of Whiter and Knight is so ingenious, and contains so much of beautiful illustration, that I cannot omit it:—"We ask, what is 'the penalty of Adam?' All the commentators say, 'the seasons' difference.' On the contrary, it was, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' Milton represents the repentant Adam as thus interpreting the penalty:—

——— On me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground; *with labour I must earn*
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse.

The beautiful passage in Cowper's 'Task,' describing the Thresher, will also occur to the reader:—

——— See him sweating o'er his bread,
Before he eats it. 'Tis the *primal curse*,
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

'The seasons' difference,' it must be remembered, was ordained *before* the fall, and was in no respect a *penalty*. We may therefore reject the received interpretation. But how could the Duke say, receiving the passage in the sense we have suggested—

Here feel we *not* the penalty of Adam?

In the first act, Charles the Wrestler, describing the Duke and his co-mates, says, they 'fleet the time carelessly as they did in the *golden world*.' One of the characteristics of the golden world is thus described by Daniel:—

Oh! happy golden age!
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk and honey dropp'd from trees;
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.

The song of Amiens, in the fifth scene of this act, conveys, we think, the same allusion—

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets.

The exil'd courtiers led a life without toil—a life in which they were contented with a little—and they were thus exempt from the 'penalty of Adam.' We close, therefore, the sentence at 'Adam.' 'The seasons' difference' is now the antecedent of 'these are counsellors;' the freedom of construction common to Shakespeare and the poets of his time fully warranting this acceptation of the reading. In this way, the Duke says—'The differences of the seasons are counsellors that teach me what I am;—as, for example, the winter's wind—which, when it blows upon my body, I smile, and say, this is no flattery.' We may add that, immediately following the lines we have quoted from the 'Paradise Lost,' Adam alludes to 'the seasons' difference,' but in no respect as part of the curse—

——— With labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;

My labour will sustain me; and lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while He judg'd.
How much more, if we pray Him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow."

"— *the toad, ugly and venomous,*
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head," etc.

"It has been supposed that the 'precious jewel' refers only to the brilliancy of the toad's eyes, as contrasted with its ugly form. But there can be no doubt it referred to a common superstition, with which Shakespeare's audience was familiar. This, like many other vulgar errors, is ancient and universal. Pliny tells us of the wonderful qualities of a *bone* found in the right side of a toad. In India, it is a common notion that some species of serpents have precious stones in their heads. Our old credulous writers upon natural history, who dwelt with delight upon 'notable things' and 'secret wonders,' are as precise about the toad's stone as a modern geologist is about quartz. Edward Fenton, in 1569, tells us 'there is found in heads of old and great toads a stone which they call borax, or *stelon:* it is most commonly found in the head of a he-toad.' These toad-stones, it should seem, were not only specifics against poison, when taken internally, but 'being used in rings gave forewarning against venom.' There were, of course, many counterfeit stones, procured by a much easier process than that of toad-hunting; but the old lapidaries had an infallible mode of discovering the true from the false. 'You shall know whether the toad-stone be the right and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a toad, so that he may see it; and if it be a right and true stone the toad will leap toward it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone.' Shakespeare, in the passage before us, has taken the superstition out of the hands of the ignorant believers in its literality, and has transmuted it into a poetical truth."—STEVENS *and* KNIGHT.

"— *this* DESERT CITY"—Our Poet may have derived this thought from two lines in "Montanus's Sonnet," in Lodge's "Rosalynde:"—

About her wond'ring stood
The *citizens of the wood.*

"— *with* FORKED *heads*"—i. e. The "forked," or *barbed*, "heads" of arrows.

"*Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out*"—In his lectures, in 1818, Coleridge eloquently and justly praised the pastoral beauty and simplicity of AS YOU LIKE IT; but he did not attempt to compare it with Lodge's "Rosalynde," where the descriptions of persons and of scenery are comparatively forced and artificial:—"Shakespeare (said Coleridge) never gives a description of rustic scenery merely for its own sake, or to show how well he can paint natural objects: he is never tedious or elaborate; but while he now and then displays marvellous accuracy and minuteness of knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the fillings up to the imagination. Thus, in AS YOU LIKE IT, he describes an oak of many centuries' growth in a single line—

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out.

Other and inferior writers would have dwelled on this description, and worked it out with all the pettiness and impertinence of detail. In SHAKESPEARE, the 'antique root' furnishes the whole picture."

These expressions are from notes made at the time, by Mr. Collier. They serve partially to supply an obvious deficiency of general criticism on this play, in Coleridge's "Literary Remains."

"— *needless stream*"—i. e. That needed no such accession.

"— *his velvet* FRIEND"—Thus the old editions, but the common modern reading was *friends*, until Caldecott and Knight adopted Whiter's criticism—"the singular is often used for the plural with a sense more abstracted, and therefore, in many instances, more poetical."—"*Specimen of a Commentary.*"

"— KILL *them up*"—In the same way Shakespeare has *flatter* up, *stifle* up, *poisons* up.

"— COPE *him*"—i. e. *Encounter* him.

SCENE III.

"— *a* DIVERTED *blood*"—"Affections alienated and turned out of their natural course; as a stream of water is said to be *diverted.*"—CALDECOTT.

"— *too late a* WEEK"—i. e. An indefinite period, but still a short period—somewhat too late.

SCENE IV.

"— *Clown, alias* TOUCHSTONE"—We follow Collier in restoring the old stage-direction, as more characteristic than the modernized one—"Rosalind in boy's clothes, Celia dressed like a shepherdess."

"— *how* WEARY *are my spirits*"—In the old copies it stands, "how *merry* are my spirits!"—an easy misprint; and that it was so seems shown by the answer of Touchstone, "I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary." "Weary" has been adopted by all except Caldecott and Knight, who retain *merry*, agreeing with Whiter, who suggests that Rosalind was assuming good spirits, as well as male attire; and would therefore say, "how *merry* are my spirits!" But why should she assume good spirits here to Celia, when, in the very next sentence she utters, she says that her spirits are so bad that she could almost cry?

"— *I should bear no* CROSS"—Touchstone plays upon the double meaning of "cross," for an *evil*, a *misfortune*, and also a piece of money stamped with a cross.

"— *kissing of her* BATLER"—The *bat* used in washing linen in a stream.

"— *from whom I took two* CODS"—i. e. From his mistress. He took from her two *peascods*—i. e. two *pods*. We find the *pod* or *cod* of the pea used as an ornament in the robe of Richard II., in his monument in Westminster Abbey.

"— *little* RECKS"—i. e. Little *cares*. It is spelled *wreaks* in Old-English.

SCENE V.

"— TURN *his merry note*"—Pope and some other editors vary from the old copies, by reading *tune* instead of "turn," which was the language of the period.

"*Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme*"—Hanmer turned this into Latin—*Duc ad me*, ("Bring him to me.") Jaques was parodying the "Come hither, come hither, come hither," of the previous song. The conjecture that he was using some country-call of a woman to her *ducks*, appears more rational than his latinity.

"— *the first-born of Egypt*"—Johnson explains this as a proverbial expression for high-born persons.

SCENE VII.

"*A motley fool; (a miserable world!)*"—"'A miserable world!' is a parenthetical exclamation frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing reflections on the fragility of life."—JOHNSON.

"Motley" refers to the parti-coloured dress which was the costume of the professed fool, or clown.

"*Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune*"—Touchstone's answer alludes to the common saying that fools are fortune's favourites.



Act II. Scene 7.—A dial from his poke

"— *my only* SUIT"—i. e. *Request*, as well as *attire*. Rosalind plays in the same way upon the word—"Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *suit*."

"NOT TO"—These words are not in the original, but were added by Theobald. Both the metre and the sense seem to require them; though a fair meaning may be extracted from the old reading, if aided by Whiter's ingenious, but somewhat forced punctuation—

He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth, very foolishly although he smart,
Seem senseless of the hoh.

"— *the* BOB"—i. e. *Rap*.

"— *a* COUNTER"—About the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning) were brought into use in England. They are again mentioned in TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, and in the WINTER'S TALE.

"— *the* WEARY *very means*"—The old copies give this line *literatim* as follows:—

Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe?—

which Pope altered thus, all the editors but Caldecott following him:—

Till that the *very* very means do ebb?

The older meaning is clear, as Whiter interprets it—"Till the very means, *wearied out*, do ebb." Collier strangely suggests Jaques to be railing against pride and excess of apparel, and the words to be, that "the very *wearing* means," or means of wearing fine clothes, "do ebb." To read "very, very," with Pope and others, is not like Shakespeare's diction.

"— *my* TAXING"—i. e. *Censure, reproach*.

"— *yet am I* INLAND *bred*"—The word occurs again in act iii. scene 2—"who was in his youth an *inland* man." "Inland" was generally used, in old writers, in opposition to *upland*, which is explained in Minshew's Dictionary as "unbred, rude, rustical, clownish."

"— *some* NURTURE"—i. e. *Education*.

"WHEREIN *we play* IN"—Pleonasms of this kind were by no means uncommon in the writers of Shakespeare's age:—"I was afeard *to* what end his talke would come *to*.'—*(Baret.)* In CORIOLANUS, (act ii. scene 1:)—

In what enormity is Marcius poor *in*.

And in ROMEO AND JULIET, (act i. Chorus:)—

That fair *for* which love groan'd *for*.

"*His acts being* SEVEN AGES"—In the old play of "Damon and Pythias," we have—"Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage whereon many play their parts." And in the legend of "Orpheus and Euridice," (1597:)—

——Unhappy man—
Whose life a sad continuall tragedie,
Himself the *actor, in the world, the stage,*
While as the acts are measured by his age.

In the "Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times," (1613,) is a division of the life of man into *seven ages*, said to be taken from Proclus; and it appears, from Brown's "Vulgar Errors," that Hippocrates also divided man's life into seven degrees, or stages, though he differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each stage. Dr. Henley mentions an old emblematical print, entitled the "Stage of Man's Life divided into Seven Ages," from which he thinks Shakespeare more likely to have taken his hint than from Hippocrates, or Proclus; but he does not tell us that this print was of Shakespeare's age. Stevens refers to the "*Totus Mundus Exerceat Histrioniæ*" of Petronius, with whom probably the sentiment originated. Shakespeare has again referred to it in the MERCHANT OF VENICE:—

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play his part.

"— MODERN *instances*"—i. e. *Common, trivial, worthless* instances. The use of the word in this sense is frequent in Shakespeare, as in other old writers. Yet Johnson explains it in our present sense—"the Justice is full of *old* sayings and *late* examples."

"*Re-enter* ORLANDO, *with* ADAM"—"'Adam' is a character in 'The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn,' and in Lodge's 'Rosalynde;' and a great additional interest attaches to it, because it is supposed, with some appearance of truth, that the part was originally sustained by Shakespeare himself. We have this statement on the authority of Oldys's MSS.: he is said to have derived it, intermediately of course, from Gilbert Shakespeare, who survived the Restoration, and who had a faint recollection of having seen his brother William in 'one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.' This description tallies with As YOU LIKE IT."—COLLIER.

"*Because thou art not seen*"—Johnson thus explains this line, which some editors have thought misprinted:—"Thou winter wind, (says Amiens,) thy rudeness gives the less pain, as *thou art not seen*, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult." The invisibility of the active agency of the wind is a frequent idea in our poets. So, in the "Sonnet" in LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST—

Through the velvet leaves the wind
All *unseen* 'gan passage find.

Again, in MEASURE FOR MEASURE—

To be imprison'd in the *viewless* winds.

"*Though thou the waters* WARP"—This word "warp" has called forth much philological and critical discussion. Our American lexicographer, Noah Webster, boldly pronounces that "to *warp water* in Shakespeare is forced and unnatural—indeed it is not English." Yet it certainly was good old Saxon, which ought to have commended it to Mr. Webster's favour; and it may, as familiar Saxon, have most probably been familiar Old-English in our Poet's time. Holt White quotes from Hickes's "Thesaurus" the same phrase, in an Anglo-Saxon adage, "*Winter sceal geweorpan weden*"—Winter shall warp water. To *warp*, in the Poet's day, still had the sense which is now retained only in the substantive warp, in weaving. It is so explained by his contemporary, Florio, in his Dictionary, as answering to the Italian *ordire*, (to weave;) and Cotgrave, in his French Dictionary of the same period, uses it to explain *ourdir*. Nares (Glossary) quotes from Sternhold's "Psalms," "while he doth mischief *warp;*" and again, "such wicked wiles to *warp*"—when a modern poet would have used *weave*. The phrase then, without any forced metaphor,

or indeed any novelty of expression, meant this—"Though the freezing sky *weave* the waters into a solid texture." The same image had occurred to a later classic: Propertius makes the southwest wind, one of the cold winds of Italy, *weave* the waters into ice:—

Africus in glaciem frigore *nectit* acquam.

ACT III.—Scene I.

"— ARGUMENT"—i. e. *Subject-matter.*

"*Seek him with* CANDLE"—It is supposed that this is an allusion to the passage in "Saint Luke," (chap. xv.:) "If she lose oue piece, doth she not light a *candle?*" If so, it is, metaphorically, "Seek him in every coruer, with the greatest diligence."

"*Do this* EXPEDIENTLY"—i. e. *Expeditiously. Expedient*, throughout our author's plays, signifies *expeditious;* as in KING JOHN—"His marches are *expedient* to this towu."

Scene II.

"— THRICE-CROWNED *queen of night*"—"This passage seems to eviuce a most intimate knowledge of ancient mythology, but Shakespeare was doubtless familiar with that fine racy old poet, Chapmau's "Hymus to Night and to Cynthia," which, though over-informed with learning, have many highly poetical passages; among which the following may have been in our Poet's mind:—

Nature's bright *eye-sight*, and the night's fair soul,
That with thy *triple forehead* dost control
Earth, seas, and hell.—'*Hymnus in Cynthiam*,' (1594.)

All the learning of all the mythologists was poured forth in the notes to these poems."—SINGER.

"— UNEXPRESSIVE *she*"—i. e. *Inexpressible.* Milton uses the word in the same sense, iu his "Hymn on the Nativity:"—

Harping with loud and solemn quire,
With *unexpressive* notes.

And again, in "Lycidas"—"the *unexpressive* nuptial song." Warton thinks the word was coined by Shakespeare.

"—*he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding*"—Dr. Johnsou doubts whether custom did not formerly authorize this mode of speech, and make "complain of good breeding" the same with "complain of *the want of* good breeding." In the last line of the MERCHANT OF VENICE, we find that to "fear the keeping" is to "fear the *not* keeping." Johnson might have asserted this with less hesitation, for such use is found colloquially even now, and is common, as Whiter remarks, in all languages.

"— *good* MANNERS"—"Manners" is here used in the sense of *morals*, both senses being iucluded in the Latin *mores. Morals* is not found iu any of the old dictionaries, or authors.

"— *God make* INCISION *in thee*"—It has been ingeniously urged that *insition*, or graffing, is here meant, and that the phrase may be explained, "God put knowledge iuto thee;" but we want instances to confirm this. Stevens thought the allusion here was to the common expression of *cutting for the simples;* and the subsequent speech of Touchstone, "That is another *simple* sin in you," gives colour to this conjecture. Nares asks, "Can it have been a phrase borrowed from surgery?" A quotation from the "Time's Whistle, or a New Dauuce of Seven Satires," (MS.,) made by Dr. Farmer, shows that it was—

Be stout, my heart; my hand, be firm and steady;
Strike, and strike home—the vaine world's vaine is ready:
Let ulcer'd limbes and goutye humors quake,
Whilst with my pen I doe *incision make.*

And the following curious passage from Baret's "Alvearie" proves it:—"Those hell houndes which lay violent hands upon other meu's goods are like *biles* and *blotches* in the body of the common-weale; and must be cured either by *incysion* and letting blood in the necke-vaine, or by searing with a hot yron, or els with a caudle of hempseed chopt halter-wise," etc. His purpose is to illustrate why a *thief* is called *felon*, which also signified a *bile.* Shakespeare uses "incision" for *opening a vein* in LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, (act iv. scene 2:)—"A fever in your blood, why then *incision* will let her out in saucers."

"—*fairest* LIN'D"—i. e. *Delineated;* not *limn'd*, as it has been sometimes printed.

"—*the* FAIR *of Rosalind*"—"Fair" for *fairness, beauty*—as in COMEDY OF ERRORS, (act ii. scene 1;) but it is common in the Elizabethan poets.

"— *the right butter-women's* RANK"—So the old copies; and "rank" is certainly as good as *rate*, or *rant*, which some would substitute. "Rank," as Whiter observes, means the order in which they go one after another; and therefore Shakespeare says, "butter-women's," and not *butter-woman's*, as it has been corrupted. As applied to the verses, it is a sneer at their uniformity of cadence.

"*Why should this* A *desert be*"—Tyrwhitt and other editors would read, "Why should this desert *silent* be?" No alteration of the old copies seems absolutely necessary.

"— CIVIL *sayings*"—"The term civil is here used as when we say civil wisdom, or civil life, in opposition to a solitary state, or to the state of nature. 'This desert (says Orlaudo) shall not appear unpeopled, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life.'"—JOHNSON.

"*Helen's cheek, but not her heart,*
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty."

The commentators have filled many pages with the discussion of the precise meaning of the "better part" of Atalanta's excellence. "Better part" seems to have been often used for any peculiar excellence, whatever it was, in the individual; and Ovid, iu the passage on which all the allusions to Atalanta are founded, makes the spectator doubt whether she were "better" (more admirable) for swiftness, or grace of form:—

Laude pedum formæne bono *præstantior* esset.

This may have been in the author's mind, whether he read it in Latin or in Golding's Old-English. Tollet makes it refer to her virgin chastity. Whiter, whose commentary on this play is mainly an ingenious illustration of the doctrine of the association of ideas suggesting images and language, thus applies his theory to this passage:—

"The imagery selected to discrimiuate the perfections of Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta, and Lucretia, was not derived from the abstract consideration of their general qualities; but was caught from those peculiar traits of beauty and character which are impressed on the mind of him who contemplates their portraits. It is well knowu that these celebrated heroines of romance were, in the days of our Poet, the favourite subjects of popular representation, and were alike visible in the coarse hangings of the poor, and the magnificent arras of the rich. In the portraits of Helen, whether they were produced by the skilful artist or his ruder imitator, though her face would certainly be delineated as eminently beautiful, yet she appears not to have beeu adorned with any of those charms which are allied to *modesty;* and we accordingly find that she was generally depicted with a loose and insidious countenance, which but too manifestly betrayed the inward wautonness and perfidy of her heart. With respect to the 'majesty' of Cleopatra, it may be observed that this notion is not derived from classical authority, but from the more popular storehouse of legend and romance. I infer, therefore, that the familiarity of the image was im-

pressed, both on the Poet and his reader, from pictures or representations in tapestry, which were the lively and faithful mirrors of popular romances. Atalanta, we know, was considered by our ancient poets as a celebrated beauty; and we may be assured, therefore, that her portraits were everywhere to be found. Since the story of Atalanta represents that heroine as possessed of singular beauty, zealous to preserve her virginity even with the death of her lovers, and accomplishing her purposes by extraordinary swiftness in running, we may be assured that the skill of the artist would be employed in displaying the most perfect expressions of virgin purity, and in delineating the fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her person. 'Lucretia (we know) was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages;' and it is this spirit of unshaken chastity which is here celebrated under the title of 'modesty.'

"Such, then, are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress—that the ripe and brilliant *beauties* of Helen should be united to the elegant *symmetry* and virgin *graces* of Atalanta; and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the *majestic mein* of Cleopatra, and the *matron modesty* of Lucretia."

"— *on a* PALM-TREE"—"'A palm-tree, (as Stevens remarks,) in the forest of Arden, is as much out of place as the lioness in a subsequent scene.' Shakespeare cared little about such 'proprieties;' but possibly he wrote *plane-tree*, which may have been misread by the transcriber, or compositor."—COLLIER.

"— *I was an* IRISH RAT"—Johnson calls Rosalind a very learned lady for this allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls. It was no less common than the other allusion of *rhyming rats to death* in Ireland. This fanciful idea probably arose from some metrical charm, or incantation, used there for ridding houses of rats. We find it mentioned by Ben Jonson, Raudolph, and Marmion. Thus, in the "Poetaster:"—

> Rhime them to death as they do *Irish rats*,
> In drumming tunes.

"— *a chain, that you once wore*"—Alluding to the chain which Rosaliud had giveu to Orlando.

"— *out of all* WHOOPING"—i. e. Out of all *cry*, or out of all *measure*. It is an old phrase.

"— *Good my complexion*"—The meaning of the exclamation "Good my complexion!" probably is, as suggested by Malone—"My native character, my female inquisitive disposition, canst thou endure this?" Complexion is used in the same sense of disposition in the MERCHANT OF VENICE—"It is the complexion of them all to leave their dam."

"— *a* SOUTH-SEA OF DISCOVERY"—i. e. "My curiosity can endure no longer. If you perplex me any further, I have a space for conjecture as wide as the South-sea. *Of* is the original reading; the modern change is, 'a South-sea *off* discovery.'"—KNIGHT.

"— *speak* SAD BROW, *and* TRUE MAID"—i. e. Speak with a *serious countenance*, and *as* a "true maid." So HENRY V. says—

> I speak to thee *plain soldier*.

And in this scene we have—"I'll answer you *right painted cloth*."

"— *borrow me* GARAGANTUA'S MOUTH"—Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in one word. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua, the giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a salad. Shakespeare's allusions to the French wit, whose works had been some time translated into English, show their great popularity.

"— *as easy to count* ATOMIES"—Bullokar, in his "English Expositor," (1616,) says—"An atomie is a mote flying in the sunne. Any thing so small that it cannot be made less."

"— *holla! to thy tongue*"—"Holla!" was a term by which the rider restraiued and stopped his horse. It is so used by Shakespeare, in his VENUS AND ADONIS:—

> What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
> His flattering *holla*, or his 'stand, I say?'



THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

"— *kill my* HEART"—A quibble between *hart* and "beart," then spelled the same.

"— *I answer you right painted cloth*"—Tbis passage allndes to the placing moral maxims, or sentences, in tbe moutbs of the figures represented on the painted-cloth bangings of tbe period. The custom is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers. Shakespeare also adverts to it in bis TARQUIN AND LUCRECE:—

> Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
> Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe.

"— *the coney, that you see dwell where she is* KINDLED"—"Kindled" is a phrase not yet antiquated in England, in this sense, thougb out of use on tbis side of tbe Atlantic, for being *brought forth:* and is applied only to certain animals, as *rabbits.*

"— *an* UNQUESTIONABLE *spirit*"—Johnson explains tbis—"An unquestionable spirit is a spirit not *inquisitive;* a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences." This seems erroneous. "Unquestionable" is the reverse of *questionable,* as used in HAMLET, "sucb a *questionable* shape"—one that may be *conversed* witb. To *question* is used in this play for *converse.*

"— POINT-DEVICE"—A cnstomary old pbrase for *exact,* dressed with *nicety.*

"— *a* LOVING *humour of madness*"—"The old copies bave it, '*living* humour of madness;' which is not very intelligible, unless it mean (as Stevens supposed) a *lasting* humour of madness. The antitbesis is however complete, if, with Johnson, we read *loving,* which is only the change of a letter; and this reading is supported by the MS. correction of the early possessor of the first folio, in the library of Lord Francis Egerton. The meaning tbus is, that Rosalind drove ber suitor from his mad humour of love, into a bumour in which he was in love witb madness, and forswore the world."—COLLIER.

SCENE III.

"— *most* CAPRICIOUS *poet*"—"Shakespeare remembered that *caper* was Latin for a *goat,* and thence cbose this epitbet. There is also a quibble between *goats* and *Goths.*"—MALONE.

"— *Jove in a thatch'd house*"—Alluding of course to the story of Baucis and Philemon, in Ovid, (Met. 8.) Also alluded to in MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"*A* MATERIAL *fool*"—i. e. A fool with *matter* in him; a fool stocked with notions.

"— *the* RASCAL"—Lean, poor deer, were called *rascals.*

"— GOD'ILD *you*"—i. e. God *yield* you; God *reward* you.

"— *the ox hath his* BOW"—i. e. His *yoke,* as it in form resembled a "bow."



ACT III. SCENE 3.—The ox hath his bow

"— *the* FALCON *her* BELLS"—Master Stephen, in "Every Man in his Humour," says, "I have bought me a hawk and a hood, and bells and all." Gervase Markbam, in his edition of tbe "Boke of St. Albans," says, "The bells whicb your hawk shall wear, look in any wise that they be not too heavy, whereby they over load ber, neither that one be heavier tban another, but both of like weight: look also that they be well-sound ing and shrill, yet not both of one sound, but one at least a note under the otber."



ACT III. SCENE 3.—The falcon her bells.

SCENE IV.

"— *browner than Judas's*"—Judas, in paintings and poetry, of Shakespeare's age, and anterior to it, is represented with red hair.

"— *his hair is of a good colour*"—"There is mucb nature in this petty perverseness of Rosalind. She finds fault in her lover, in hope to be contradicted; and when Celia, in sportive malice, too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts berself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication."—JOHNSON.

"— *the touch of holy* BREAD"—Warburton would read, "holy *beard.*" "Holy bread" is *sacramental* bread: *pax-bread* is rendered, by Coles, *panis osculandus.*

"— *a nun of* WINTER'S SISTERHOOD"—i. e. Of an *unfruitful* sisterhood, that had devoted itself to chastity. A similar expression is found in the MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—

> To be a barren sister all your life,
> Chanting faint bymns to the cold fruitless moon.

"— *breaks his staff like a noble goose*"—The humour of tbis simile depends upon its allusion to tilting; in whicb it was a disgrace for any knight to break his lance across, and not directly against the breast of his adversary. "Quite traverse, athwart the beart of his lover," means, unskilfully across the breast of the lady with whom be was in love; "lover" being applied to botb sexes.

SCENE V.

"— CAPABLE *impressure*"—Tbus the old copies, and it is intelligible in the sense of "the impression which is capable of being made," that whicb may be taken from the "rush." But there is much likelihood of truth in the suggestion that "capable" is a misprint of *palpable.*

"— *though you have no beauty*"—This passage was very needlessly altered, by Malone and Stevens, by substituting *mo,* or *more,* for "no," because, in Lodge's "Rosalynde," in a similar speech, it is said, "Because thou art beautiful," etc. Shakespeare's intent is differ ent, and very obvious. Rosalind intends, throughout ber speech, to check the vanity of Phebe; and begins

by telling her that she has no beauty, and therefore no excuse for being "proud and pitiless."

"*Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer*"—i. e. "The *ugly* seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers."—JOHNSON.

"— YOUR *foulness*"—The modern reading is *her*. We suppose Rosalind here turns to the parties before her, and addresses each.

"*Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;*
'Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?'"

"The 'dead shepherd' was Christopher Marlowe, who was killed in 1593, and whose paraphrase of 'Hero and Leander,' from Musæus, was not printed until 1598. He did not finish the work, but it was completed by Geo. Chapman, and published entire in 1600. The line above quoted concludes a passage in the first 'Sestiad,' the whole of which Shakespeare seems to have had in his mind when he wrote this scene; and it runs thus:—

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win:
And one especially we do affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows: let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

COLLIER.

"— *the old* CARLOT"—"Carlot (Douce says) is a word of Shakespeare's coinage." It is derived from *carl*, and means a peasant.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"— DISABLE *all the benefits of your own country*"—i. e. *Underrate* them, speak slightingly of them. So, afterwards—"He *disabled* my judgment." Beaumont and Fletcher have the same use of the word.

"— SWAM *in a* GONDOLA"—i. e. *Been at Venice;* then the resort of all travellers, as Paris now is. Shakespeare's contemporaries also point their shafts at the corruption of youth by travel. Bishop Hall wrote his little book "*Quo Vadis?*" to stem the fashion.

"— *a better* LEER *than you*"—Tyrwhitt, in his glossary to Chaucer, explains *lere* to mean the *skin;* and he derives it from the Saxon. Here it is to be taken as *complexion*, or *feature*. It occurs again in TITUS ANDRONICUS, (act iv. scene 2,) in a similar sense. Sir F. Madden translates it *countenance*, in his excellent glossary to "Syr Gawayne."

"— *the foolish* CHRONICLERS *of that age* FOUND"—Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *coroners*, which, from its relation to the word "found," the technical word of the verdict, may well have been the reading. Still, the sense is good as it stands. The silly "chronicler" sat on his body like a coroner's jury, and "found" that he died for love.

"— *weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain*"—Statues, and particularly that of Diana, with the water conveyed through them, to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in Rosamond's "Epistle," by Drayton:—

Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked Diana in the fountain stands.

"— MAKE *the doors*"—Still the language of the midland counties of England, for *making fast* the doors.

"— '*Wit, whither wilt*'"—A proverbial exclamation, so common as to be found in the sermons of that age. In act i. scene 2, of this play, Rosalind asks Touchstone, "How now, wit! whither wander you?" which seems only a variation of the same expression.

"— *make her fault her husband's* OCCASION"—i. e. Represent her fault as *occasioned* by her husband.

SCENE II.

"*Then sing him home*"—In the folios we have, as the third line—

Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burthen.

With most former editors, I have thought that the first four words were part of the song, and the rest a stage-direction. But Knight and Collier omit all, and the latter insists that "The words, 'Then sing him home: the rest shall bear this burden,' are clearly only stage-directions, although, by error, printed as part of the song in the old copies. 'Then sing him home' has reference to the carrying of the lord, who killed the deer, to the duke; and we are to suppose that the foresters sang as they quitted the stage for their 'home' in the wood. 'The rest shall bear this burden' alludes to the last six lines, which are the burden of the song. Modern editors have taken upon them to divide the song between the first and second lord, by the figures '1' and '2;' but without any warrant. It is to be observed that it is found in Playford's 'Musical Companion,' without the words, 'Then sing him home.' It is also in 'Catch that Catch can,' (1652,) in the same form."



SERPENT CHARMERS IN INDIA.

Scene III.

"— much *Orlando*"—Ironically, *no Orlando here;* as we still say, "I shall get much by that"—meaning, *I shall get nothing.*

"*To sleep. Look, who comes here*"—The mock-heroic tone assumed by Celia is well kept up by the measure, and her speech is thus printed in the original, which in later editions has been printed as prose.

"— *sweet and bitter* fancy"—"Fancy" here signifies *love,* as composed of contraries; probably suggested by Lodge's "Rosalynde"—"I have noted the variable disposition of *fancy:* a bitter pleasure wrapped in sweet prejudice."

"— hurtling"—To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. It is used in Julius Cæsar—

A noise of battle *hurtled* in the air.

ACT V.—Scene II.

"— *Is't possible*"—"Shakespeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the improbability in his plot, caused by deserting his original. In Lodge's novel, the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians; without this circumstance, the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed."—Stevens.

"— *all* obeisance"—The original has *observance,* which, as it also ends the next line but one preceding, seems to be a misprint; and I have adopted Ritson's conjecture. Maloue proposed *obedience.*

"Why *do you speak,* too"—This is the old reading which is perfectly intelligible, when addressed to Orlando; who replies, that he speaks "too," notwithstanding the absence of his mistress. It was altered. by Rowe and other editors, to "*Who* do you speak to."



Act V. Scene 2.—I know into what straits of fortune she is driven.

Scene III.

"— *to be a woman of the world*"—i. e. *To be married.*

"Song"—This song may be seen more at large in Chappell's "Collection of National English Airs," from a MS. now in the Advocates' "Library," Edinburgh, believed to have been written within sixteen years after this play. This confirmed the previous conjecture that a transposition of the first and second stanzas had taken place in the old editions. It also clears up another difficulty, the folios in the fourth line having *rang* time, which Johnson and others printed *rank*—i. e. *luxuriant.* The "ring-time" is the time for *marriage.*

Scene IV.

"*As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear*"—In the folio the line is printed thus:—

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

This, Caldecott, Collier, and others, retain unaltered, explaining it that "Orlando is in the state of mind of those who fear what they hope, and know that they fear it." Yet, with Johnson and other editors, I must confess that I cannot extract that or any other sense from the old reading. This edition, therefore, adopts the suggestion of Henley, which requires only a slight alteration of the pointing; and then Orlando may be understood as comparing himself to "those who fear, but yet hope while they are still conscious of real fear." Perhaps, however, the text requires a still bolder correction; and I have been much inclined to adopt Heath's reading, which is more Shakespearian in its antithesis, and its boldness of expression:—

As those that fear their hope, and know their fear.

"— *a lie seven times removed*"—"Touchstone here enumerates seven kinds of lies, from the retort courteous to the seventh and most aggravated species of lie, which he calls the lie direct. The courtier's answer to his intended affront, he expressly tells us, was the retort courteous. When, therefore, he says that they found the quarrel was on 'the lie seven times removed,' we must understand, by the latter word, the lie removed seven times, counting backwards, (as the word 'removed' seems to intimate,) from the last and most aggravated species of lie—the lie direct."—*Illust. Shak.*

"— *we quarrel in print, by the book*"—"The Poet (says Warburton) has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, entitled, 'Of Humours and Honourable Quarrels,' in quarto, printed by Wolf. (1594.) The first part of this tract he entitles, 'A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the *Duello* and the *Combat* in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other Inconveniences, for lack only of true Knowledge of Honour, and the *right Understanding of Words,* which here is set down.' The contents of the several chapters are as follow:—1. What the Reason is that the Party unto whom the Lie is given ought to become challenger, and of the Nature of Lies. 2. Of the Manuer and Diversity of Lies. 3. Of Lies certain, [or direct.] 4. Of conditional Lies, [or the lie circumstantial.] 5. Of the Lie in general. 6. Of the Lie in particular. 7. Of foolish Lies. 8. A Conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the Lie, [or the countercheck quarrelsome.] In the chapter of conditional Lies, speaking of the particle *if,* he says—'Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these words:—*if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter, thou wilt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in words—whereof no sure conclusion can arise.'"

"*Enter* Hymen"—"Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aërial being, in the character of Hymen."—Johnson.

In all the allegorical shows exhibited at ancient weddings, Hymen was a constant personage. Ben Jonson, in his 'Hymenæi, or the solemnities of Masque and Barriers, at a Marriage,' has left us instructions how to dress this favourite character. 'On the other hand entered Hymen, the god of marriage, in a saffron-coloured robe, his under vestures white, his sockes yellow, a yellow veile of silke on his left arme, his head crowned

with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a *torch*."—STEVENS.

"ATONE *together*"—i. e. *Agree* together, or are reconciled: from *at one*. The use of this word is very frequent by the contemporaries of Shakespeare, who also use it actively, as he too does elsewhere.

"*Enter Second Brother*"—So called in the old copies, to avoid confusion with the "melancholy Jaques." The name of this "second brother" must have been also Jaques, and he is mentioned in the first scene as then "at school." He is in fact the third brother introduced in the play; but what is meant is, that he is second in point of age—younger than Oliver, and older than Orlando. Collier objects that this supposition would seem to make Orlando too much of a stripling. But one so well read in Old-English literature should have remembered that *school* was used with great latitude by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, so as to include even the highest academic instruction—as we still say, "the School of Medicine" at Paris, etc. Thus, Hamlet writes, "Go back to school at Wittenberg"—i. e. to the University there. In Lodge's novel, (which ends very differently,) Fernandine, the second of the three brothers, is represented as "a scholar in Paris." He, like Jaques de Bois, arrives quite at the end of the story.

"—*meeting with an old religious man*"—In Lodge's novel, the usurping Duke is not diverted from his purpose by the pious counsels of a hermit, but is subdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who undertake the cause of Rosader—the Orlando of this play.

"—*the measure of their* STATES"—Not '*states*, for *estates*, as in Collier's edition, which is a useless change of the old reading—"All shall receive such a share of my own returning property as may suit their several stations."

"*To see no pastime*"—"Amid this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled, with a gloomy sensibility, the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character, and an able, though solitary moralist.

"It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakespeare has, on this occasion, forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master."—STEVENS.

"It is the more remarkable that old Adam is forgotten, since, at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captain of the king's guard*."—FARMER.

"*As we do trust they'll end in true delights*"—"The universal modern stage-direction here is 'a dance,' which probably followed the Duke's speech. The ancient direction, however, is *exit;* but there seems no sufficient reason why the Duke should go out before the conclusion of the Epilogue. Nevertheless, according to the custom of our old stage, he may have done so. Malone, Stevens, and all the modern editors, (Capell excepted,) read *And* instead of 'As,' in this line, without any reason for change, and without attempting to assign any."—COLLIER.

"—*If I were a woman*"—The female characters in plays, it is hardly necessary to observe, were at this time, and until after the Restoration, performed by boys, or young men.

"Every thing about Rosalind breathes of youth's sweet prime. She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them. She is as witty, as voluble, as sprightly as Beatrice, but in a style altogether distinct. In both, the wit is equally unconscious; but in Beatrice it plays about us like the lightning, dazzling, but also alarming; while the wit of Rosalind bubbles up and sparkles like living fountains, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness—'By this hand, it will not hurt a fly.'

"As her vivacity never lessens our impression of her sensibility, so she wears her masculine attire without the slightest impugnment of her delicacy. Shakespeare did not make the modesty of his women depend on their dress. Rosalind has in truth no 'doublet and hose in her disposition.' How her heart seems to throb and flutter under her page's vest. What depth of love in her passion for Orlando; whether disguised beneath a saucy playfulness, or breaking forth with a fond impatience, or half betrayed in that beautiful scene where she faints at the sight of the kerchief stained with his blood! Here, the recovery of her self-possession—her fears lest she should have revealed her sex—her presence of mind and quick-witted excuse, 'I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited,' and the characteristic playfulness which seems to return so naturally with her recovered senses, are all as amusing as consistent.

"Then how beautiful is the dialogue managed between herself and Orlando; how well she assumes the airs of a saucy page, without throwing off her feminine sweetness! How her wit flutters free as air over every subject! with what a careless grace, yet with what exquisite propriety:—

> For innocence hath a privilege in her
> To dignify arch jests and laughing eyes.

And if the freedom of some of the expressions used by Rosalind or Beatrice be objected to, let it be remembered that this was not the fault of Shakespeare or his women, but generally of the age. Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind, and the rest, lived in times when more importance was attached to things than to words: now we think more of words than of things. And happy are we, in these days of super-refinement, if we are to be saved by our verbal morality."—MRS. JAMESON.

"The plot of this delicious comedy was taken by our Poet from Lodge's 'Rosalynde, or Euphues' Golden Legacye.' Some of Lodge's incidents are judiciously omitted, but the greater part are preserved—the wrestling scene, the flight of the two ladies into the forest of Arden, the meeting there of Rosalind with her father and mother, and the whole happy termination of the plot, are found in the prose romance. Even the names of the personages are but slightly changed; for Lodge's Rosalind, in her male attire, calls herself Ganymede, and her cousin, as a shepherdess, is named Aliena. But never was the prolixity and pedantry of a prosaic narrative transmuted by genius into such magical poetry. In the days of James I., George Heriot, the Edinburgh merchant, who built a hospital still bearing his name, is said to have made his fortune by purchasing for a trifle a quantity of sand that had been brought as ballast by a ship from Africa. As it was dry, he suspected from its weight that it contained gold, and he succeeded in filtering a treasure from it. Shakespeare, like Heriot, took the dry and heavy sand of Lodge, and made gold out of it.

"Before I say more of this dramatic treasure, I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her cousin Celia, 'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers, 'To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.' But, arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind—for until a late period my eyes were never couched so as to see this objection. The

truth, however, is, that love is *wilfully* blind; and now that my eyes are opened, I shut them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabilities, when the heart has been touched and the fancy fascinated! When I think of the lovely Mrs. Jordan in this part, I have no more desire for proofs of probability on this subject, (though 'proofs pellucid as the morning dews,') than for the cogent logic of a bailiff's writ.'

"In fact, though there is no rule without exceptions, and no general truth without limitation, it may be pronounced, that if you delight us in fiction, you may make our sense of probability slumber as deeply as you please.

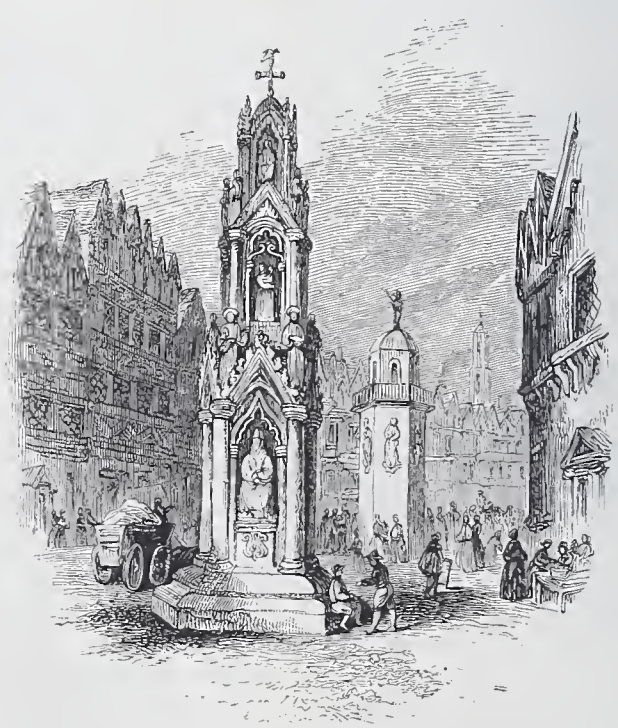
"But it may be asked whether nature and truth are to be sacrificed at the altar of fiction? No! in the main effect of fiction on the fancy, they never are nor can be sacrificed. The improbabilities of fiction are only its exceptions, while the truth of nature is its general law; and unless the truth of nature were in the main observed, the fictionist could not lull our vigilance as to particular improbabilities.

"Apply this maxim to Shakespeare's As You Like It, and our Poet will be found to make us forget what is eccentric from nature in a limited view, by showing it more beautifully probable in a larger contemplation. In this drama he snatches us out of the busy world into a woodland solitude; he makes us breathe its fresh air, partake its pastoral peace, feast on its venison, admire its bounding wild-deer, and sympathize with its banished men and simple rustics. But he contrives to break its monotony by the intrusion of courtly manners and characters. He has a fool and a philosopher, who might have hated each other at court, but who like each other in the forest. He has a shepherdess and her wooing shepherd, as natural as Arcadians; yet when the banished court come to the country and beats it in wit, the courtiers seem as much naturalized to the forest as its natives, and the general truth of nature is equally preserved.

"The events of the play are not numerous, and its interest is preserved by characters more than incidents. But what a tablet of characters! the witty and impassioned Rosalind, the love-devoted Orlando, the friendship-devoted Celia, the duty-devoted old Adam, the humourous Clown, and the melancholy Jaques: all these, together with the dignified and banished Duke, make the forest of Arden an Elysium to our imagination; and our hearts are so stricken by those benevolent beings, that we easily forgive the other once culpable but at last repentant characters."—Campbell.

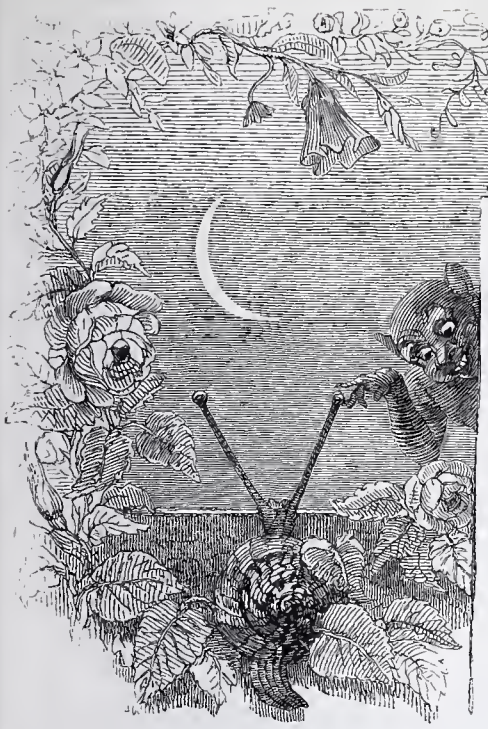
"For pure comedy, rich in variety, interest, poetry, and a happy view of human life, As You Like It is the world's master-piece. It has been termed a pastoral comedy, but that implies an unreal description of shepherds and shepherdesses; here we have persons of every degree, true to nature as the trees under which they walk and talk. There is a frankness and freedom in the dialogue, belonging equally to the various characters, that seem to partake of the open air in which they breathe. Never is the scene within doors, except when something discordant is introduced to heighten, as it were, the harmony—when the usurper banishes Rosalind, and twice more, for a short while, just to give him time to threaten. These changes serve, without disturbing our calmer feelings, to increase our happiness among the pleasant exiles in the forest.

"At one time I thought a lioness was out of her sphere in the forest of Arden, notwithstanding the authority of the original novel for her appearance there. But the forest of Arden is a privileged place, once famous for Merlin's magic fountains, Angelica, and the knights of Charlemagne, surrounded by enchantments, according to Boiardo and Ariosto. Shakespeare avoids following the novel in specifying a certain king of France; he mentions no country; and therefore he has a right to bring a lioness into this poetical forest, placed we know not where."—Ch. A. Brown.




MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM


MIDSUMMER
DREAM
J. W. CARR SC.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

PECULIAR CHARACTERISTICS, DATE OF COMPOSITION, STATE OF THE TEXT, ETC.

THIS is, in several respects, the most remarkable composition of its author, and has probably contributed more to his general fame, as it has given a more peculiar evidence of the variety and brilliancy of his genius, than any other of his dramas. Not that it is in itself the noblest of his works, or even one of the highest order among them; but it is not only exquisite in its kind—it is also original and peculiar in its whole character, and of a class by itself. For, although it be far from rivalling As You Like It, or the Merchant of Venice, in the varied exhibition of human character, or the gravity or the sweetness of ethical poetry—though it stand in no rank of comparison with Othello, or Lear, in the manifestation of lofty intellect or the energy of passion, or in unresisted sway over the reader's deeper emotions—yet Lear or Othello, or any one of Shakespeare's most perfect comedies, might have been lost by the carelessness of early editors, or the accidents of time, without any essential diminution of the general estimate of their author's genius. Possessing Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, and the Roman tragedies, we could place no assignable limit to the genius which produced them, if exerted on any similar themes of fierce passion or tragic dignity. So, again, As You Like It is but another and most admirable exhibition of the same prolific comic invention, which revels as joyously in Falstaff and Mercutio—of the same meditative poetic spirit, in turns fanciful, passionate, philosophical, which pours forth its austerer teachings in Measure for Measure, or more sweetly comes upon the ear, "with a dying fall," in the intervals of the loud jollity of the Twelfth Night. But the Midsummer-Night's Dream stands by itself, without any parallel; for the Tempest, which it resembles in its preternatural personages and machinery of the plot, is in other respects wholly dissimilar, is of quite another mood in feeling and thought, and with, perhaps, higher attributes of genius, wants its peculiar fascination. Thus it is that the loss of this singularly beautiful production would, more than that of any other of his works, have abridged the measure of its author's fame, as it would have left us without the means of forming any estimate of the brilliant lightness of his "forgetive" fancy, in its most sportive and luxuriant vein. The Poet and his contemporaries seem to have regarded this piece, as they well might, as in some sort a nondescript in dramatic literature; for it happens that, while the other plays published during their author's life are regularly denominated, in their title-page, as "the pleasant comedy," "the true dramatic history," or "the lamentable tragedy," this has no designation of the kind beyond its mere title, in either of the original editions. It has, in common with all his comedies, a perpetual intermixture of the essentially poetical with the purely laughable, yet is distinguished from all the rest by being (as Coleridge has happily defined its character) "one continued specimen of the dramatized lyrical." Its transitions are as rapid, and the images and scenes it presents to the imagination as unexpected and as remote from each other, as those of the boldest lyric; while it has also that highest perfection of the lyric art, the pervading unity of the poetic spirit—that continued glow of excited thought—which blends the whole rich and strange variety in one common effect of gay and dazzling brilliancy.

There is the heroic magnificence of the princely loves of Theseus and his Amazon bride, dazzling with the strangely gorgeous mixture of classical allusion and fable with the taste, feelings, and manners of chivalry; and all embodied in a calm and lofty poetry, fitted alike to express the grand simplicity of primeval heroism, and "the high thoughts in a heart of courtesy," which belong to the best parts of the chivalrous character. This is intertwined with the ingeniously perplexed fancies and errors of the Athenian lovers, wrought up with a luxuriant profusion of quaint conceits and artificial turns of thought, such as the age delighted in. The Fairy King and Queen, equally essential to the plot, are invested with a certain mythological dignity, suited to the solemn yet free music of the verse, and the elevation and grave elegance of all their thoughts and images. Their fairy subjects, again,

are the gayest and most fantastic of Fancy's children. All these are relieved and contrasted by the grotesque absurdity of the mock play, and still more by the laughable truth and nature of the amateur "mechanicals" who present it. The critics have, indeed, been disposed to limit the praise of truth and nature, in this part of the play, to the portraiture of green-room jealousies or vanity, such as the Poet might have observed in his own professional life. But in truth he has here contrasted to the finer idealities of heroic and of playful fancy, a vivid delineation of vulgar human nature—not confined to any one occupation or class in life, but such as often displays itself in the graver employments of real life, and the higher as well as the lower castes of society. Bottom, for instance, may be frequently found in high official or representative stations, among the legislative and municipal bodies of the world; and so near (according to Napoleon's well-known adage) is the sublime to the ridiculous, that it depends entirely upon external circumstances, with a little more or a little less sense in himself and his hearers, whether the *Bottom* of the day is doomed to wear the ass's head for life, or becomes the admiration of his companions, and roars "like a nightingale," in his own conceit, from the high stations of the law or the state.

This clustering of the sweetest flowers of fanciful and of heroic poetry around the grotesque yet substantial reality of Bottom and his associates, gives to the whole play that mixed effect of the grotesquely ludicrous with the irregularly beautiful, which the Poet himself has painted in his picture of Titania "rounding the hairy temples" of the self-satisfied fool—

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.

All this profusion of pure poetry and droll reality is worked up with the dramatic skill of a practised artist, in embodying these apparently discordant plots and personages into one perfectly connected and harmonious whole, out of which nothing could well be removed without injury to the rest. This artistic skill, though it may not be an excellence of the very highest order, is yet one that results only from practice and experience; and connected, as it is here, with great variety and richness of allusion, and knowledge—as well of life and nature as of books—indicates that the play cannot have been the production of a youth of limited experience of life, and little exercise of his dramatic talent. Yet it has been most commonly classed among the author's more youthful works, and it must be allowed that there is a good deal in the play to support this conjecture. It was first printed in 1600, but Meares mentioned it in his list before 1598; and the remarkable allusion to the ungenial summer and confusion of seasons which occurred in England, in 1594, (see note on act ii. scene 2—"Therefore the winds, piping," etc.,) affords evidence that the play, as it first appeared in print, must belong to a period about 1595, or 1596. This would place it in its author's thirty-first or thirty-second year, when, as his Romeo and Juliet shows, he had acquired a familiar freedom of poetic diction, in its widest range, and a mastery of metrical power and sweetness, far more bold and varied than is seen in his first dramatic efforts; and to this period the Midsummer-Night's Dream, as it was printed in 1600, certainly belongs. Yet the comparison of this beautiful poem with those of his other dramas, (which we know, from the collation of the successive old editions of some, or from the title-pages of others, were first written in a comparative immaturity of the author's genius, and afterwards received large alterations and additions,) strongly impresses me with the opinion that such was also the history of this drama. Malone places the whole of it as contemporary with Love's Labour's Lost, the Two Gentlemen of Verona, etc. Without agreeing to this arbitrary assignment of its date, I yet think that the rhyming dialogue and the peculiarities of much of the versification in those scenes, the elaborate elegance, the quaint conceits, and artificial refinements of thought in the whole episode (if it may be termed so) of Helena and Hermia, and their lovers, do certainly partake of the taste and manner of those more juvenile comedies; while, in the other poetic scenes, "the strain we hear is of a higher mood," and belongs to a period of fuller and more conscious power.

It, therefore, seems to me very probable, (though I do not know that it has appeared so to any one else,) that the Midsummer-Night's Dream was originally written in a very different form from that in which we now have it, several years before the date of the drama in its present shape—that it was subsequently remoulded, after a long interval, with the addition of the heroic personages, and all the dialogue between Oberon and Titania, perhaps with some alteration of the lower comedy; the rhyming dialogue and the whole perplexity of the Athenian lovers being retained, with slight change, from the more boyish comedy. The completeness and unity of the piece would indeed quite exclude such a conjecture, if we were forced to reason only from the evidence afforded by itself; but, as in Romeo and Juliet (not to speak of other dramas) we have the certain proof of the amalgamation of the products of different periods of the author's progressive intellect and power, the comparison leads to a similar conclusion here.

The play is said never to have been popular, as an acted drama, on the modern stage; as may well be the case; for dramatic imitation must deal in too material realities to pourtray the "airy nothings" which the Poet's "fine frenzy" had "turned to shapes." Mrs. A. Browne has even conjectured that it failed in its first representation, and that it was the author's mortification on this result, and his consequent disgust for the drama, for a time, that Spenser alluded to in his "Tears of the Muses," in 1591, when he lamented that his "pleasant Willey" should 'chuse to sit in idle cell." If this supposition be well founded, it must have been the primitive sketch that was unsuccessful; for we learn, from the title-page of the edition of 1600, that the piece then printed was often acted, and it was so popular that two different printers brought out rival editions.

It was originally printed in quarto, in those two editions, with much more care than was usual with other dramatic writings of the day, and especially than the generality of Shakespeare's other plays printed during his lifetime. It accordingly furnishes less food than usual for critical correction and controversy in settling the text, which offers few difficulties of this nature.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT, COSTUME, MANNERS, ETC.

This play has all the merit of entire originality of plot and incident—a merit which we know that Shakespeare soon learnt to hold very cheap, regarding such originality, very justly, as the humblest part of dramatic invention. Here, however, where he meant to carry the invention of his characters, with the language and thoughts, beyond the bounds of real life, or of traditional story, novelty of plot became necessary to the higher originality of effect he wished to produce otherwise. The traditions of all Europe, and the East, had given him the leading idea of fairy character, in the legends of puny immortals, whose interference in human affairs had always a mixture of waggish malice and good-nature. But the peculiar poetic colouring of that character is purely his own, as the reader may satisfy himself by comparing the fairy scenes with the materials to which the industry of the commentators has referred, as the sources of his invention:—

"The 'Knight's Tale' of Chaucer, and the same poet's 'Tysbe of Babylone,' together with Arthur Golding's translation of the story of 'Pyramus and Thisbe' from Ovid, are the only sources yet pointed out of the plots introduced and employed by Shakespeare. Oberon, Titania, and Robin Good-fellow, or Puck, are mentioned, as belonging to the fairy mythology, by many authors of the time. The Percy Society not long since reprinted a tract called 'Robin Good-fellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests,' from an edition in 1628; but there is little doubt that it originally came out at least forty years earlier: together with a ballad inserted in the 'Introduction' to that reprint, it shows how Shakespeare availed himself of existing popular superstitions. In Percy's 'Reliques' is a ballad entitled the 'Merry Pranks of Robin Good-fellow,' attributed to Ben Jonson, of which I have a version in a MS. of the time: it is the more curious, because it has the initials B. J. at the end. It contains some variations and an additional stanza, which, considering the subject of the poem, it may be worth while here to subjoin:—

When as my fellow elfes and I
  In circled ring do trip around,
If that our sports by any eye
  Do happen to be seen or found;
    If that they
    No words do say,
But *mum* continue as they go,
    Each night I do
    Put groat in shoe,
And wind out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

"The incidents connected with the life of Robin Good-fellow were, no doubt, worked up by different dramatists in different ways: and in Henslowe's 'Diary' are inserted two entries of money paid to Henry Chettle for a play he was writing, in September, 1602, under the title of 'Robin Good-fellow.'"—COLLIER.

The heroical personages are not original, in name or history, but quite so in the peculiar combination with fairy lore, as well as in their poetical decoration, and more especially in the beautiful spirit of philosophical thought with which Theseus is filled—to whom the Poet has given a sort of regal family-likeness to Hamlet, both in the kind and thoughtful courtesy of disposition, and in the meditative cast of thought, though not, like Hamlet's, forced by painful inquiries, but employed in cheerful considerations upon man's noblest tastes and faculties.

The splendid confusion of the classical and mythological with the tastes and habits of medæval chivalry, will strike modern readers as discordant. But such was the traditionary and customary poetical costume of the heroes of Homer and Ovid, when they appeared in the songs or tales of romance. This arose at first from the ignorance of the old romancers and historians, and their readers, who conformed the habits and manners of the classical heroes to those of their own days. But afterwards, when these topics were used by more cultivated authors, they from choice continued the same confusion of times and manners. Boccaccio and Chaucer were familiar at least with Latin literature; but (the one in his 'Tescide,' and the other in his 'Knight's Tale') both introduced Duke Theseus in the same romantic and conventional costume, without any attempt to invest him or his times with a dress more congruous to Grecian tastes and habits. There was then no reason why a dramatist, writing for popular effect, should throw away the manifest advantage of adopting the ideas of his personages which were already familiar to his audience; nor does he betray any ignorance in comforming to them. Thus, the Athens of this play, like that of Chaucer and Boccaccio, is not a city of early Greece, but the capital of a principality which, in every thing but its religion, resembled the Ghent and Bruges of the dukes of Burgundy, or the capitals of any of the princely chiefs of the days of chivalry.

If, however, the artist thinks it expedient for the stage, or for pictorial illustration, to resort to a stricter external costume than the Poet thought necessary, he may find materials of the choicest kind, (where Mr. Planché directs him,) in the frieze of the Parthenon, the Etruscan vases, and other exquisite relics of classic taste and form.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, Father to HERMIA.
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } in love with HERMIA.
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to THESEUS
QUINCE, the Carpenter.
SNUG, the Joiner.
BOTTOM, the Weaver.
FLUTE, the Bellows-mender.
SNOUT, the Tinker.
STARVELING, the Tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to THESEUS.
HERMIA, Daughter to EGEUS, in love with LYSANDER.
HELENA, in love with DEMETRIUS

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, a Fairy
PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, } Fairies.
PYRAMUS, THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, LION, } Characters in the Interlude, performed by the Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA.

SCENE—ATHENS, and a Wood not far from it.







SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in the Palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE. *and Attendants.*

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace: four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, *with his daughter* HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I; with complaint

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath betwitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats, (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth,)
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so, she will not here, before your grace,
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes!

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befal me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and by the next new moon,
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship,
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
(If not with vantage,) as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof:
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THES., HIP., EGE., DEM., *and train.*

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then, let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
(Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,)
There will I stay for thee.
Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!
Your's would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go,
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O! teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turned a heaven into a hell!



ACT I. SCENE I.—Upon faint primrose-beds

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit* HERMIA.

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!
[*Exit* LYSANDER.

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vil'd, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Room in a Cottage.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,
"And shivering shocks,
"Shall break the locks
"Of prison-gates:
"And Phibbus' car
"Shall shine from far,
"And make and mar
"The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman: I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one. You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice:—"Thisne, Thisne—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father.—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part;—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again: let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us, but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove: I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as

one shall see in a summer's day, a most lovely, gentlemanlike man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold, or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT I. SCENE 2.—I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale



SCENE I.—*A Wood near Athens.*

Enter a Fairy, and PUCK, *from opposite sides.*

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see.
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone.
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.
Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skims milk, and sometimes labours in the quern,
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime makes the drink to bear no barm;
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?
Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Fairy: here comes Oberon.
Fai. And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone!

Enter OBERON, *from one side, with his train, and* TITANIA, *from the other, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairy, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?
Tita. Then, I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the furthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?
Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hadst disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,

Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat: and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock:
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here:
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension:
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following, (her womb, then rich with my young squire,)
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exit* TITANIA, *with her train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw (but thou could'st not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit* PUCK.

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia,
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,

For you, in my respect, are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase:
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions: let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS, *and* HELENA.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord: your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT II.—SCENE I.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.



FAIRIES' SONG.

FIRST FAIRY.

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

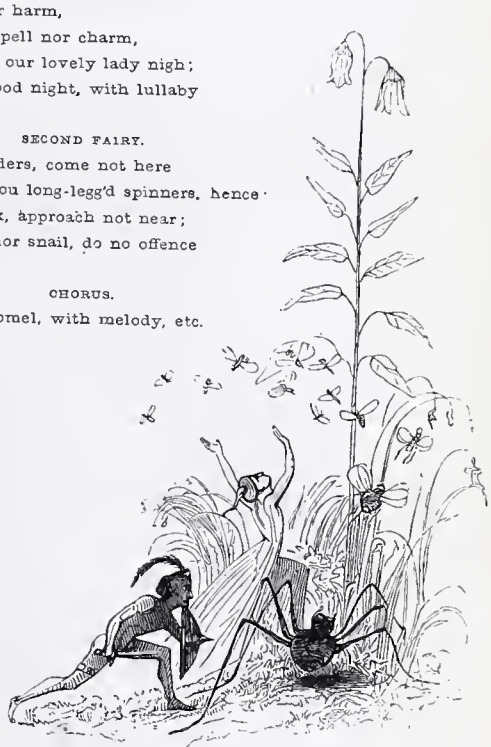
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby

SECOND FAIRY.

Weaving spiders, come not here
Hence you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, etc.



2 *Fai.* Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies.* TITANIA *sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'S *eyelids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*



Enter LYSANDER, *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both:
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet: do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS, *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence; and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O! wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.



Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.

Hel. O! I am out of breath in this fond chase.
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than her's.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear;
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here?—Lysander on the ground?
Dead, or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake. [*Waking.*
Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander: say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love.
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So, I being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess.
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore, be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lysander near;
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me.
And, all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

Her. [*Starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.
Ah, me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*



ACT II. SCENE 1.—The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me



SCENE I.—The Same. *The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our 'tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of "Pyramus and Thisby," that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect:—"Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are;" and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have





spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK, *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. "Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,"—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. ——"odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.—
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear." [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM, *with an ass's head.*

This. O!—"As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

Pyr. "If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine:"—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt Clowns.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom! thou art changed: what do I see on thee? [*Exit.*

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own, do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The oosel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawney bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days.



Act III. Scene 1.—I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.
2 *Fai.* And I.
3 *Fai.* And I.
4 *Fai.* And I.
All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies.
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!
2 *Fai.* Hail!
3 *Fai.* Hail!
4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him: lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my lover's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt*



Act III. Scene 1.—The oosel-cock, so black of hue.

Scene II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take;
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls:
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong,
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some, sleeves, some, hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.
Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping, (that is finish'd too,)
And the Athenian woman by his side,
That when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius, *and* Hermia.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman; but not this the man.
Dem. O! why rebuke you him that loves you so!
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now, I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he!
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then!
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.
Dem. And, if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so;
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.
[*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down.*
Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight;
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*



Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky,—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befal preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER, *and* HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow I weep, and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O, devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O! how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so,
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo! she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O! is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem,
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face,
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most to love unlov'd,
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena! hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, sir—
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O hated poison, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What! can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid!)
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me!—you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!
Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures: she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you: for love, I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.
Her. Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O! when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd.
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part, for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.
Lys. Now she holds me not,
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl. [*Exeunt* LYS., *and* DEM.
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you.
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*
Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.
Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep,
With leaden legs and batty wings, doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.
Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,

Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.
[*Exit* OBERON.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.



ACT III. SCENE 2.—I will lead them up and down.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain! drawn, and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.
[*Exit* LYSANDER, *as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea; art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Puck. Come hither: I am here.
Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night! O, long and tedious night!
Abate thy hours; shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company.
[*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers:
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground sleep sound:
I'll apply to your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eye.*
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight in the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, "and all shall be well."
[*Exit* PUCK.—DEM., HEL., etc., *slee*



MOUNT TAURUS.



SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter TITANIA, *and* BOTTOM; *Fairies attending:* OBERON *behind, unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior—Where's monsieur mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face, and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let's have the tongs and the bones.



Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle.
Gently entwist: the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Obe. [*Advancing.*] Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me; and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wast wont to be;
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley: let them go!—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls:
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells.
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Horns, and shout within.* DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *and* HELENA. *wake and start up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel.*

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—

And now I do bethink me, so it is,)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law—
Ege. Enough, enough! my lord, you have enough.
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife, and me, of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.
Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.
Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Her. Yea; and my father.
Hel. And Hippolyta.
Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.
Dem. Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

Bot. [*Waking.*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."——Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom, and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[*Exit.*



BOTTOM AWAKING.

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in* QUINCE'S *House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O, sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what, for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps: meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case let Thisby have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away! [*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—The Same. *An Apartment in the Palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antic fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy,
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper.*

The. [*Reads.*] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."
That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth."
Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is,
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter the PROLOGUE.

Prol. "If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you.
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know."

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed, he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain,
Nothing impair'd, but all disordered.
Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE, *Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.*

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
This man with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn.
Presenteth moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain."
[*Exeunt* PROL., THISBE, *Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord:
One lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befal,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This lime, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall: the truth is so;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "O, grim-look'd night! O, night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art, when day is not!
O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.—
And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall!
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall! O sweet, and lovely wall!
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne. [*Wall holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss;
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not.—"Deceiving me," is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And like Limander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

This. "'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall*, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion, and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i'the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would, he would change!

The. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh."—

[*The Lion roars.*—THISBE *runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion tears* THISBE's *mantle, and exit.*

The. Well moused, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.
But stay;—O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What! stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye furies fell!
O fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame,
Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear?
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:

Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:—
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now die, die, die, die, die."
[*Dies.—Exit* MOONSHINE.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet.*——

This. "Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus! arise:
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone.
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O! sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk:
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:—
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
And farewell, friends.—
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse, for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.—
Lovers, to bed: 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn.
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE 2.—I am sent with broom before.

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON, *and* TITANIA, *with all their train.*

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand with fairy grace
Will we sing, and bless this place.

THE SONG.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.



ACT V SCENE 2.—Now until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray

Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear;
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long,
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.
[*Exit.*





BATTLE OF THE AMAZONS.
ACT I. SCENE 1.—Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword.

NOTES ON MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

"NEW *bent in heaven*"—The old copies, quarto and folio, are uniform in reading "new" *now*, which all the editors, except Collier, have agreed with Rowe in considering as an early error of the press. The old reading of *now*, preferred by Collier, gives indeed an intelligible sense, but far less probable and less poetical, and more harshly expressed, than that preferred in all other editions.

"*Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword*"—"The ingenious writer of 'A Letter on Shakespeare's Authorship of the Two Noble Kinsmen' remarks, that 'the characters in a MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM are classical, but the costume is strictly Gothic, and shows that it was through the medium of romance that he drew the knowledge of them.' It was in Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale' that our Poet found the Duke of Athens, and Hippolyta, and Philostrate; in the same way that the author of the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' and subsequently Dryden, found there the story of 'Palamon and Arcite.' Hercules and Theseus have been called, by Godwin, 'the knight-errants of antiquity;" and truly the mode in which the fabulous histories of the ancient world blended themselves with the literature of the chivalrous ages fully justifies this seemingly anomalous designation. It is not difficult to trace Shakespeare in passages of the 'Knight's Tale.' The opening lines of that beautiful poem offer an example:—

> Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
> Ther was a duk that highte Theseus.
> Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
> And in his time swiche a conquerour,
> That greter was ther non under the sonne
> Full many a riche contree had he wonne.
> What with his wisdom and his chevalrie,
> He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,
> That whilom was ycleped Scythia;
> And wedded the fresshe quene Ipolita,
> And brought hire home with him to his contree
> With mochel glorie and gret solempnitee,
> And eke hire yonge suster Emilie.
> And thus with victorie and with melodie
> Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,
> And all his host, in armes him beside.
> And certes, if it n'ere to long to here,
> I wolde have tolde you fully the manere,
> How wonnen was the regne of Feminie.
> By Theseus, and by his chevalrie:
> And of the grete bataille for the nones
> Betwix Athenes and the Amasones:
> And how asseged was Ipolita
> The faire hardy quene of Scythia;
> And of the feste, that was at hire wedding,
> And of the temple at hire home coming.
> But all this thing I most as now forbere;
> I have, God wot, a large field to ere."
>
> KNIGHT.

"— *our renowned* DUKE"—Gibbon, ("Decline and Fall," chap. xvii.,) speaking of the title of Duke, as applied to the military commander of princes in the reign of Constantine, says that "it is only a corruption of the Latin word *Dux*, which was indiscriminately applied to any chief." In this sense it was early adopted in Old-English, and used in the first translations of the Bible, including that of King James. Thus, in the fifteenth chapter of "Genesis," the word in Greek and in Hebrew, answering to *leader*, is thus rendered. Again, in the first chapter of the first book of "Chronicles," we find a list of the "dukes of Edom." Chaucer has Duke Theseus—Gower, Duke Spartacus—Stonyhurst, Duke Æneas.

"— *according to our law*"—By a law of Solon, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. It suited the Poet's purpose to suppose that the Athenians had it before.

"— EARTHLY *happier*"—More happy in an *earthly* sense. The reading of all the old copies is "earthlier *happy*," and this is retained in the majority of editions, although Pope and Johnson proposed *earlier happy*, and Stevens *earthly happy*. We agree, with Knight and Collier, that Capell's reading, which we have adopted, is the true one; and that the old reading arose out of a common typographical error. The orthography of the folio is *earthlier happie*—if the comparative had not been used, it would have been *earthlie happie*; and it is easy to see that the *r* has been transposed.

"*Unto his lordship, whose* UNWISHED *yoke*"—Collier follows the second folio—"*to* whose *unwish'd* yoke;" but *to give any thing sovereignty* is still good English, without inserting *to*. The metre is more impressive as it stood in the three earlier editions, without this insertion. "Lordship" is used as it was anciently, where we should now use *dominion*—an instance, among many, where the word of later derivation, of the same primitive sense, had displaced the former Anglo-Saxon one, or confined it to a more limited sense. In Wickliffe's "New Testament," "lordship" is used where the translators of King James's "Bible" have preferred *dominion*.

"BETEEM *them*"—To "beteem," in its common acceptation, is to *bestow*, as often used by Spenser and others, and which gives a clear sense; but Stevens suggests that it here means *pour out*, as he says it is used in the North of England.

"*Ah me! for aught that I could ever read*"—The curious observer of Shakespearian rhythm will note here a variation from most of the editions, affecting only the melody of the passage. This is the reading of the

two editions printed in the Poet's life. The folio, followed by Stevens, Knight, and others, has—"that ever I could read."

"The passage in 'Paradise Lost,' in which Milton has imitated this famous passage of Shakespeare, is conceived in a very different spirit. Lysander and Hermia lament over the evils by which—

——— true lovers have been ever cross'd—

as 'an edict in destiny,' to which they must both submit with patience and mutual forbearance. The Adam of Milton reproaches Eve with the—

——— innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares—

as a trial of which lordly man has alone a right to complain:—

——— for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse, or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his bane or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."
("*Paradise Lost*," book x. ver. 895.)

Adam had certainly cause to be angry when he uttered these reproaches; and, therefore, Milton has dramatically forgotten that man is not the only sufferer in such disturbances on earth.'"—KNIGHT.

"— *too high to be enthrall'd to* LOW"—The quartos and folios read—

O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to *love*.

Theobald altered *love* to "low;" and the antithesis, which is kept up through the subsequent lines, justifies the change—*high, low: old, young*.

"— *the choice of* FRIENDS"—For "friends" the first folio reads *merit*. It is difficult to account for the variation, which certainly gives a sense less clear, and less suited to the next line.

"— MOMENTANY *as a sound*"—The folio changes "momentany" into *momentary*, which the "Pictorial" and other late editions follow. I have preferred retaining the Old-English variation of the word, as it stood in the two first editions; it being the older word, and used by Bacon, Hooker, and Crashaw, and still in use in Drydeu's time.

"— *the* COLLIED *night*"—i. e. *Black, smutted*. This is a word still in use in the Staffordshire collieries. Shakespeare found it there, and transplanted it into the regiou of poetry.

"— *in a* SPLEEN"—i. e. In a sudden *fit of passion*, or *caprice*. Shakespeare repeatedly uses it, in the sense of *violent hasty motion:* as in KING JOHN—

With swifter *spleen* than powder can enforce.

"— FANCY'S *followers*"—i. e. The "followers" of *love*. "Fancy" is here used in the same sense as in the MERCHANT OF VENICE—

Tell me where is *fancy* bred.

The word is repeated, with the same meaning, in this play, (act iii. scene 2:)—

In maiden meditation, *fancy-free*.

Also, in act iii. scene 2—

All *fancy-sick* she is, and pale of cheer.

"— *the false* TROJAN"—Shakespeare forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido.

"— *your* FAIR"—Used as a substantive for *beauty*. As in the COMEDY OF ERRORS—

——— My decayed *fair*
A sunny look of his would soon repair.

"*Your eyes are* LODE-STARS"—"This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The 'lode-star' is the *leading*, or guiding star—i. e. the *pole-star*. The magnet is for the same reason called the *lode-stone*, either because it *leads* iron, or because it guides the sailor. Milton has the same thought in 'L'Allegro:'—

Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees;
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

JOHNSON.

"YOURS WOULD *I catch*"—The reading of all the old editions is, "*Your words* I catch," which, though Collier retains, I cannot comprehend, and, with all the other editors presume it to be a misprint; and have adopted the correction of Hanmer.

"— *what graces in my love do dwell,*
That he hath turn'd a heaven into a hell!"

"Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She, therefore, bids her not to consider the power of pleasing as an advantage, to be much envied or much desired; since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness."—JOHNSON.

"— STRANGE COMPANIES"—In the original editions we have the following reading:—

And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms, of their counsel *swell'd*,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes
To seek new friends and *strange companions*.

The scene is in rhyme; and the introduction of four lines of blank verse has a harsh effect. *Swell'd*, too, is a harsh and obscure epithet. The emendations were made by Theobald; and they are certainly ingenious and unforced. "Companies," for *companions*, has an example in HENRY V.:—

His *companies* unletter'd, rude, and shallow.

"— *base and* VIL'D"—i. e. *Vile*. The word occurs repeatedly in SHAKESPEARE, as in Spenser; and when it does occur, we are scarcely justified in substituting the modern *vile*.

SCENE II.

"*Enter* QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING"—The old stage-direction gives their different trades—"Enter Quince, the carpenter; and Snug, the joiner; and Bottom, the weaver; and Flute, the bellows-mender; and Starveling, the tailor."

"In this scene, Shakespeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man wants to perform, when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a 'tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is, therefore, desirous to play Pyramus, Thisby, and the Lion, at the same time."—JOHNSON.

"— *according to the* SCRIP"—i. e. *Script*—a written paper. Bills of exchange are called, by Locke, "*scrips* of paper;" and the term is still known upon the Stock Exchange.

"— *most* LAMENTABLE COMEDY"—Probably a burlesque upon the titles of some of the old dramas; thus:—'A lamentable Tragedie, mixed. full of pleasant mirth. containing the Life of Cambises, king of Percia," etc.; by Thomas Preston, (uo date.) So, Skelton's "Magnificence" is called "a goodly interlude and a mery."

"*A very good* PIECE OF WORK"—Bottom and Sly both speak of a theatrical representation as they would of a piece of cloth, or a pair of shoes. Sly says of the play, "'Tis a very excellent *piece of work*."

"— ERCLES' *vein*"—i. e. *Hercules*. He was one of the roaring heroes of the rude drama which preceded

Shakespeare. In Greene's "Groat's-worth of Wit," (1592,) a player says, "The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage."

"*— play it in a mask*"—"This passage shows how the want of women, on the old stage, was supplied. If they had not a young man who conld perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask; which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use, that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene; and he that conld modulate his voice in a female tone might play the woman very successfully. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. Prynne, in his "Histriomatix," exclaims with great vehemence through several pages, because a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfriars, in the year 1628."—*Illust. Shak.*

"*— a bill of* PROPERTIES"—The technicalities of the theatre are very unchanging. The person who has charge of the wooden swords, and pasteboard shields. and other trumpery required for the business of the stage, is still called the *property-man*. In the "Antipodes," by R. Brome, 1640, (quoted by Mr. Collier,) we have the following ludicrous account of the "properties," which form as curious an assemblage as in Hogarth's "Strollers:"—

> He has got into our tiring-house amongst us,
> And ta'en a strict survey of all our *properties;*
> Our statues and our images of gods,
> Our planets and our constellations,
> Our giants, monsters, furies, beasts, and bugbears,
> Our helmets, shields and vizors, hairs and beards.
> Our pasteboard marchpanes, and our wooden pies.

"*— Hold, or cut bow-strings*"—Capell says this is a proverbial expression, derived from archery:—"When a party was made at butts, assnrance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase." It means, "at all events," or, as we now say, "rain or shine."

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"*— from opposite sides*"—In the old stage-direction, and in the prefixes to the speeches, Pnck is called Robin Good-fellow, until after the entrance of Oberon. Robin Good-fellow was his popular name.

"THOROUGH *bush*"—"Thorough" is the older form of *through*, and both were used indiscriminately in Shakespeare's day, though the first began to be a little antiquated. He uses either, as suits his metrical effect. Some editors have shortened the lines by reading *through*, which is not in the measure the Poet chooses for his fairy rhythm. So Drayton, in his "Nymphidia, or Court of Fairy"—

> Thorough hrake, thorough hriar,
> Thorough muck, thorough mire,
> Thorough water, thorough fire.

"*Swifter than the moon's sphere*"—We learn from Mr. Collier, that Coleridge, in his lectures, in 1818, was very emphatic in his praises of the beauty of these lines: "the measure (he said) had been invented and employed by Shakespeare, for the sake of its appropriateness to the rapid and airy motion of the Fairy by whom the passage is delivered." In his "Literary Remains," he dwells upon the subject with more particnlarity, and dissects the lines according to the Greek measures, observing upon "the delightful effect on the ear in the sweet transition," from the eight amphimacers of the first four lines to the trochees of the concluding verses. Stevens and Collier print "moon's" *mone's*, as being the Old-Saxon genitive; and Mr. Guest ("History of English Rhythm") is right in saying that this line accords "with the peculiar rhythm the Poet has devoted to his fairies," which he well describes as "abrupt verses of two, three, or fonr accents."

"*— her* ORBS *upon the green*"—"The 'orbs' here mentioned are those circles in the herbage commonly called fairy-rings, the cause of which is not yet certainly known. Thus, also, Drayton—

> They in courses make that *round.*
> In meadows and in marshes found,
> Of them so called fairy ground.

Olaus Magnus says that these dancers parched up the grass; and, therefore, it is properly made the office of the fairy to refresh it."—JOHNSON *and* STEVENS.

"*The cowslips tall her* PENSIONERS *be*"—i. e. Her *guards*. The golden-coated cowslips are selected as pensioners to the fairy queen, the dress of Queen Elizabeth's band of gentlemen-pensioners being very splendid, and the tallest and handsomest men being generally chosen for the office. These glittering attendants on royalty are alluded to by Dame Quickly, in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"*— thou* LOB *of spirits*"—i. e. *Lubber*, or *clown*. "Lob," *lobcock*, *looby*, and *lubber*, all denote inactivity of body and dullness of mind. The reader will remember Milton, in "L'Allegro"—

> Then lay him down the *lubber* fiend.

"*— a* CHANGELING"—i. e. A child procured in *exchange*.

"*— starlight* SHEEN"—i. e. *Bright, shining*.

"*— they do* SQUARE"—i. e. *Quarrel*. "It is difficult to understand how *to square*, which, in the ordinary sense, is *to agree*, should mean *to disagree*. And yet there is no doubt that the word was used in this sense. Hollingshed has—'Falling *at square* with her husband.' In MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Beatrice says—'Is there no young *squarer* now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?' Mr. Richardson, after explaining the usual meaning of this verb, adds—'*To square* is also, conseqnently, *to broaden;* to set out broadly, in a position or attitude of offence or defence—(*se quarrer.*)' The word is thus used in the language of pugilism. There is more of our old dialect in *flash* terms than is generally snpposed."—KNIGHT.

> "*— that shrewd and knavish sprite,*
> *Called Robin Good-fellow.*"

"The account given of this 'knavish sprite' in these lines, corresponds with what is said of him in Harsenet's 'Declaration,' (1603:)—"And if that the bowl of curds and cream were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the friar, and Sisse, the dairymaid, why then either the pottage was burnt next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the vat never would have good head.' Scott also speaks of him, in his 'Discovery of Witchcraft:'—'Your grandams' maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding of malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight. This white bread, and bread and milk, was his standing fee.'"—T. WARTON.

In his "Nymphidia," (1619,) Drayton thus speaks of Puck, "the merry wanderer of the night:"—

> This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt;
> Still walking like a ragged colt,
> And oft out of a hush doth bolt,
> Of purpose to deceive us;
> And leading us, makes us to stray
> Long winter nights, out of the way,
> And when we stick in mire and clay.
> He doth with laughter leave us.

"*— in the* QUERN"—i. e. *Handmill;* from the Anglo-Saxon, *cwyrn*.

"*— to bear no* BARM"—i. e. Not to *work:* "barm" is *yeast*.

"*sweet* PUCK"—"The epithet is by no means superfluous: as 'Puck' alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*. So, the author of 'Pierce Ploughman' puts the *pouk* for the devil—'*none helle powke.*' It seems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke, puken;* Satha nas, *Gudm. And. Lexicon Island.*"—TYRWHITT.

"In Spenser's 'Epithaliam,' (1595:)—

> Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helpelesse harms,
> Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil spright,
> Ne let mischievous witches with their charmes,
> Ne let hobgoblins, etc.

Again, in the ninth book of Goldiug's translation of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' (1587:)—

> —— and the country where Chymæra, that same *pooke*,
> Hath goatish bodie," etc. STEVENS.

We have a New-York Americanism, which comes through the Dutch, from the same root—*spook;* meaning, any fearful and supernatural visitor, though generally a ghost. Ben Jonson calls his Robin Goodfellow, whose occupatious are described as resembling Puck's, *Pug*, in the play of which Pug is the hero, ("The Devil is an Ass.") Burton ("Anatomy of Melancholy") soon after speaks of a *Puck* as a peculiar sort of demon, like a "Will of the Wisp." It would appear, therefore, to have been already long a familiar name, and not of the Poet's invention. Yet there is a curious coincidence between the name and a similar sounding one familiar to the language of our North American Indians, and connected with a similar playful superstition:—

An ingeuious attempt has been made by our countrywoman, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, to identify the Puck of Shakespeare with a noted personage, of similar name, who figures in our aboriginal mythology. Her theory is based upon the curious Indian researches of H. R. Schoolcraft, Esq., published some years since in New York. *Puck-pa-wis*, it seems, is the name of a mythological character who figures in the fictitious lodge-legends of the Algonquins; whose language, now the principal tongue among the lake-tribes of the north-west, formerly prevailed, with some variations of dialect, from the St. Lawrence to the Roanoke, at the time when those regions were visited by Raleigh, and other contemporaries of Shakespeare. Puck-pa-wis (according to Schoolcraft) is always represented as "a roving, jumping, dancing, adventure-hunting character—a kind of *harum-scarum* merry-Andrew, who performs all sorts of feats and prauks." He figures sometimes alone, but frequently has an attendant company of sprites called *Puck-wudj-inninees*"—an epithet commonly translated "the little vanishers," or, to render it more clearly, (*inninee* being the diminutive form of the term for *man*,) "the little wild vanishing men of the woods." They are described as inhabiting rocky ledges and crevices, or frequenting rural and romantic points of land on lakes, bays, and rivers, particularly if they be crowned with pine-trees. They are depicted, in the oral language of the Algonquins, as flitting among thickets, or running with a whoop up the sides of mountains, and over plains. Puck-pa-wis, the chief of the troop, is sometimes described as carrying a magic shell; sometimes he is tossing a tiny ball before him. He is always represented as very small, and frequently being invisible—vanishing and re-appearing to those whom he visits with his pranks. (See SCHOOLCRAFT'S "*Algic Researches.*")

"*And* 'TAILOR' *cries*"—"The custom of crying 'tailor,' at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair falls as a tailor squats upon his board."—JOHNSON.

"— WAXEN *in their mirth*"—Dr. Farmer's conjecture, that "waxen" is a misprint for *yexen*, (i. e. *hiccup*,) makes a broader picture. However, "waxen," as the old plural of *wax*, is also comic enough. They increase their mirth, without new cause, till they sneeze. "Neeze" is the autiquated spelling of *sneeze*, and retained as late as our common version of the Bible.

"— PERIGENIA, *whom he ravished*"—Her true name seems to have been *Perigone*. North, in his "Translation of Plutarch," (1579,) calls her Perigouna. This last would have suited Shakespeare's verse as well as "Perigenia," and perhaps he did not procure the name from North's "Plutarch."

"— *the* MIDDLE SUMMER'S SPRING"—The "spring" is the *beginning;* as the *spring of the day*—a common expression in our early writers. The "middle summer" is the *midsummer*.

"— PAVED *fountain*"—A "fountain," or clear stream. rushing over *pebbles*—certainly not an artificially "paved fountain," as Johnson has supposed. The *paved fountain* is contrasted with the *rushy brook*. The epithet "paved" is used in the same sense as in the "pearl-paved ford" of Drayton, the "pebble-paved channel" of Marlowe, and the "coral-paven bed" of Milton.

"— *the winds, piping to us in vain*"—In Churchyard's "Charitie," a poem published in 1595, the "distemperature" of that year is thus described:—

> A colder time in world was never seen:
> The skies do lower, the sun and moon wax dim;
> Summer scarce known but that the leaves are green.
> The winter's waste drives water o'er the brim;
> Upon the land great floats of wood may swim.
> Nature thinks scorn to do her duty right,
> Because we have displeased the Lord of Light.

This "progeny of evils" has been recorded by the theologians as well as the poets. In Strype's "Annals," we have an extract from a lecture preached by Dr. J. King, in which are enumerated the signs of divine wrath with which England was visited in 1593 and 1594. The lecturer says:—"Remember that the spring (that year when the plague broke out) was very unkind, by means of the abundance of rains that fell. Our July hath been like to a February; our June even as an April: so that the air must needs be infected." Then, having spoken of three successive years of scarcity, he adds—"And see, whether the Lord doth not threaten us much more, by sending such unseasonable weather, and storms of rain among us: which if we will observe, and compare it with that which is past, we may say that the course of nature is very much inverted. Our years are turned upside down. Our summers are no summers: our harvests are no harvests: our seed-times are no seed-times. For a great space of time, scant any day hath been seen that it hath not rained upon us."

"*Contagious fogs; which falling in the land*"—The manuscript diary of the theatrical astrologist, Dr. Forman, which has recently thrown so much light on Shakespearian chronology, as our readers will find in various parts of this edition, (see CYMBELINE, "Introductory Remarks,") gives an account of the weather in 1594, which translates into homely prose the fairy poetry of the dramatist:—

"Ther was moch sicknes but lyttle death, moch fruit, and many plombs of all sorts this yeare and small nuts, but fewe walnuts. This monethes of June and July were very wet and wonderfull cold like winter, that the 10 dae of Julii many did syt by the fyer, yt was so cold; and soe was yt in Maye and June; and scarce too fair dais together all that tyme, but yt rayned every day more or lesse. Yf yt did not raine, then was yt cold and cloudye. Mani murders were done this quarter. There were many gret fludes this sommer, and about Michelmas, thorowe the abundaunce of raine that fell sodeinly, the brige of Ware was broken downe, and at Stratford Bowe, the water was never seen so byg as yt was: and iu the lattere end of October, the waters burst down the bridg at Cambridge. In Barkshire were many gret waters, wherewith was moch harm done sodenly."

"— *every* PELTING *river*"—i. e. *Petty*, or rather *paltry;* for the original word H. Tooke shows to have been *palting*—whence our *paltry*. We have, in this sense, "pelting farm," iu RICHARD II., (act ii. scene 1.)

"— *their* CONTINENTS"—i. e. *Banks*. A "continent" is that which *contains*.

"*The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud*"—"In that part of Warwickshire (says James) where Shakespeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives, to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot in diameter; sometimes three or four yards.

Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square; and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men, as they are called; and the area of the inner square is called the pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. The figures are, by the country-people, called 'Nine Men's Morris,' or *Merrils:* and are so called because each party has nine men."

"— HUMAN MORTALS"—This expression has been supposed to indicate the difference between mankind and fairy-kind, in the following manner—that they were each mortal, but that the less spiritual beings were distinguished as human. Upon this assertion of Stevens, Ritsou and Reed enter into fierce controversy. Chapmau, in his "Homer," has an inversion of the phrase, "mortal humans;" and we suppose that, in the same way, whether Titania were, or were not, subject to death, she employed the language of poetry in speaking of "human mortals," without reference to the conditions of fairy existence.

"— *their winter* HERE"—"The emendation proposed by Theobald, 'their winter *cheer*,' is plausible. The original reading is—

The humane mortals want their winter *heere.*

Johnson says 'here' means *in this country*, and their 'winter' signifies their *winter evening sports.* The ingenious author of a pamphlet, 'Explanations and Emendations,' etc., (Edinburgh, 1814,) would read—

The human mortals want; their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol blest.

The writer does not support his emendation by any argument; but we believe that he is right. The swollen rivers have rotted the corn, the fold stands empty, the flocks are murrain, the sports of summer are at an end, the human mortals *want.* This is the climax. Their winter is here—is come—although the season is the latter summer, or autumn; and in consequence the hymns and carols which gladdened the nights of a seasonable winter are wanting to this premature one. The *therefore* which follows introduces another clause in the catalogue of evils produced by the brawls of Oberon and Titania; as in the case of the preceding use of the same emphatic word in two instances:—

Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain, etc.

And—

The ox hath *therefore* stretch'd his yoke in vain," etc.

KNIGHT.

"— *on old Hyems'* CHIN, *and icy crown*"—This line is printed in all the older editions, as well as the modern ones—

And on old Hyem's *chin*, and icy crown—

which does not show any necessity of conjectural emendation. The image of the snowy beard of Winter, as well as his "icy crown," being wreathed with "sweet summer buds," is sufficiently clear, as well as poetical, and suits the personification of Hyem. Thus, in Golding's "Ovid," a great storehouse of the mythology and poetical imagery of the Elizabethan poets, we have—

—— Winter forlorne,
Forladen with the icicles that dangled up and downe,
Upon his gray and hoarie beard, and snowy frozen crowne.

This has, with much probability, been thought to have suggested the present image—*chin* being used, with little stretch of poetical license, for *beard.* Yet there is some ground for the emendation insisted upon by Gifford and Dyce—"Hyems, with a chaplet of summer buds upon his *chin*, (says Dyce,) is a grotesque figure, which must startle the dullest reader." "What child (says Gifford) does not see that the line should be—

And on old Hyems' *thin* and icy crown!"

Certainly *thinne*, the old spelling, may have been misprinted *chinne;* and we have in RICHARD II. a similar phraseology:—

White beards have armed their *thin* and hairless scalps.

Still I do not think this sufficient to disturb the authority of three original editions, concurring in an image which has, I believe, been used by ancient poets, and certainly by modern painters.

"*The* CHILDING *autumn*"—i. e. *Productive, teeming.* or *pregnant;* as the Poet has in his "Sonnets:"—

The teeming autumn big with rich increase.

"— *a fair* VESTAL"—It is well known that a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in this very beautiful passage. Warburton has attempted to show. that by the *mermaid*, in the preceding lines, Mary. Queen of Scots, was intended. It is argued with his usual fanciful ingenuity, but will not bear the test of examination, and has been refuted by Ritson. Whiter, in his ingenious attempt to trace the association of ideas, which prompted many of Shakespeare's allusions and images, maintains that these images were derived from the masques and pageants which abounded in that age; and that the Poet even may have alluded to some actual exhibition of splendid court-flattery.

"— LOVE-IN-IDLENESS"—The tri-coloured violet, commonly called pansies, or heart's-ease, is here meant. One or two of its petals are of a purple colour. It has other fanciful and expressive names, such as—"Cuddle me to you," "Three faces uuder a hood," "Herb trinity," etc.

"*The one I'll* STAY"—This is the invariable reading of the old copies. Theobald, followed by most of the editors, changed it to—

The one I'll *slay*, the other *slayeth* me.

But the old reading does not need this violent change of sense, though the verbal change may be small. He will not allow Helena to "stay" him, but he will "stay" (*stop*) Hermia: Lysander "stayeth" (*hindereth*) him.

"— LUSCIOUS *woodbine*"—In the editions of Stevens. and those who follow his text, for the sake of closer regularity of metre, with little regard to its melody, the "luscious woodbine" of the old copies is changed into *lush* woodbine.

"— *Thou shalt know the* MAN
By the Athenian garments he hath ON."

"I desire no surer evidence to prove that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England, than such a rhyme as the first of these words affords to the second."—STEVENS.

There is an ultraism of the long slender sound of *a.* which has of late become an affectation among some speakers; and this, it is clear, could not rhyme with *on.* But *man*, with the *a* sounded as in *tan*, *hat*, is among the purest English sounds, as can be shown from numerous rhymes which would not allow the sound of *mon.* The latitude of an occasional rhyme like this is a common poetical license—like that in Puck's speech, (act iii. scene 2,) where *one* rhymes with *alone.*

SCENE II.

"— *now a* ROUNDEL"—The "roundel," or *round*, as its name implies, was a *dance* of a circular kind. Ben Jonson, in the "Tale of a Tub," seems to call the rings. which such fairy dances are supposed to make in the grass, *rondels*—

I'll have no *rondels*, I, in the queen's paths.

"— REAR-MICE"—A *rere-mouse* is a *bat.*

"*Love takes the meaning in love's conferencc*"—i. e. "In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not suspicion, but love takes the meaning. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the sense which love can fiud. and which love can dictate."—JOHNSON.

"— *wilt thou* DARKLING *leave me*"—i. e. *In the dark;* a word found also in LEAR, and in Milton. It is now antiquated to the general reader, though Johnson, in his

noble poem, the "Vanity of Human Wishes," attempted to revive it—

Roll *darkling* down the torrent of his fate.

"*Speak*, OF ALL LOVES"—"Of all loves" is a pleasing adjuration used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. It may be found in OTHELLO.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"—*in* EIGHT *and* SIX"—i. e. In alternate verse of eight and six syllables.

"—*a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing*"—There is an odd coincidence between this passage and a real occurrence at the Scottish court, in 1594. Prince Henry, the oldest son of James the First, was christened in August, in that year. While the king and queen were at dinner, a triumphal chariot, with several allegorical personages on it, was drawn in "by a blackmoore. This chariot should have been drawn in by a lyon, but because his presence might have brought some fear to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have commoved his tameness, it was thought meet that the Moore should supply that roome."

"—*tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner*"—"This passage will suggest to our readers Sir Walter Scott's description of the pageant at Kenilworth, when Lambourne, not knowing his part, tore off his vizard, and swore, 'Cogs-bones! he was none of Arion or Orion either, but honest Mike Lambourne, that had been drinking her majesty's health from morning till midnight, and was come to bid her heartily welcome to Kenilworth Castle.' But a circumstance of this nature actually happened upon the queen's visit to Kenilworth, in 1575; and is recorded in the 'Merry Passages and Jests,' compiled by Sir Nicholas Lestrange, and lately published by the Camden Society, from the Harleian MS.:—'There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and, among others, Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the dolphin's back, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discovery pleased the queen better than if it had gone through in the right way; yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well.' It is by no means improbable that Shakespeare was familiar with this local anecdote, and has applied it in the case of 'Snug, the joiner.' Bottom, and Quince, and the other 'hard-handed men,' must also have been exceedingly like the citizens of Coventry, who played their Hock play before the queen, on the memorable occasion of her visit to their neighbourhood."—KNIGHT.

"—CUES *and all*"—Untheatrical readers may require to be informed that in Shakespeare's day, as at present, a *cue*, technically, is the last word of the preceding speech, from which the next speaker commences.

"*A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire*"—So, in "Robin Good-fellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests," reprinted by the Percy Society—

Thou hast the power to change thy shape
To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape.

And in the ballad in the "Introduction" to the same tract—

Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
And lead them from their way.

"*The* OOSEL-COCK, *so black of hue*"—By the "oosel-cock," in Shakespeare's day, was meant the *black-bird*, and not another bird which has in later days been known as the oosel-cock. Yarrell states, ("British Birds," i. 211,) of the black-bird, "the beak and the edges of the eye-lids in the adult male are gamboge yellow," which is what Bottom means by "orange-tawney."

"PLAIN-SONG *cuckoo*"—The "cuckoo," having no variety of note, sings in "plain song," (*plano cantu;*) by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chant* was distinguished in opposition to *prick-song*, or variated music sung by note.

"—*I can* GLEEK"—To "gleek" is to *joke*, *scoff*, or *gird*. Bottom is congratulating himself on the humour of what he has just said.

"*Be kind and courteous to this gentleman*"—Hazlitt happily contrasts this exquisitely fanciful passage with the spirited freshness of the dialogue between Theseus



ACT II. SCENE I.—And maidens call it, love-in-idleness

and Hippolyta, in the hunting-scene, in the fourth act, which is as heroical and spirited as the other is full of luscious tenderness:—"The reading of this play is like wandering in a grove by moonlight; the descriptions breathe a sweetness like odours thrown from the beds of flowers. Titania's exhortation to the fairies to wait upon Bottom is remarkable for a certain cloying sweetness, in the repetition of the rhymes. The sounds of the lute and of the trumpet are not more distinct than the poetry of this passage, and of the conversation between Theseus and Hippolyta."

"— *light them at the fiery glow-worm's* EYES"—"Shakespeare was certainly a much truer lover of nature, and therefore a much better naturalist, than Dr. Johnson, who indeed professed to despise such studies; but the critic has, nevertheless, ventured in this instance to be severe upon the Poet:—'I know not how Shakespeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail.' Well, then, let us correct the Poet, and make Titania describe the glow-worm with a hatred of all metaphor—

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's *tail.*

We fear this will not do. It reminds us of the attempt of a very eminent naturalist to unite science and poetry in verses which he called the 'Pleasures of Ornithology,' of which union the following is a specimen:—

The morning wakes, as from the lofty elm
The cuckoo sends the monotone. Yet he,
Polygamous, ne'er knows what pleasures wait
On pure monogamy.

We may be wrong, but we would rather have Bottom's—

——— plain-song cuckoo gray—

than these hard words."—KNIGHT.

"— *mistress* SQUASH"—"Squash," as elsewhere mentioned, then meant an immature *peascod.*

SCENE II.

"*What* NIGHT-RULE *now*"—Stevens and Douce pronounce *rule*, in this compound form, and in *misrule*, to be a corruption of *revel.* But misrule evidently means *misgovernment;* and "night-rule" is therefore well explained by Nares, in his excellent "Glossary," "such conduct as generally *rules* in the *night.*"

"*A crew of* PATCHES"—i. e. *Fools*—perhaps so called from their patched or parti-coloured coats.

"— *in* SORT"—i. e *Company.* It is used in the same sense just before.

"— LATCH'D *the Athenian's eyes*"—"Or *letch'd, lick'd* over: from *lecher,* (Fr.,) to lick." Thus all the annotators. But we have *latch,* in MACBETH, for *catch.* I rather think, with Nares, ("Glossary,") that it here too means *caught,* or entrapped with delusion.

"— *brave* TOUCH"—A "touch" anciently signified a *trick.* Ascham has—"the shrewd *touches* of many curst boys." And in the old story of Howleglas—"for at all times he did seme mad *touch.*"

"— ABY *it dear*"—To "aby" appears to be a form of *abide,* (though some have derived it from *buy;*) and means not merely to *stay,* but to stay to answer, or suffer for any thing. Thus in the old play, "Ferrex and Porrex"—

Thou, Porrex, thou shalt dearly '*by* the same.

"— *is all forgot*"—Gibbon points out in a poem of Gregory Nazianzen (a Greek father of the fourth century) on his own life, some beautiful lines, which burst from the heart, and speak the pangs of injured and lost friendship, resembling these. He adds—"Shakespeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen: he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the same in Cappadocia as in Britain."

"— ARTIFICIAL *gods*"—"Artificial" is used actively, as *artist* or *artificer-like*—a sense not found elsewhere, and indicating a familiarity with its primitive Latin meaning.

"— *like coats in heraldry*"—In the Poet's day, heraldry was part of the familiar learning of all, and this passage doubtless needed no illustration. But modern heralds and commentators differ as to the allusion. Mr. Douce's solution of it is, perhaps, the best:—"Helen says, 'we had two seeming bodies, but only one heart.' She then exemplifies the position by a simile—'we had two of the first, (i. e. bodies,) like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife, as one person, but which, like one single heart, have but one crest.'"

"*No, no,* SIR"—There is some difference of the text here. The quartos, differing only in their metrical arrangement, have—

——— No, no, *he'll*
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow.

The folios give the passage thus:—

No, no, *sir,* seem to break loose.

The last seems preferable in sense.

"— *hated* POISON"—One of the quartos has *potion* for "poison," which is preferred in some of the later editions.

"— *of hindering* KNOT-GRASS *made*"—It appears that "knot-grass" was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in the "Knight of the Burning Pestle:"—"Should they put him into a straight pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than *knot-grass:* he would never grow after it."

"That prince of verbose and pedantic coxcombs, Richard Tomlinson, apothecary, in his translation of 'Renodæus his Dispensatory,' (1657,) informs us that *knot-grass* 'is a low reptant herb, with exile, copious, nodose, and geniculated branches.' Perhaps no hypochondriac is to be found, who might not derive his cure from the perusal of any single chapter in this work."—STEVENS.

"— *in your* CURST *company*"—Many a modern reader may take this phrase as answering to the participle *cursed,* and will of course be shocked by its vulgar profanity in a lady's mouth and a poetic scene. But the word "curst," as used here and elsewhere by Shakespeare, had then the very common sense, now antiquated, of *ill-tempered, malicious, shrewish.* Puck so uses it of Helena, when he describes her as coming "curst and sad" from her ill-treatment.

"— *night's swift* DRAGONS"—The chariot of night was drawn by "dragons," on account of their watchfulness. They were the serpents, whose "eyes were never shut." In Milton's "Il Penseroso,"—

Cynthia checks her dragon yoke.

"— *damned spirits*"—i. e. The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who, being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been bestowed on their bodies.

"*I with the morning's love have oft made sport*"—Stevens and Holt White have found room for much mythological and poetical discussion on the question whether Oberon meant to laugh at Tithonus, the old husband of Aurora, or sport "like a forester" with young Cephalus the morning's love.

"— *the eastern gate, all fiery-red*"—This splendid passage was perhaps suggested by some lines in Chaucer's "Knight's Tale:"—

The besy larke, the messager of day,
Salewith in hire song the morwe gray;
And firy Phebus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his stremes drieth in the greves
The silver dropes, hanging on the leves.

"*Ho! ho! ho!*"—This is Puck's exclamation in the ballads and tracts relating to him, especially in "Robin Good-fellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests," (1628,) where it often occurs, when the Goblin is peculiarly pleased at the success of any of his tricks.

"—'*and all shall be well*'"—This is the "country proverb" Puck alludes to before. It is to be found among John Heywood's "Epigrams, or Three Hundred Proverbs."

"— DEM., HEL., *etc.*, *sleep*"—The old stage-direction in the folio is, "They sleep all the Act;" meaning that they are supposed to continue asleep during the interval between the third and fourth acts; and they are still sleeping at the opening of the fourth act, until they are suddenly roused by the horns of Theseus's huntsmen.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"— *do* COY"—i. e. *Stroke*, or *caress*.

"*Give me your* NEIF"—i. e. *Fist*. Ben Jonson has it *neuf*, in his "Poetaster." Pistol also uses it in HENRY IV. It is still a north-country word.

"— CAVALERY COBWEB"—Without doubt (says Grey) it should be *cavalero Peas-blossom*. As for *cavalero* "Cobweb" he had just been despatched upon a perilous adventure.

"— *the* TONGS *and the* BONES"—Such music seems to have been played at this desire from Bottom; for the folio has, "Music; tongs—rural music," as a stage-direction.

"*Enrings the barky fingers of the elm*"—"According to Stevens, the 'sweet honeysuckle' is an explanation of what the Poet means by the 'woodbine,' which name was sometimes applied to the ivy. The 'honeysuckle' doth '*entwist*'—the 'female ivy *enrings*'—'the barky fingers of the elm.' Upon this interpretation, the lines would be thus printed:—

> So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
> Gently entwist—the female ivy so
> Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

This is certainly very different from the usual Shakespearian construction. Nor is our Poet fond of expletives. If the 'elm' is the only plant entwisted and enringed, we have only *one* image. But if the 'woodbine' is not meant to be indentical with the 'honeysuckle,' we have *two* images, each distinct and each beautiful. Gifford pointed out the true meaning of the passage, in his note upon a parallel passage in Ben Jonson:—

> —— behold!
> How the *blue bindweed* doth itself enfold
> With *honeysuckle*, and both these intwine
> Themselves with bryony and jessamine.

In many of our counties (says Gifford) the *woodbine* is still the name for the great *convolvulus*."

With this exposition of Gifford and Knight, Mr. Nares, a high authority, ("Glossary," word *Woodbine*,) concurs. But, agreeing with them in rejecting the punctuation and understanding of the "sweet honeysuckle" as a mere expletive phrase, I yet doubt their botanical explanation. I think it certain that the distinction intended is that well known in the Poet's age, between the *woodbine*, as the plant itself, and the *honeysuckle* as its flower. Baret, in his Dictionary, (1580,) so defines them—"The woodbine that beareth the honeysuckle;" and some years later we find the distinction used in dramatic poetry. In the "Fatal Union," (1640,) we have—

> —— a honeysuckle,
> The amorous woodbine's offspring.

"*Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower*"—"Dian's bud" is the bud of the *agnus castus*, or chaste-tree. In "Macer's Herbal," by Lynacre, it is said—"The virtue of this hearbe is, that it will keep man and woman chaste." "Cupid's flower" is that on which the "bolt of Cupid fell"—the *viola tri-colour*, love-in-idleness, or heart's-ease.

"— *music! such as charmeth sleep*"—After these words, in the folio, (1623,) we have the stage-direction, "Music still;" which (says Collier) means, probably, that the music was to cease before Puck spoke; as Oberon afterwards exclaims, "Sound, music!" when it was to be renewed. The other editors change it to "*still* music," or low and quiet strains, which was more probably the intention.

"— *to all fair* PROSPERITY"—The two earliest editions differ in this word, a very slight alteration of letters giving two very different senses, and both characteristic. We give the substance of the editorial argument on each side, preferring our reading for the reason assigned by Malone, but allowing that the argument is nearly as strong on the other side.

"In the concluding song, where Oberon blesses the nuptial bed, part of his benediction is, that the posterity of Theseus shall be *fair*:—

> And the blots of nature's hand
> Shall not in their issue stand;
> Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
> Nor mark prodigious, such as are
> Despised in nativity,
> Shall upon their children be." M. MASON.

"I have preferred 'fair *prosperity*,' which is the reading of the first and best quarto, to that of the other quarto and the folio, (*posterity*,) induced by the following lines, in a former scene:—

> —— your warrior love
> To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
> To give their bed joy and *prosperity*."

MALONE.

"— *in silence* SAD"—"Sad" here signifies *grave, sober*; and is opposed to the dances and revels, which were now ended at the singing of the morning-lark. A statute of Henry VII. directs certain offences, committed in the king's palace, to be tried by twelve "sad" men of the household.

"— *these mortals on the ground*"—Here the folio has the stage-direction, "Sleepers lie still;" meaning that they were not to be disturbed by the horns.

"— *now our* OBSERVATION *is perform'd*"—The "observation" here spoken of is that alluded to by Lysander, in the first act:—

> Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
> To do *observance* to a morn of May.

Stubbs, in his "Anatomie of Abuses," (1585,) thus speaks of the general spirit of revelry which at this season took possession of the community, in his day:—

"Against May, Whit-Sunday, or some other time of the year, every parish, town, and village, assemble themselves together, both men, women and children, old and young, even all indifferently; and either going all together, or dividing themselves into companies, they go some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountains, some to one place, some to another, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes; and in the morning they return, bringing with them birch-boughs and branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withal."

Marvellous as it may seem, all this innocent hilarity appears to be so much heathenism to Stubbs.

Chaucer, in his "Knight's Tale," (from which Shakespeare is supposed to have derived his Theseus and Hippolyta,) has some beautiful lines in reference to the rites of May:—

> Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
> Till it fell ones, in a morne of May,
> That Emilie, that fayrer was to sene
> Than is the lilie upon his stalke grene,
> And fresher than the May with floures newe,
> (For with the rose colour strof hire hewe;
> I wot which was the finer of hem two,)
> Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
> She was arisen, and all redy dight,
> For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
> The seson pricketh every gentil herte,
> And maketh him out of his slepe to starte,
> And sayth, "Arise, and do thine observance."

"— *the* VAWARD *of the day*"—i. e. The early part of the day; the *van-ward*.

"— *gallant* CHIDING"—"Chiding" of old signified loud sharp sound, without reference to the rebuke generally conveyed in such tones. It afterwards became limited to that secondary sense; but Milton, in his prose works, still employs it as descriptive of *noise*.

"*So* FLEW'D, *so* SANDED"—The *flews* are the large chaps of a hound: "so sanded" refers to the sandy marks on the dogs, which is one of the indications of the true breed in bloodhounds. A century afterwards, Nat. Lee, in his "Theodosius," thus imitated this passage, and adopted its language:—

> When through the woods we chased the foaming boar,
> With hounds that opened like Thessalian bulls,
> Like tigers *flewed*, and *sanded* as the shore,
> With ears and chests that dashed the morning dews.

"*Without the peril of the Athenian law*"—This is the reading of Fisher's quarto, so as to make Lysander interrupted by Egeus, with "Enough, enough!" The quarto (which the folio followed) added *be* after "might," in order to complete the sense at "Athenian law," to the destruction of the metre, and in opposition to the context. All the modern editors have adopted the mistake, without reference to Fisher's quarto, until Mr. Collier.

"— *in* FANCY *following me*"—Here again "fancy" means *affection*, or *love*.

"— *I have found Demetrius, like a jewel*"—i. e. She has found Demetrius, as a person picks up a jewel—for the moment it is his own, but its value may cause it to be reclaimed. She feels insecure in the possession of her treasure. The thought and expression resemble the lines in ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA—

> His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
> Of what he has and has not, etc.

"— *I shall sing it at her death*"—i. e. At the death of Thisbe, of which "piece of work" Bottom's head was full. Theobald would read "after death"—i. e. after Bottom had been killed, in the part of Pyramus.

SCENE II.

"— SIXPENCE A-DAY *in Pyramus*"—"Shakespeare has already ridiculed the title-page of 'Cambyses,' by Thomas Preston; and here he seems to allude to him, or some other person who, like him, had been *pensioned* for his dramatic abilities. Preston acted a part in John Ritwise's play of 'Dido,' before Queen Elizabeth, at Cambridge, in 1564; and the Queen was so well pleased that she bestowed on him a pension of twenty pounds a-year, which is little more than a *shilling a-day*."—STEVENS.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"— SEETHING *brains*"—i. e. *Boiling brains*. Elsewhere (Malone remarks) Shakespeare speaks of "boiled brains," as in the WINTER'S TALE, and the TEMPEST.

"*The battle with the Centaurs*"—This text is in accordance with both the quartos; but the folio represents Lysander as reading the list, and Theseus as commenting upon it, instead of making Theseus both read and comment. Perhaps the change into dialogue was an afterthought to add to the theatrical effect.

"'*The thrice three Muses mourning*'"—T. Warton observed that Shakespeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenser's poem, entitled the 'Tears of the Muses,' on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece first appeared in quarto, with others, in 1591. The oldest edition of this play, now known, is dated in 1600. If the allusion be allowed, it seems to bring the play below 1591.

"— *hot ice, and wondrous strange snow*"—There seems to be some want of an antithetic word here, which the editors have attempted to supply by conjecture. They want an antithesis for "snow," as "hot" is for "ice." Upton reads, "*black* snow;" Hanmer, "*scorching* snow;" and Mason, "*strong* snow." Knight says, "snow is a *common* thing; and, therefore, "wondrous strange" is sufficiently antithetical—hot ice, and snow as strange."

"— *what poor duty cannot do*"—i. e. "What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, lofty generosity receives with complacency; estimating it not by the actual merit of the performance, but by what it *might* have been, had the abilities of the performers been equal to their zeal."—MALONE.

I doubt "might" being used for *possibility*. It seems more obvious to receive "in might" as meaning, "according to the might or ability of the offerer, not the merit of his works."

"*Flourish of trumpets*"—"It was usual on the old English stage for the actor who spoke the Prologue to enter upon the stage when the trumpet or trumpets had sounded thrice."—COLLIER'S *Hist. Eng. Dram. Poetry*.

"*This fellow doth not stand upon* POINTS"—"The Prologue is very carefully *mis-pointed* in the original editions—'a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered.' Had the fellow stood 'upon points,' it would have read thus:—

> If we offend, it is with our good will
> That you should think we come not to offend;
> But with good will to show our single skill.
> That is the true beginning of our end.
> Consider then. We come: but in despite
> We do not come. As, minding to content you,
> Our true intent is all for your delight.
> We are not here that you should here repent you.
> The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
> You shall know all that you are like to know.

We fear that we have taken longer to puzzle out this enigma than the Poet did to produce it."—KNIGHT.

"— *on a* RECORDER"—The "recorder" was what we now call the *flageolet*. (See in HAMLET.)

"— *the wittiest* PARTITION"—In the age of Elizabeth and James, eloquence in the pulpit, at the bar, and elsewhere, delighted in innumerable divisions and subdivisions, set out with great logical parade. These were known as "partitions" of the discourse, or sermon; and there seems here to be a play on the two senses of the word.

"— *the* MAN I' THE MOON"—"The 'man in the moon was a considerable personage in Shakespeare's day. He not only walked in the moon, (his 'lantern,') with his 'thorn-bush' and his 'dog,' but he did sundry other odd things, such as the man in the moon has ceased to do in these our unimaginative days. There is an old black-letter ballad, of the time of James II., preserved in the British Museum, entitled, 'The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,' adorned with a woodcut of this remarkable tippler."—KNIGHT.

"— *it is already in* SNUFF"—To take any thing "in snuff" was to take it *in anger*. Here it is playful, but sometimes the phrase was used in grave language, as it may be found in HENRY IV., (act i. scene 3;) as well it might be, being drawn from the natural image of the impatient breathing of anger. Our modern luxury of "snuff" was named afterwards from this; and the phrase has fallen in dignity, and become *slang*, as the association of artificial habits has superseded the original allusion.

"*And so the lion vanished*"—Dr. Farmer suggested that the text ought to run—

> And so comes Pyramus.
> And then the moon vanishes—

which has been adopted in the editions following the boldly altered text of Stevens. The critics talk from their familiarity with the story, not with the play. Besides, the moon does not vanish, but remains to be thanked by Pyramus, and to go out after his death.

"— *hear a Bergomask dance*"—A dance after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco, proverbially clownish.

Scene II.

"*Now the hungry lion roars*"—"Very Anacreon, (says Coleridge,) in perfectness, proportion, grace, and spontaneity. So far it is Greek; but then add, O! what wealth, what wild ranging, and yet what compression and condensation of English fancy. In truth, there is nothing in Anacreon more perfect than these thirty lines, or half so rich and imaginative. They form a speckless diamond."—("*Literary Remains.*")

"—*triple* Hecate's *team*"—Marlowe, Middleton, and Golding, also use "Hecate" as a dissyllable. In Spenser and Jonson we find "Hecaté."

"—*sweep the dust behind the door*"—"Cleanliness was always supposed to be necessary to invite the residence and favour of the fairies. Drayton says—

> These make our girls their sluttery rue,
> By pinching them both black and blue;
> And put a penny in their shoe,
> The house for cleanly sweeping.

'To sweep the dust behind the door' is a common expression for to sweep the dust *from* behind the door; a necessary monition in large old houses, where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and seldom shut."

"—*dance it* trippingly"—The *trip* was the fairy pace: in the Tempest we have—

> Each one *tripping* on his toe,
> Will be here with mop and moe.

In Venus and Adonis—

> Or, like a fairy *trip* upon the green.

In the Merry Wives of Windsor—

> About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme,
> And as you *trip* still pinch him to your time.

"*Now, until the break of day*"—"This speech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is, in the edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the song. I have restored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the blessing which he intends to bestow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bless it, and his orders to the fairies how to perform the necessary rites. But where, then, is the song? I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the scene is this: after the speech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the old copies. Next Titania leads another song, which is indeed lost, like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies to the despatch of the ceremonies. The songs, I suppose, were lost; because they were not inserted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed."

"—*I'm an* honest Puck"—"'Puck,' or *Pouke*, meant the *devil;* and (as Tyrwhitt remarks) it is used in that sense in 'Pierce Ploughman's Vision," and elsewhere. It was therefore necessary for Shakespeare's fairy messenger to assert his honesty, and to clear himself from any connection with the 'helle Pouke.'"—Collier.

"*Give me your hands*"—The line seems playfully intended to convey two analogous senses—the giving and joining hands of friends, and the clapping hands of theatrical applause.



Group of Fairies.

The MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM has employed a succession of eminent authors and playwrights to adapt its etherial forms to mortal representatives. Whether from the impossibility of success or from the fault of the adapters, all these attempts "to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet," have failed. The first effort of this kind bears the title of the "Faëry Queen," under the great name of Dryden. It was printed in 1692, and contains many additional songs, etc.; but I have not been able to find it in any edition of Dryden's works, nor any mention of it in the biographies of him. A similar alteration was tried by Garrick, many years after, and then again another by Colman, (the elder;) and a still later one by Reynolds, a popular dramatist of the last generation. There are also two or three others mentioned in the dramatic catalogues, none of which have been thought worth reprinting.

"The beautiful play of MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM is placed by Malone as early as 1592; its superiority to the TAMING OF THE SHREW and LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST affords some presumption that it was written after them. But it evidently belongs to the earlier period of Shakespeare's genius; poetical as we account it, more than dramatic, yet rather so, because the indescribable profusion of imaginative poetry in this play overpowers our senses till we can hardly observe any thing else, than from any deficiency of dramatic excellence. For in reality the structure of the fable, consisting as it does of three if not four actions, very distinct in their subjects and personages, yet wrought into each other without effort or confusion, displays the skill, or rather instinctive felicity of Shakespeare, as much as in any play he has written. No preceding dramatist had attempted to fabricate a complex plot; for low comic scenes, interspersed with a serious action upon which they have no influence, do not merit notice. The 'Menœchmi' of Plautus had been imitated by others as well as by Shakespeare; but we speak here of original invention.

"The MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM is, I believe, altogether original in one of the most beautiful conceptions that ever visited the mind of a poet—the fairy machinery. A few before him had dealt, in a vulgar and clumsy manner, with popular superstitions; but the sportive, beneficent, invisible population of air and earth, long since established in the creed of childhood, and of those simple as children, had never for a moment been blended with 'human mortals,' among the personages of the drama. Lyly's 'Maid's Metamorphosis' is probably later than this play of Shakespeare, and was not published till 1600. It is unnecessary to observe that the fairies of Spenser, as he has dealt with them, are wholly of a different race.

"The language of MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM is equally novel with the machinery. It sparkles in perpetual brightness with all the hues of the rainbow; yet there is nothing overcharged, or affectedly ornamented. Perhaps no play of Shakespeare has fewer blemishes, or is from beginning to end in so perfect keeping; none in which so few lines could be erased, or so few expressions blamed. His own peculiar idiom, the dress of his mind, which began to be discernible in the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, is more frequently manifested in the present play. The expression is seldom obscure, but it is never in poetry, and hardly in prose, the expression of other dramatists, and far less of the people. And here, without reviving the debated question of Shakespeare's learning, I must venture to think that he possessed rather more acquaintance with the Latin than many believe. The phrases, unintelligible and improper, except in the sense of their primitive roots, which occur so copiously in his plays, seem to be unaccountable on the supposition of absolute ignorance. In the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, these are much less frequent than in his later dramas. But here we find several instances. Thus—'things base and vil'd, holding no *quantity*,' for value; rivers, that have 'overborne their *continents*,' (the *continente ripa* of Horace;) '*compact* of imagination;' 'something of great *constancy*, for consistency; 'sweet Pyramus *translated* there; 'the law of Athens, which by no means we may *extenuate*.' I have considerable doubts whether any of these expressions would be found in the contemporary prose of Elizabeth's reign, which was less overrun by pedantry than that of her successor; but, could authority be produced for Latinisms so forced, it is still not very likely that one, who did not understand their proper meaning, would have introduced them into poetry. It would be a weak answer that we do not detect in Shakespeare any imitations of the Latin poets. His knowledge of the language may have been chiefly derived, like that of schoolboys, from the dictionary, and insufficient for the thorough appreciation of their beauties. But, if we should believe him well acquainted with Virgil or Ovid, it would be by no means surprising that his learning does not display itself in imitation. Shakespeare seems now and then to have a tinge on his imagination from former passages; but he never designedly imitates, though, as we have seen, he has sometimes adopted. The streams of invention flowed too fast from his own mind to leave him time to accommodate the words of a foreign language to our own. He knew that to create would be easier, and pleasanter, and better."—HALLAM.

"Addison says, 'When I look at the tombs of departed greatness, every emotion of envy dies within me.' I have never been so sacrilegious as to envy Shakespeare, in the bad sense of the word, but if there can be such an emotion as *sinless envy*, I feel it towards him; and if I thought that the sight of his tombstone would kill so pleasant a feeling, I should keep out of the way of it. Of all his works, the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM leaves the strongest impression on my mind, that this miserable world must have, for once at least, contained a happy man. This play is so purely delicious, so little intermixed with the painful passions from which poetry distils her sterner sweets, so fragrant with hilarity, so bland and yet so bold, that I cannot imagine Shakespeare's mind to have been in any other frame than that of healthful ecstacy when the sparks of inspiration thrilled through his brain in composing it. I have heard, however, an old critic object that Shakespeare might have foreseen it would never be a good acting play; for where could you get actors tiny enough to couch in flower-blossoms? Well! I believe no manager was ever so fortunate as to get recruits from Fairyland; and yet I am told that a MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM was some twenty years ago revived at Covent Garden, though altered, of course not much for the better, by Reynolds, and that it had a run of eighteen nights—a tolerably good reception. But supposing that it never could have been acted, I should only thank Shakespeare the more that he wrote here as a poet and not as a playwright. And as a birth of his imagination, whether it was to suit the stage or not, can we suppose the Poet himself to have been insensible of its worth? Is a mother blind to the beauty of her own child? No! nor could Shakespeare be unconscious that posterity would doat on this, one of his loveliest children. How he must have chuckled and laughed in the act of placing the ass's head on Bottom's shoulders! He must have foretasted the mirth of generations unborn at Titania's doating on the metamorphosed weaver, and on his calling for a repast of sweet peas. His animal spirits must have bounded with the hunter's joy, while he wrote Theseus's description of his well-tuned dogs and of the glory of the chase. He must have been happy as Puck himself while he was describing the merry Fairy, and all this time he must have been self-assured that his genius was 'to put a girdle round the earth;' and that souls, not yet in being, were to enjoy the revelry of his fancy.

"But nothing can be more irregular (says a modern critic, Augustine Skottowe) than to bring into contact the fairy mythology of modern Europe and the early

events of Grecian history. Now, in the plural number, Shakespeare is not amenable to this charge; for he alludes to only one event in that history, namely, to the marriage of Theseus and Hippolyta; and, as to the introduction of fairies, I am not aware that he makes any of the Athenian personages believe in their existence, though they are subject to their influence. Let us be candid on the subject. If there were fairies in modern Europe, which no rational believer in fairy tales will deny, why should those fine creatures not have existed previously in Greece, although the poor, blind, heathen Greeks, on whom the gospel of Gothic mythology had not yet dawned, had no conception of them? If Theseus and Hippolyta had talked believingly about the dapper elves, there would have been some room for critical complaint; but otherwise the fairies have as good a right to be in Greece, in the days of Theseus, as to play their pranks any where else, or at any other time.

"There are few plays (says the same critic) which consist of such incongruous materials as a MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. It comprises four histories—that of Theseus and Hippolyta, that of the four Athenian Lovers, that of the Actors, and that of the Fairies; and the link of connection between them is exceedingly *slender*. In answer to this, I say that the plot contains nothing (about any of the four parties concerned) approaching to the pretension of a history. Of Theseus and Hippolyta, my critic says that they are uninteresting; but when he wrote that judgment, he must have fallen asleep after the hunting-scene. Their felicity is seemingly secure, and it throws a tranquil assurance that all will end well. But the bond of sympathy between Theseus and his four loving subjects is any thing but slender. It is, on the contrary, most natural and probable for a newly-married pair to have patronized their amorous lieges during their honey-moon. Then comes the question, what *natural* connection can a party of fairies have with human beings? This is indeed a posing interrogation; and I can only reply, that fairies are an odd sort of beings, whose connection with mortals can never be set down but as supernatural.

"Very soon Mr. Augustine Skottowe blames Shakespeare for introducing common mechanics as amateur actors, during the reign of Theseus, in classic Athens. I dare say Shakespeare troubled himself little about Greek antiquities; but here the Poet happens to be right, and his critic to be wrong. Athens was not a classical city in the days of Theseus; and, about seven hundred years later than his reign, the players of Attica roved about in carts, besmearing their faces with the lees of wine. I have little doubt that, long after the time of Theseus, there were many prototypes of Bottom the weaver, and Snug the joiner, in the itinerant acting companies of Attica."—T. CAMPBELL.



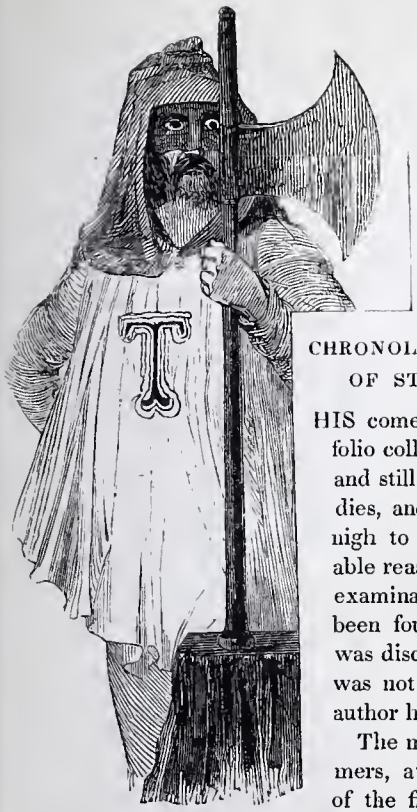
BRINGING IN THE MAYPOLE.



MEASURE FOR MEASURE




MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
J.W. ORR, SC.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

CHRONOLOGY,—PECULIAR CONNECTION WITH SHAKESPEARE'S CHANGE OF STYLE AND OF CAST OF THOUGHT,—STATE OF THE TEXT, ETC.

THIS comedy—if indeed it can be properly called a comedy—was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. It differs, in so marked a manner, in diction, versification, and still more in general spirit and tone of sentiment, from its author's other comedies, and, indeed, from all his works known to have been written before he drew nigh to his fortieth year, that the precise date of its composition, and the probable reasons of this variation of manner, have naturally become subjects of interesting examination and critical controversy. No mention of this play, or allusion to it, has been found in any contemporary writer; and, until recently, no external evidence was discovered of any date at which it had been acted. It was only known that it was not to be classed among the dramas by which, before his thirty-fifth year, the author had established his dramatic fame.

The mere matter-of-fact and unphilosophical commentators, as Malone and Chalmers, attempted to ascertain the date from several supposed allusions to incidents of the first years of the reign of James I., such as the war with Spain, referred to (says Malone) in the "Heaven grant us peace!" in the street conversation of act i. scene 2—the "sweat," meaning the plague, or sweating-sickness, of that period—the mention of the young rakes in prison, for stabbing, as alluding to the statute against stabbing, enacted in the first year of James I.—"the plucking down the houses in the suburbs," as suggested by the absurd proclamation of 1604 against the further increase of London—and others, some slight and doubtful, and all of them quite inconclusive. By far the most probable of them are those passages insisted on as alluding to and excusing the king's dislike of exhibiting his ungainly presence to the crowds who welcomed him on his first progress from Scotland to take possession of his English throne. "I love the people," says the duke—

> But do not like to stage me to their eyes.

And again—

> —— and even so
> The general, subject to a well-wish'd King,
> Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
> Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
> Must needs appear offence.

Upon which Stevens quotes a passage from "A True Narration of the Entertainment" of the king on his way from Edinburgh to London, (1608,) where, it is said, "he was faine to publish an inhibition against the inordinate and dayly accesse of people comming." Upon such arguments, the English editors of the last generation decided MEASURE FOR MEASURE to have been written in 1603 or 1604, and certainly before 1607.

On the other hand, Tieck, the very original and acute German translator, arguing from higher principles of taste and criticism, was led to assign this drama to a later time, as the production certainly of some one of the last years of the author's life, and probably his very last work. This is concurred in by Ulrici, Knight, and other critics of the same school of philosophical, though it may sometimes be over-refined speculation. This opinion naturally resulted from the very probable supposition that the great Poet's more striking peculiarities of style increased progressively with use and habit, while the advance of age, and the sadder experience of man, which years bring with them, cast, in each successive period, a "browner horror" over his views of life. Adopting this principle, none could hesitate to place MEASURE FOR MEASURE, with Tieck and Knight, among its author's "latest labours;" and the question of its real date thus assumes an interest far beyond that of mere antiquarian inquiry, from the theory it thus involves of the intellectual and moral history of one of the greatest of human spirits. The date and the theory connected with it are probable enough in themselves, and the only weighty critical objection to them is, that this drama, in those very characteristics on which the theory is founded, most resembles OTHELLO, LEAR, the revised HAMLET, and in general those tragedies known to have been written between 1602 and 1607; while, on the contrary, its tone and fancy are entirely dissimilar from the pastoral beauties of the WINTER'S TALE, with the sprightliness of its gayer scenes, or the spirit of cheerful enjoyment which breathes in the mountain scenes of CYMBELINE, both of them known to belong to a later period than that of LEAR.

But a recent antiquarian discovery has unexpectedly confirmed the fainter probabilities collected by the duller editors, and completely established the date of Malone and his fellows against the authority and argument of the later and better critics. We now know that MEASURE FOR MEASURE was acted at court on the 26th December, 1604. This fact (Mr. Collier informs us) is stated in Edmund Tylney's account of the expenses of "the revels," from October, 1604, to the same date in 1605, preserved in the Audit Office. The original memorandum of the Master of the Revels runs thus:—"By his Ma'tis Plaiers. On St. Stevens night, in the Hall, a play called Mesur for Mesur." In a column of the same entries, headed, "The poets which mayd the Plaies," the name of "Shaxberd" is written—a mode of misspelling the Poet's name, which occurs in several other instances. The Master of the Revels, when he made this careless entry in his record of courtly amusements, could have little dreamed that he himself and the pleasures of his royal master would be remembered and recorded in after ages, and on other continents, only for their accidental connection with a minute circumstance in the biography of the dramatist, whose very name he did not condescend to take the pains to ascertain correctly.

This direct and positive evidence, combined with those slighter indications of date which had been before collected—at least those of them which are not altogether trifling and fanciful, and supported by the comparison I have above suggested, of the internal indications of style and spirit with those of Shakespeare's other dramas which are known to have first appeared not long after the date of this representation at court—leave no room to doubt that MEASURE FOR MEASURE was written not very long from the time to which Mr. Collier has assigned it—"either at the close of 1603, or in the beginning of 1604."

This places this remarkable drama at the commencement of that portion of the author's life, from 1602 to 1609, which was memorable for the production of OTHELLO, with all its bitter passion; the additions to the original HAMLET, with their melancholy wisdom; probably of TIMON, with his indignant and hearty scorn, and rebukes of the baseness of civilized society; and above all of LEAR, with its dark pictures of unmixed, unmitigated guilt, and its terrible and prophet-like denunciations. Like all these, and perhaps more than any of them, it bears the stamp of that period of the author's life, first noted by Hallam, to which the reader's attention has been already called, in the Introductory Remarks on AS YOU LIKE IT—when some sad influence weighed upon the Poet's spirit, and prompted him constantly to appear as "the stern censurer of man." I see no reason to doubt that this did not arise merely from a change of taste, or an experiment in dramatic art, but was, in some manner, connected with events or circumstances personal to the author, and affecting his temper, disposition, and moral associations of thought. There is no part of the author's own practical philosophy more true than that "a man's mind is parcel of his fortunes." He does not, indeed, like Milton, or Rousseau, or Byron, delight to make himself the prominent figure in all his intellectual creations; yet these are not the less evidently coloured by the varying moods predominant, from time to time, during the changes of life. Few men could have more enjoyed life, or have more intensely relished the beautiful or the pleasurable, or more revelled in the ludicrous and the fantastical, than the author of that gay and bright succession of poetic comedies, from LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST to AS YOU LIKE IT and the TWELFTH NIGHT. How striking is the contrast, in this respect, between these, and especially between the last—and to my taste the most delightful of all, and the MEASURE FOR MEASURE, austere in its ethical poetry, and sarcastic in its humorous delineations!—or between this last and the MERCHANT OF VENICE, where the same topics are often enforced, the same train of thought and even of imagery introduced! They are the same, yet how different—like the same landscape seen in the sparkling sunshine, after a vernal rain, and again under a lowering wintry sky! The cause must remain in darkness, but, to my mind, it appears manifest that the effect was not the result merely of altering taste or ripening judgment. "Samson Agonistes" does not more strongly testify to some great and overwhelming physical and political revolution prostrating and fettering the intellectual giant, in body and mind, than this play and the nearly contemporary writings of its author do to some similar moral cause, or some external calamity of life acting upon the moral faculties, and producing new combinations and results in Shakespeare's moral anatomy of the human heart. It may have been some deep wound of the affections—some repeated evidence of man's ingratitude and heartlessness—possibly some mere personal calamity,—bringing home to the brilliant and successful man of genius the living sense of the world's worthlessness, and opening to his sight the mysterious evil of his own nature.

Whatever, then, may have been the immediate and external causes of this signal intellectual phenomenon in our literary history, it is undeniable that this drama of MEASURE FOR MEASURE specially marks the period of this great climacteric of Shakespeare's genius, resembling those climacterics of the body which, according to the old notions of philosophy or superstition, come in their regular periods over man, working a strange alteration in the functions of his body, as different planets succeed with new influences to rule his mind and his destiny. Although under its strong influence, the Poet was now about to enter upon a nobler course of labour, and to teach the world deeper and truer lessons in the learning of "human dealings;" yet we cannot but rejoice that this solemn change of all the Poet's lighter fancies into something still more "rich and strange," came not until after the quick and brilliant succession of his matchless poetic comedies had perpetuated the memory of his years of buoyant spirits, hope, joy, and untiring fancy. For although we often find in his later works a calm and serene spirit of enjoyment, such as we have before alluded to in the pastoral beauties of Perdita's conversation, and the mountain scenes of CYMBELINE—though his comic sketches in his later dramas prove that his perception of whimsical or absurd character was as acute and active as ever, and his power of graphic delineation as vivid—yet even then there seems to be an absence of that personal abandonment of the author's own spirit to the beauty or the humour of the scene, to which he had before accustomed us. He appears more as the great philosophical artist, depicting the very truth and nature of his scenes, and not, as was his former wont, as himself one of his own joyous throng.

mixing in the plot against the bachelor liberty of Benedick—enjoying the frolics in Eastcheap as much as Falstaff or the Prince—or joining his own voice in the boisterous glee of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

But MEASURE FOR MEASURE breathes a sterner spirit than belongs to the productions of either the earlier or the later periods. Dr. Johnson has said that its "comic scenes are natural and pleasing." Their fidelity to nature cannot, indeed, be denied. But if they please, they do so from their faithfulness of portraiture; not like the scenes of Bottom, or Falstaff, and their companions, from their exuberance of mirthful sport, or their rich originality of invention and wit. They, as well as the loftier scenes of the piece, are but too faithful pictures of the degrading and hardening influence of licentious passion, from the lighter profligacy of Lucio, the dissipated gentleman, to the grosser and contented degradation of the Clown; and if these are all painted with the truth of Hogarth, or Crabbe, they are depicted with no air of sport or mirth, but rather with that of bitter scorn. The author seems to smile like his own Cassius, "as if he mocked himself." Thus Elbow, in his self-satisfied conceit and pedantic ignorance, would appear, as some of the critics regard him, simply as an inferior version of Dogberry. But he is not a Dogberry in whose absurdities the author himself luxuriates, but one whose peculiarities are delineated with a contemptuous sneer. Lucio, again, is a character unfortunately too common in civilized, and especially in city life—a gentleman in manners and education, and of good natural ability, made frivolous in mind and debased in sentiment and disposition by licentious and idle habits—thus substantially not a very different character from some of the lighter personages of the prior dramas; but he differs mainly from them because exhibited under a very different light, and regarded in a different temper. The others are represented in his scenes as they appeared to the transient acquaintance, or the companions of their pleasures. But the Poet looks deeper into the heart and life of Lucio, and pourtrays this man of pleasure in the same mood which governs the higher and more tragic scenes of this drama—a mood sometimes contemptuous, sometimes sad, often indignant, but never such as had been his former wont, either merely playful or imaginative. Thus it seems to me that, if his comic scenes excite mirth from their truth, it is a mirth in which the author did not participate; and their sarcastic humour assimilates itself in feeling to that of the stern and grave interest of the plot, and the strong passion of its poetic scenes. Characters, in themselves light and amusing, are branded with contempt from the degradation of licentious habits; while the same passion, in a form of less grossness, but of deeper guilt, prostrates before it high reputation, talent, and wisdom. The intellectual and amiable Claudio, willing to purchase "the weariest and most loathed worldly life," at any cost of shame and sin, is strangely contrasted with the drunken Barnardine, "careless, reckless, and fearless of what is past, present, or to come." Indeed, the higher characters are mainly discriminated from the lower ones, in this moral delineation, in that conscience is dull or dead in the latter, while it appears in all its terrors in Angelo and Claudio, and in all the majesty of purity in Isabella. There is little formality of moral instruction, but the secret workings of guilt and fear are laid open with the rapidity, suddenness, and brevity of unuttered and half-formed thoughts. That men of lax moral opinions should shrink with disgust as some of his critics have done, from this too true a delineation of so common a vice, is not to be wondered at. It was less to be expected that Coleridge should have formed the judgment he has expressed on this drama, though there are not a few readers who will assent to it. He observes, in his "Literary Remains:"—"This play, which is Shakespeare's throughout, is to me the most painful, say rather the only painful part of his genuine works. The comic and tragic parts equally border on the *miseteon*—the one being disgusting, the other horrible; and the pardon and marriage of Angelo not merely baffles the strong, indignant claim of justice, (for cruelty, with lust and damnable baseness, cannot be forgiven, because we cannot conceive them as being morally repented of,) but it is likewise degrading to the character of woman." We also learn from Mr. Collier that, in the course of Lectures on Shakespeare, delivered in 1818, (which were delivered from imperfect notes, and never written out,) Coleridge pointed especially to the artifice of Isabella, and her seeming consent to the suit of Angelo, as the circumstances which tended to lower the character of the female sex. He then called MEASURE FOR MEASURE only the "least agreeable" of Shakespeare's dramas.

This criticism, however little laudatory, is still substantially an acknowledgment of the severe unity of feeling and purpose which pervades the piece, and the impressive power with which it enforces revolting and humbling truths. These are the more conspicuous, because the dark painting of moral degradation, of guilt, remorse, and the dread of death, is not relieved, as is the Poet's use elsewhere, by passages of descriptive beauty, or fancy, or tenderness. The only strong contrast which supplies their place is that of the severe beauty of Isabella's character, and the majestic wisdom and deep sentiment of her fervid eloquence. That in this sense the drama is not agreeable, and that it is even painful, is very true; yet the degree of pain thus given is precisely that by which the intellect is most excited, and which is thus the source of the deep and absorbing interest excited by all gloomy yet true pictures of life, in its sadder shapes of crime and woe. Though the subject and the thoughts be in themselves repulsive, yet when, as here, we feel that the author is breathing through them the strong emotions of his own soul, the attention is fixed, and the sympathy enchained. This is the secret of Dante's power, and of that of the nobler portion of Byron's poetry. That MEASURE FOR MEASURE possesses much of this power, is proved by the fact that, in spite of the objections of critics of every degree, it has always taken a strong hold of the general mind. No one of the high female characters of tragedy has been found more effective in representation than Isabella; while there is perhaps no composition, of the same length, in the language, which has left more of its expressive phrases, its moral aphorisms, its brief sentences crowded with meaning, fixed in the general memory, and embodied by daily use in every form of popular eloquence, argument, and literature.

The language and the rhythm have also peculiar boldness and austerity, congruous to the intellectual character and the sentiment of the drama, and as much marked in their difference from the author's preceding works. The

diction is, more than in any of his plays, and very much more than in any preceding one, abrupt, condensed, elliptical, bold in new combinations and figurative meanings, and, consequently, often obscure from the rapidity with which such figurative allusions are crowded on one another. The style throughout is, therefore, at once reflective and vehement, brief, harsh, austere, and (if the phrase may be allowed) angular, and rugged.

Some tendency to this compressed and suggestive style appears in the enlargements to ROMEO AND JULIET, which had increased upon the Poet as his mind became more teeming with thought, and his mastery of language more familiar and consequently bold. Yet in this play he suddenly rushes to the very extreme of this manner, and carries it much further than he was afterwards accustomed to do. It is the theory of Ulrici, that Shakespeare's diction became more and more compressed and obscure, and his views of life and mankind more and more gloomy, as he advanced in years. But the date of this play, and the comparison of its style with his works, shows rather that these characteristics were the result of some quick and sudden change in his habits of thought and composition; that from this time to that when LEAR was written, they were carried to their greatest height, and were afterwards softened and subdued. In MEASURE FOR MEASURE he labours from fullness of thought, like one under strong excitement, striving to pour forth his emotions in a language just acquired, and not yet familiar.

Shakespeare had also been, for some years, gradually innovating upon the accurate and careful melody to which he had originally modulated his versification, both in rhyme and heroic blank verse, and had made it more and more pliable to the freedom of dramatic dialogue. Thus was at length perfected (as I have had occasion to observe in the Remarks on MACBETH) an unrivalled vehicle of dramatic poetry, flexible to every mood of fancy, sentiment, or passion, and unequalled for its purposes in the literature of any age or nation. In this play the experiment of bold and careless deviation from the regular rhythm, cadence, and measure, is, like the freedom of diction, carried to excess. This, too, I think, corresponds to, and was suggested by, the Poet's mood of mind, and reflects the austerity of thought which would have found little agreement with a more artificial sweetness of regular melody. In this respect, too, this extreme of rugged versification predominated only during the same season of his darker and sterner power, and though he never returned to the elaborate accuracy of his youth, yet he afterwards delighted most in a grave and majestic harmony, such as Milton imitated and rivalled.

There being no other edition to compare with that in the folios, which has many certain and considerable typographical errors, the text of MEASURE FOR MEASURE is peculiarly doubtful, in many places, as to the precise sense or words, though we can never be at a loss for the general meaning. The bold novelties of expression, and suddenness of transition, must often leave the reader in doubt whether the obscurity he finds arises from style, or from some uncorrected misprint or omission.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

The story, like that of OTHELLO, comes originally from a novel of Cinthio, the Italian novelist and tragic author. He was a prolific relater of dark and bloody stories, which have yet such an air of reality as to give the impression that he drew his materials, like Scott, from domestic traditions, or legal records. Shakespeare had also the same plot in Whetstone's tragedy of "Promos and Cassandra," (1578,) founded on Cinthio's novel. But he owed very little to either predecessor but the outline of the story, and some slight hints, or casual expressions. It is evident that, in such a case, a previous tragedy on the same subject instead of lessening Shakespeare's claims to originality, greatly increases them, as it imposed on him the new difficulty of avoiding many obvious images and ideas, which must arise to every writer handling the same incidents. Nor was Whetstone an author of so low a rank that he might be safely neglected in this respect, and his materials used without injustice or plagiarism. On the contrary, he was, though inflated and extravagant in style, and deficient in the power of interesting or exciting his readers, a writer of learning and talent. He followed Cinthio very closely, in making the sister (the "woful Cassandra" of his play, the Epitia of Cinthio, and the Isabella of Shakespeare) yield to the Governor's desires and her brother's pusillanimous sophistry—a degradation which Shakespeare has avoided by the introduction of Mariana, and the very venial artifice of Isabella, which Coleridge censures, but which is certainly, if a blemish at all, a very slight one compared with the intrinsic repulsiveness of making the heroine the wife of the guilty Governor, and the suppplicant for his life. The inferior characters of Whetstone are the same only in their habits and occupations—the painting of their character is Shakespeare's own as much as that of the nobler personages, and the high moral wisdom which overflows in their dialogue. Isabella, as a character, is entirely his own creation. Coleridge, after expressing the censure, (before quoted,) in which I cannot coincide, atones for its severity by allowing the undeniable Shakespearianism of the other parts. "Of the counterbalancing beauties of MEASURE FOR MEASURE, I need say nothing; (he adds,) for I have already remarked that the play is Shakespeare's throughout."—(*Literary Remains.*)

But if any reader wishes to judge for himself of Shakespeare's direct obligation to George Whetstone, he may find large extracts in several of the editions of SHAKESPEARE, and in Skottowe's comparison of the two plays; as it has been reprinted by Stevens.

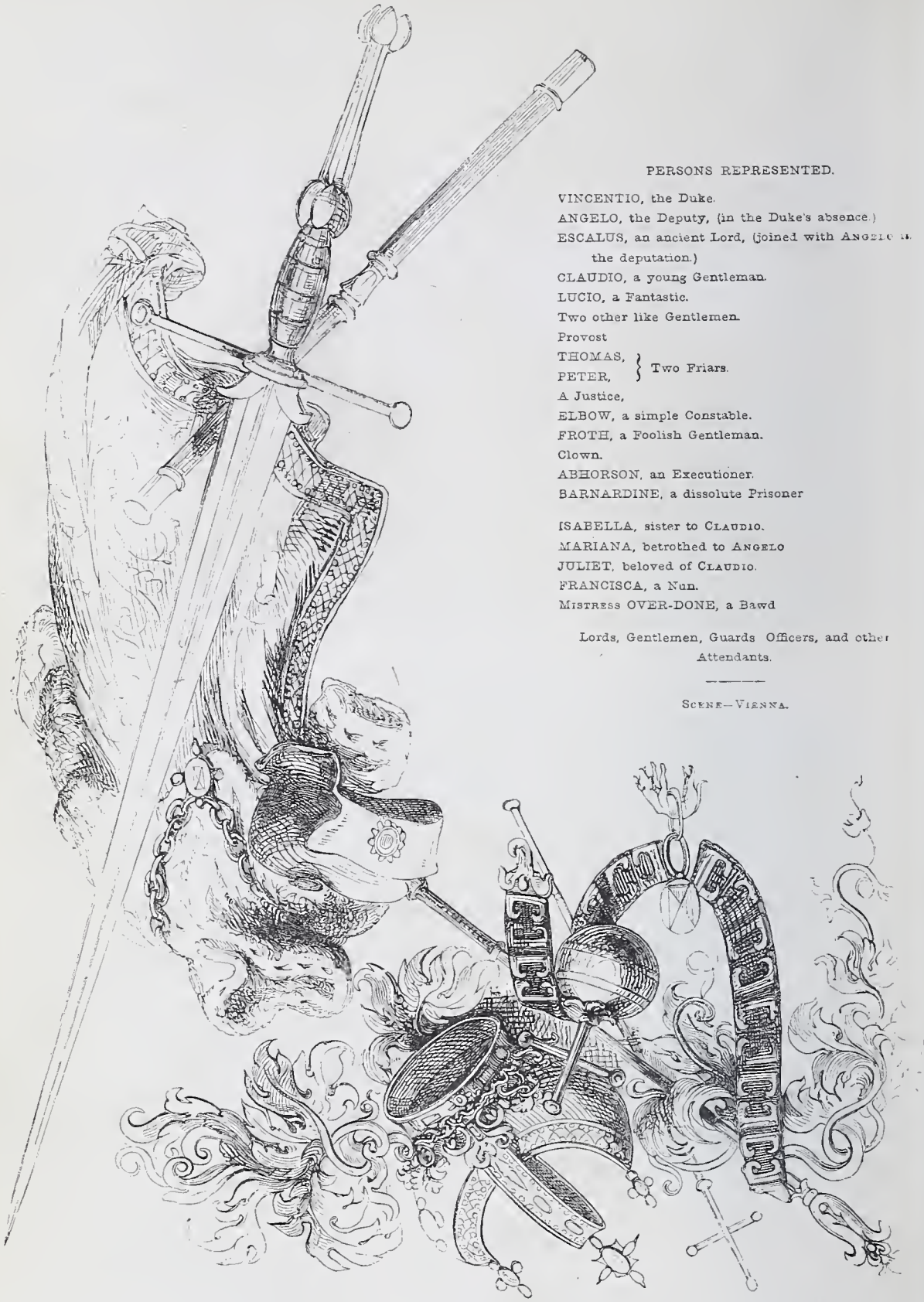
The probability of the plot has been objected to, but certainly without any reason; for it singularly happens that we have historical evidence of the occurrence of three or four very similar crimes, in different ages and countries. One of these is the well-known story of Col. Kirke, in the reign of James II., half a century after Shakespeare's death; another occurred in Holland, a century before his birth, under Charles the Bold, and has lately been related from the old chroniclers, with all their antique simplicity, by Barante, in his delightful "*Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne.*" Another of these Angelo-like abuses of power is said to have taken place under one of the old Dukes of Ferrara, and this may have been the actual foundation of Cinthio's tale. Shakespeare, whether he

was acquainted with the original or not, (as his use of the book in OTHELLO indicates that he was,) had the story before him, as Whetstone, a few years after the publication of his play, translated and published it himself—retaining, however, the names, and interweaving the thoughts of his own drama. It is contained in his "Heptameron of Civil Discourses," (1582,) and has been lately reprinted in Collier's "Shakespeare's Library." He has also accompanied his own tragedy with an analytical argument, which will enable the reader to compare Shakespeare's management of the plot with that of his predecessor.

"In the city of Julio, (sometime under the dominion of Corvinus, king of Hungary and Bohemia,) there was a law, that what man soever committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should wear some disguised apparel during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe law, by the favour of some merciful magistrate, became little regarded, until the time of Lord Promos' authority, who, convicting a young gentleman, named Andrugio, of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra, to enlarge her brother's life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos. Promos, regarding her good behaviour and fantasying her great beauty, was much delighted with the sweet order of her talk, and, doing good that evil might come thereof, for a time he reprieved her brother; but, wicked man, turning his liking into unlawful lust, he set down the spoil of her honour ransom for her brother's life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his suit, by no persuasion would yield to this ransom. But, in fine, won with the importunity of her brother, (pleading for life,) upon these conditions she agreed to Promos—first, that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as fearless in promise as careless in performance, with solemn vow signed her conditions; but, worse than any infidel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keep his authority unspotted with favour, and to prevent Cassandra's clamours, he commanded the gaoler secretly to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The gaoler, with the outcries of Andrugio, abhorring Promos' lewdness, by the providence of God provided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felon's head, newly executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the gaoler who was set at liberty) was so aggrieved at this treachery, that, at the point to kill herself, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos; and devising a way, she concluded to make her fortunes known unto the king. She (executing this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos; whose judgment was to marry Cassandra, to repair her erased honour; which done, for his heinous offence he should lose his head. This marriage solemnised, Cassandra, tied in the greatest bonds of affection to her husband, became an earnest suiter for his life. The king (tendering the general benefit of the commonweal before her special case, although he favoured her much) would not grant her suit. Andrugio, (disguised among the company,) sorrowing the grief of his sister, betrayed his safety and craved pardon. The king, to renown the virtues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos."

The more authentic history of the Angelo of the Netherlands is recorded by several of the old Dutch and Flemish chroniclers of the reign of *Charles le Téméraire*, the last of the more than royal dukes who reigned in different rights over the several states of Flanders, Holland, and Burgundy. (See Barante's "*Histoire des Ducs de la Maison de Valois.*") The Angelo was here a very brave and renowned knight, who was Governor of Flushing; and it was the wife of a state criminal, confined on a charge of sedition, who is tempted to yield up her honour on condition of receiving from the governor an order to the gaoler to deliver her husband up to her. In the meanwhile, a prior order had been sent; the husband was secretly beheaded; and the wife received on presenting her order, a chest containing the bloody corpse. Upon the duke's visiting his principality of Zealand, she appealed to him for justice. The governor confessed his guilt, and threw himself with confidence upon the duke's mercy, relying on his former services and favour. The duke commanded him to marry the widow, and endow her formally with all his wealth. She at first shrunk with horror from the alliance, but at last consented to the ceremony, on the prayers of her family, who thought their honour involved in it. When this was done, the governor returned to the duke, and informed him that the injured person was now satisfied. "So am not I," replied this far more rigid ruler than Shakespeare's kind-hearted, philosophical duke. He sent the guilty man to the same prison where his victim had died. A confessor was sent with him; and after the last rites of religion, without further delay, the governor was beheaded. His new wife and her friends had hurried to the prison, and arrived there only to receive the bloody trunk in the same manner that she had received the remains of her first husband. Overcome with horror, she fainted, and never recovered.

Had Shakespeare adopted this version of the story, it would have afforded him a canvass for many a scene of terrific, perhaps of too horrible truth. But this would have demanded the omission or entire degradation of Isabella's character—one so differing from every other of the many admirable portraits he has left us of female excellence, that its loss would have been dearly purchased, even by scenes of terror or pathos vying with those of the last acts of LEAR or OTHELLO.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, the Duke.
ANGELO, the Deputy, (in the Duke's absence.)
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord, (joined with ANGELO in the deputation.)
CLAUDIO, a young Gentleman.
LUCIO, a Fantastic.
Two other like Gentlemen.
Provost
THOMAS, } Two Friars.
PETER, }
A Justice,
ELBOW, a simple Constable.
FROTH, a Foolish Gentleman.
Clown.
ABHORSON, an Executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute Prisoner

ISABELLA, sister to CLAUDIO.
MARIANA, betrothed to ANGELO
JULIET, beloved of CLAUDIO.
FRANCISCA, a Nun.
MISTRESS OVER-DONE, a Bawd

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—VIENNA.



MEASURE FOR MEASURE



SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke. Escalus!

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then, no more remains,
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, y' are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For, you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

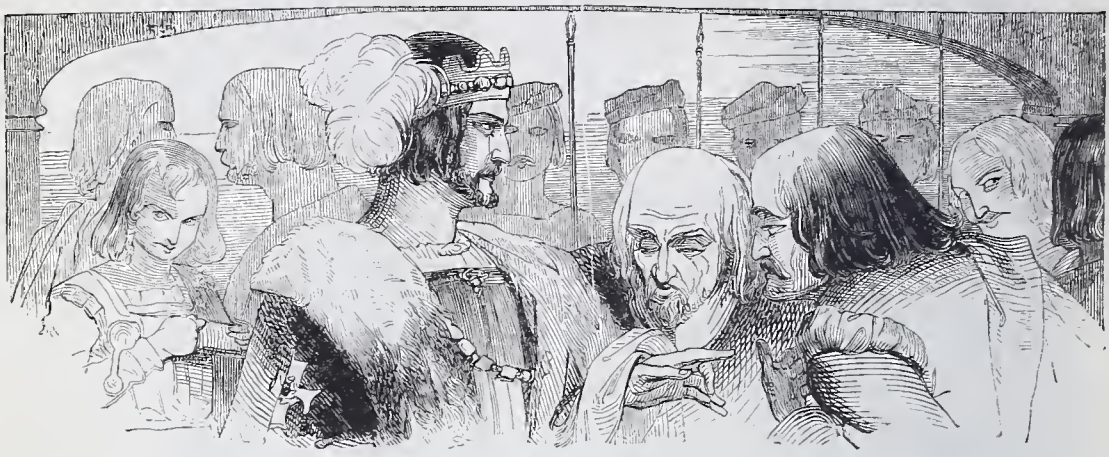
Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,

That, to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise:
Hold, therefore, Angelo:
In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna



Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.
Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.
Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!
Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!
Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*
Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.
Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.
Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter LUCIO, *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay; why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example; thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet: thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes!

1 *Gent.* I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

2 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio; signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away: let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* Lucio, *and Gentlemen.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service: you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Same.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, *and Officers;* Lucio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will:
On whom it will not, so: yet still 'tis just.



Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

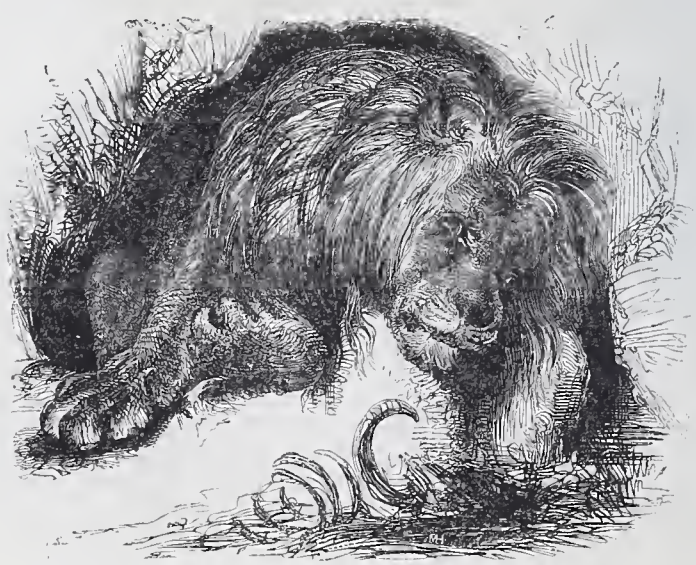
Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.
Lucio. What is it? murder?
Claud. No.
Lucio. Lechery?
Claud. Call it so.
Prov. Away, sir: you must go.
Claud. One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*
Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—Is lechery so look'd after?
Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.
Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in;—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me.—'tis surely, for a name.
Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.
Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service.
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men: besides, she hath prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.
Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.
Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.
Lucio. Within two hours,——
Claud. Come, officer; away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Monastery.*

Enter Duke, and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought:
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.
Fri. May your grace speak of it?
Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common car,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?
Fri. Gladly, my lord.
Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to head-strong steeds,)
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers,



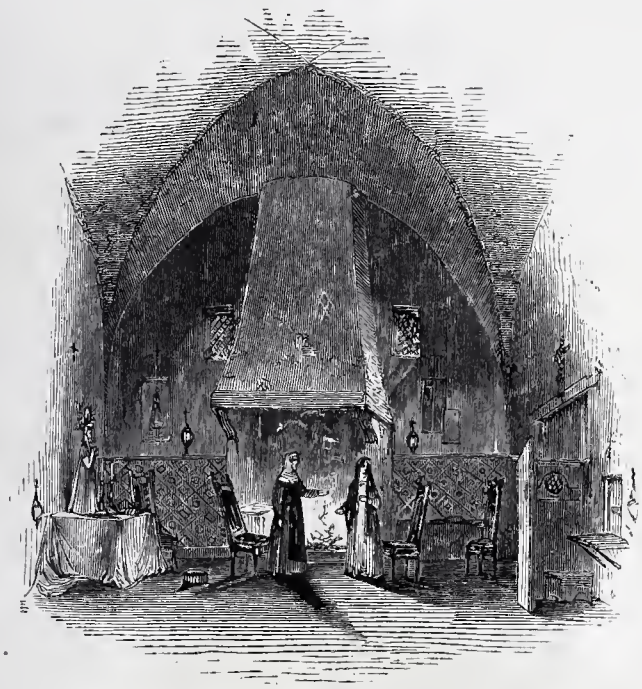
ACT I. SCENE 4.—An o'ergrown lion in a cave, That goes not out to prey

Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.
Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.
Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,
Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA, *and* FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.
Lucio. [*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him:
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.



ACT I SCENE 5.—You may, I may not

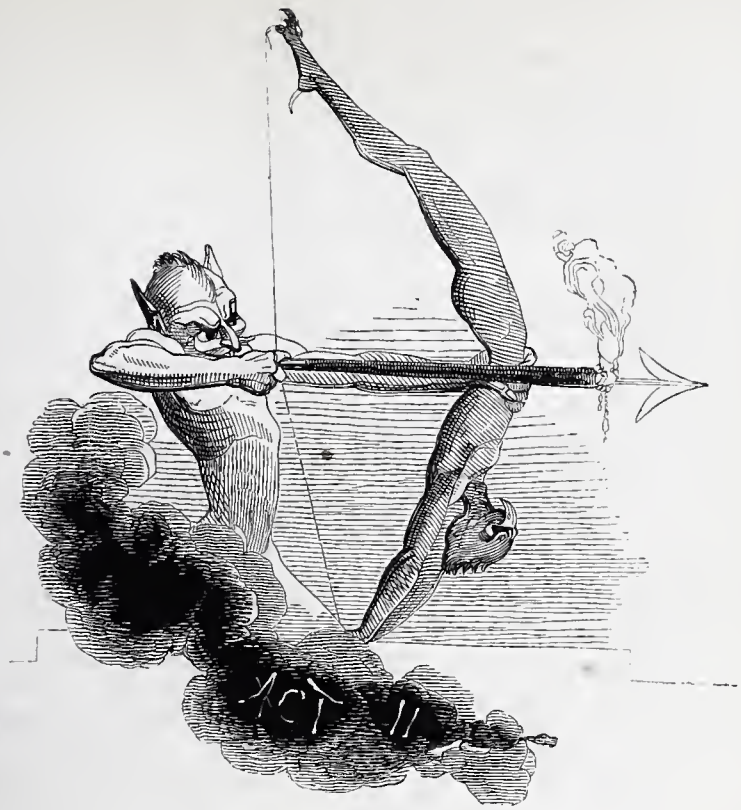
He calls again: I pray you, answer him.
[*Exit* FRANCISCA.
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less, can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask,
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks.
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. 'Tis true. I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted

By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O! let him marry her.
Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence,
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His giving out was of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo; and that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so
Seek his life?
Lucio. Hath censur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the provost hath a warrant
For his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me to do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power,
Alas! I doubt.
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight,
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—*A Hall in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a Justice, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.
Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.
Ang. Where is the provost?

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.
Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit Provost.*
Escal. Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, *Clown, Officers*, etc.

Elb. Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.
Ang. How now, sir! What's your name, and what's the matter?
Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.
Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?
Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.
Escal. This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name: why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [*To* ANGELO.] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes: sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence: your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the aforesaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come; you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.



ACT II. SCENE 1.—I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas.—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallownd eve.

Clo. Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* ANGELO.
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, onee more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justiee, or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her?—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked eaitiff?

Escal. Truly, offieer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue; now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you aequainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no morc of it, master Froth: farewell.—[*Exit* FROTH.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey: nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three pence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel, but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.
[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit* ELB. What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*



ACT II. SCENE 1.—How now, sir?

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause: he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.
Prov. Pray you, do.—[*Exit Servant.*]—I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream;
All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.
Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted.
[*Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatress be remov'd:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO, *and* ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*
Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To* ISAB.]—Y' are welcome: what's your will?
Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. [*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring.*
Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] Give't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown.
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.
Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look; what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's sentenc'd: 'tis too late.
Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] You are too cold.
Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, begone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made!
Ang. Be you content, fair maid.
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.
Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, well said.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first, that did th' edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)



Act II. Scene 2.—Spare him! spare him!

Are now to have no successive degrees,
But where they live to end.
Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. [*Aside.*] That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Lucio. [*To* Isab.] O, to him, to him, wench! He will relent:
He's coming; I perceive't.
Prov. [*Aside.*] Pray heaven, she win him!
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.
Lucio. [*To* Isab.] Thou'rt in the right, girl: more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. [*Aside.*] Art avis'd o' that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,

That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—[*To her.*]—Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How! bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. [*Aside.*] You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] Go to; 'tis well: away!
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. [*Aside.*] Amen;
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour!
[*Exeunt* LUCIO, ISABELLA, *and Provost.*
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fye, fye, fye!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter DUKE, *habited like a Friar, and Provost.*

Duke. Hail to you, provost; so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look; here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd—a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
[*To* JULIET.] I have provided for you: stay a while,
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but least you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame;
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing, we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,

Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now! who's there?
Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*
Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha! Fye, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.
Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so? then, I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life, or to redeem him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul:
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, crafty; and that is not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me:
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross.
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
Ang. Then must
Your brother die.
Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way.
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel, as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?
Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed this weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail.

For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well;
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold:
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly, conceive I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for't.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*
Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,



ACT II. SCENE 4.—I will proclaim thee, Angelo

Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.
[*Exit.*



ACT II. SCENE 2.—Thy sharp and sulphurous bolt



SCENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, *as a Friar*, CLAUDIO, *and Provost.*

Duke. So then, you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have
No other medicine, but only hope.
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,——
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still: thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: if thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: friend hast thou none:
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: thou hast nor youth, nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld: and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths, yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die,
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [*Without.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior; here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, *and Provost.*

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all
Comforts are; most good, most good, indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore, your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance: a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O! I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect,
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance finds a pang, as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother: there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The precise Angelo?
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In precise guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed.
Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give't thee from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do't.
Isab. O! were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible.
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.
Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair,
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*
Claud O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.
Isab. What is your will?
Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.
Isab. I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.
Duke. [*To* CLAUDIO.] Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die. Go; to your knees, and make ready.
Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.
Duke. Hold you there: farewell.
[*Exit* CLAUDIO.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.
Prov. What's your will, father?
Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.
Prov. In good time. [*Exit Provost.*
Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?
Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.
Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusa-

tion: he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; he was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentle-woman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forc-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt.*



ACT III. SCENE 2.—The moated grange.



Act III. Scene 2.—Street before the Prison.

Scene II.—*The Street before the Prison.*

Enter Duke, *as a Friar; to him* Elbow, *Clown, and Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah: a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort: I cry, bail. Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha! What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was.

man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words, or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha!

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha!

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go; to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, *Clown, and Officers.*



ACT III. SCENE 2.—Is it true, think you?

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him: some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes; but it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice: that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women: he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir! you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon:—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O! you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with contineney; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, *Provost, Bawd, and Officers.*

Escal. Go: away with her to prison!

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time: he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words.—[*Exeunt Bawd, and Officers.*]—Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking, there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* Escalus, *and Provost.*

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Graee to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised:
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*





ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A Room at the moated Grange.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting: a Boy singing.*

SONG.

Take, O! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit Boy.*

Enter DUKE.

I cry your mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.
Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.
Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.
Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*
Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?
Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, have I made my promise, upon the
Heavy middle of the night to call upon him.
Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?
Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.
Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?
Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.
Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid:
She comes to do you good.
Isab. I do desire the like.
Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt* MARIANA, *and* ISABELLA.
Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter MARIANA, *and* ISABELLA.

Welcome! How agreed?
Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother."
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth to sow.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Provost, and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir; leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Bernardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir.

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally: a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine—

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:
[*Exeunt Clown, and* ABHORSON.
Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go; prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?
[*Knocking within.*
Heaven give your spirits comfort!—By and by:—
[*Exit* CLAUDIO.
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
[*Knocking within.*
But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—
[*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. [*Knocking.*
How now? What noise? That spirit's possessed with haste,
That wounds th' unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. [*Speaking to one at the door.*] There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand: no such example have we.
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin,
For which the pardoner himself is in: [*Aside.*
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is th' offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] "Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."—What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.



ACT IV. SCENE 2.—Here is the hand and seal of the Duke

Duke. It is now apparent.

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in

hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law, than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you: if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O! death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father: it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing.

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir; here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*



Act IV. Scene 3.—Interior of Prison.

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Mr. Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Mr. Deep-vow, and Mr. Copper-spur, and Mr. Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd Lusty Pudding, and Mr. Forthright the tilter, and brave Mr. Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Mr. Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, Mr. Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!



ACT IV. SCENE 3.—Who makes that noise there?

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die. O, gravel heart!—After him, fellows: bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt* ABHORSON, *and Clown.*

Prov. Now, sir; how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Despatch it presently: the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo. See, this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.—Put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch, and send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,
(The provost, he shall bear them,) whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home,
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho! by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world.
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes:
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combin'd by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart: trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even.
Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would set me to't. But, they say, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.
[*Exit* ISABELLA.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO, *and* ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his ent'ring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house.
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her, no.
For my authority bears of a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*



ACT IV. SCENE 2.—Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd



Fields without the Town.

Scene V.—*Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke, *in his own habit, and* Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.
[*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift,
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.
F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.
[*Exit Friar.*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.
Come, we will walk: there's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—*Street near the City Gate.*

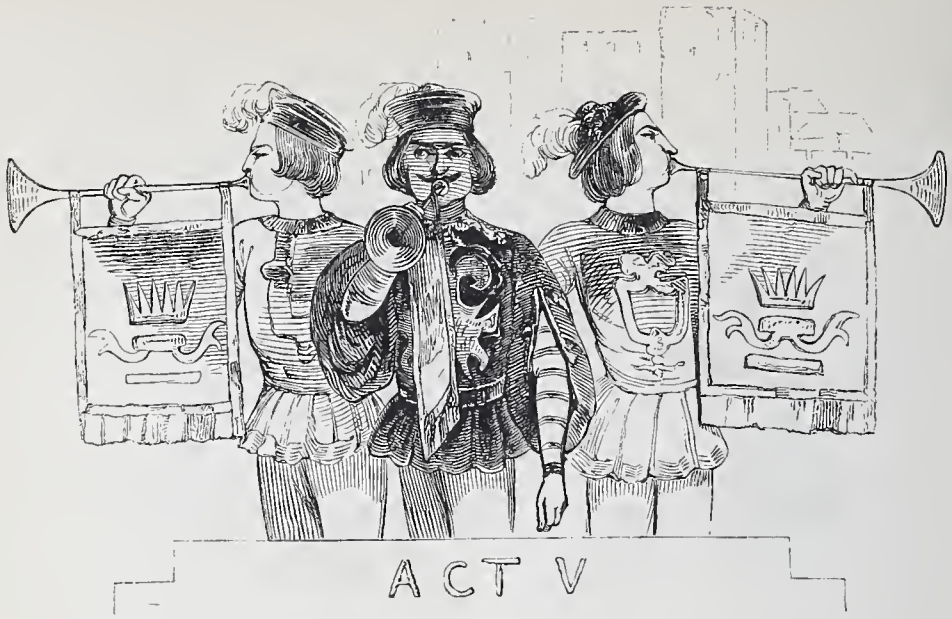
Enter Isabella, *and* Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He says, to veil full purpose.
Mari. Be rul'd by him.
Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic,
That's bitter to sweet end.
Mari. I would, friar Peter—
Isab O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

F. Peter. Come; I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring: therefore hence, away.
[*Exeunt.*





ACT V

SCENE I.—*A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA, *(veil'd,)* ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a distance. Enter at several doors,* DUKE, VARRIUS, *Lords;* ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, *Provost, Officers, and Citizens.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O! your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand,
And good supporters are you.

Friar PETER, *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time. Speak loud, and kneel before him.
Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince! dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!
Duke. Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom? Be brief.
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.
Isab. O, worthy duke!
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here!
Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.
Isab. By course of justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.
Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange, and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.
Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her.—Poor soul!
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.
Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.
Isab. O, gracious duke!
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger;—
Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace.
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now, then:
Pray you, take note of it; and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourself: take heed to it.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious, caitiff deputy.
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter?—Proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I repli'd,
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely.
Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish: next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then, O! you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!
Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall

On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.
Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that Lodowick?
Lucio. My lord, I know him: 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.
Duke. Words against me? This a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.
Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?
F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villainously: believe it.
F. Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself,
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.
Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
[ISABELLA *is carried off guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*
Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord
Duke. A widow then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you
Are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?
Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.
Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband, yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.
Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no better.
Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too!
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.
Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.
Ang. Charges she more than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? you say, your husband.
Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once, thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more.
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, not heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument.



A Public Place near the City Gate.

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.
Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.
F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.
Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.
Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit* DUKE.]—Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?
Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.
Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow.
Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.
Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again:—[*To an Attendant.*]—I would speak with her. Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.
Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.
Escal. Say you?
Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she'll be ashamed.

Re-enter officers, with ISABELLA: *the* DUKE, *in a Friar's habit, and Provost.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.
Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.
Escal. Come on, mistress.—[*To* ISABELLA.]—Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.
Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here, with the provost.
Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.
Lucio. Mum.
Escal. Come, sir. Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.
Duke. 'Tis false.
Escal. How! know you where you are?
Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.
Escal. The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.
Duke. Boldy, at least.—But, O, poor souls!
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust.
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.
Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.
Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? And then to glance from him
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?—
Take him hence; to the rack with him:—We'll touze you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.—
What! unjust?
Duke. Be not so hot; the duke dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.
Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.
Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?
Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman bald-pate? do you know me?
Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.
Lucio. O! did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?
Duke. Most notedly, sir.
Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?
Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.
Lucio. O, thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?
Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.
Ang. Hark how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.
Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—Away with him to prison.—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough upon him, let him speak no more.—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion. [*The Provost lays hand on the* DUKE.
Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.
Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.
Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage,



Act V. Scene 1.—Show your knave's visage.

with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour. Wilt not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—

Sneak not away, sir;—[*To* Lucio.]—for the friar and you

Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon: sit you down. [*To* Escalus.

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave. [*To* Angelo.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O, my dread lord!
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon.
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather,
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost. O, most kind maid!
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and Provost.*

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But, as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested,
Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.—
Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord!
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours;
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord!
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him: we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labour,
Away with him to death.—Now, sir,—[*To* Lucio.] —to you.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part:
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you; all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of his fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects,
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say,—
I have bethought me of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord: it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me, after more advice;
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither: let me look upon him. [*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemned;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him:
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles* Claudio.

Duke. If he be like your brother,—[*To* Isabella.]—for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this lord Angelo perceives he's safe:
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.—
You, sirrah,—[*To* Lucio.]—that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
Th' offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.
[*Exeunt.*





Act I. Scene 3.—Like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

NOTES ON MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"— put *to know*"—i. e. *Compelled* to know. Thus, in Henry VI.:—

Had I been *put* to speak my mind.

"— lists *of all advice*"—i. e. *Bounds*, or *limits*.

"— *then, no more remains,*
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able," etc.

This is the reading of the old copies, which most of the critics and editors have thought unintelligible and erroneous. I take it, that the "that" refers to the commission, which the Duke must have in his hand, or before him; for, at the end of the sentence, he says to Escalus, "There is our commission," as he shortly after says to Angelo, "Take thy commission." "That" authority is all that is wanted to his full "sufficiency" to duties which his "worth" and ability fit him for. Several editors, however, insist that a line has been accidentally lost, which Theobald thus supplies:—

But that to your sufficiency you add
Due diligence, as your worth is able.

Or thus, according to Tyrwhitt:—

But that to your sufficiency you put
A zeal as willing as your worth is able.

Johnson, equally positive that the passage is corrupt, proposes to amend thus:—

But that to your sufficiency, your worth is able.

Stevens—"Then," (says the Duke,)—

——no more remains to say.
Your sufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work.

This last is probably the best conjecture, if there be any objection (which I do not perceive) to referring "that" to the commission directly afterwards tendered by the speaker.

"— *the* terms"—Blackstone explains this to mean the technical language of the courts, and adds—"An old book, called '*Les Termes de la Ley*,' (written in Henry the Eighth's time,) was, in Shakespeare's day, and is now, (i. e. seventy years ago,) the accidence of young students in the law."

"—*fine* issues"—i. e. Excellent *uses*, or *purposes*.

"— *thanks and* use"—"Use," in that age, signified *interest of money*.

"— *one that can my part in him advertise*"—i. e. "One (says Malone) who is already informed as to the duties of my office." It rather seems to me to imply one that can of himself declare the duty he owes to me. "Advertise" was accented on the second syllable, as we learn from many examples in the older poets.

"*Hold, therefore, Angelo*"—With Collier and Stevens, I understand the Duke as here tendering to Angelo his commission, as he had previously given a simi-

lar one to Escalos. Having stated its import, he places it in the hands of Angelo at the close of the speech—"Take thy commission." This seems clear enough, yet Johnson explains it—"Continue to be Angelo; hold as you are." Tyrwhitt supposes that the Duke here checks himself, "Hold, therefore;" and that the word "Angelo" begins a new sentence. Knight says that "Hold" is addressed to Angelo, and used technically in the sense of *to have* or *to hold*. "Hold, therefore," *our power*, "Angelo."

"MORTALITY *and* MERCY *in Vienna*"—i. e. "I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy."—DOUCE.

"— *a* LEAVEN'D *and prepared choice*"—"'Leaven'd choice' is one of Shakespeare's harsh metaphors. His train of ideas seems to be this: I have proceeded to you with choice *mature, concocted, fermented*, 'leavened.' When bread is leavened, it is left to ferment: a 'leaven'd choice' is therefore a choice not hasty, but considerate; not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind."—JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

"*What*, IN METRE"—"There can be no doubt that 'in metre' can have no other reference than to the ancient metrical graces, to be said or sung—sometimes accompanied by some old monastic chant, such as we still hear in '*Non nobis, Domine*.' Tieck (the German critic) has, however, a singular crotchet upon this passage. He holds that the explanation thus given is nonsense; and that the allusion is to Johnson's favourite tavern, the *Mitre*, in a poor resemblance between the words 'metre' and *mitre*. We have seen a drawing of an ancient *knife*, upon the blade of which a Latin metrical grace is engraved, with the notes to which it was to be sung."—KNIGHT.

"— *a pair of* SHEERS *between us*"—A common old proverbial expression, meaning that they were both *cut off* the same piece.

"— *as thou art* PIL'D, *for a French velvet*"—"The jest about the *pile* of a 'French velvet' alludes to the loss of hair in the French disease—a very frequent topic of our author's jocularity. Lucio finding that the gentleman understands the distemper so well, and mentions it so feelingly, promises to remember to drink his health, but to forget to drink after him. It was the opinion of Shakespeare's time, that the cup of an infected person was contagious."—JOHNSON.

"— *three thousand* DOLLARS *a year*"—A quibble upon "dollar" and *dolour*. (Also found again in the TEMPEST.)

SCENE III.

"— *the demi-god, Authority*"—"'Authority,' being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled, by Claudio, 'the demi-god.' To this uncontrollable power, the Poet applies a passage from St. Paul to the Romans, (chap. ix. verse 15–18,) which he properly styles, 'the words of heaven:'—'For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy,' etc. And again: 'Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy,'" etc. HENLEY.

"— *we do the* DENUNCIATION *lack*"—"Denunciation" is here used in the sense of *annunciation* and legal sanction. It is a harsh and bold use of the word.

"— PROPAGATION *of a dower*"—The phrase is harsh and obscure. Yet the word *propagate* was used, by the old writers, with great latitude, for *to extend, to increase, to improve*. Thus, Shakespeare speaks, in TIMON, of those who labour "to propagate their states"—i. e. to improve them. Chapman, in his translation of "Homer," has—

> —— *propagate* to ruling
> Our bold encounters.

We still speak of propagating truth, propagation of the gospel. The word may therefore be here used, by a bold extension of its ordinary sense, for *producing*—Only for *production* of a dower. Yet, I think there is both ingenuity and probability in the conjecture of Z. Jackson, the Shakespearian printer—"for *procuration* of a dower."

"— *a* PRONE *and speechless dialect*"—Johnson. Nares, and others, take "prone" in its sense of *prompt, or ready;* but I rather think it is to be taken here, as Stevens suggests, in the sense of *humble*. Shirley has the same thought, thus expressed:—"You have *prostrate* language." The timidity and silence of her *youth* alone would move men; but when she chooses to exercise reason and discourse, she can well persuade.

SCENE IV.

"— *the* DRIBBLING *dart of love*"—"Dribbling" is used in a secondary sense, for "falling weakly, and without effect." "Complete bosom" refers to the usages of armour, and means "a breast completely armed."

"— *witless bravery* KEEPS"—i. e. "*Dwells, resides*. In this sense it is still used at Cambridge, where students and fellows, referring to their collegiate apartments, always say they 'keep'—i. e. reside there."—REED.

This Shakespearian and collegiate term is common in many parts of the United States, in the sense here used; and has been considered as an Americanism, or at least a vulgarism.

"— *a man of* STRICTURE"—i. e. *Strictness*.

"—*head-strong* STEEDS"—The folios read, "head strong *weeds*," which Collier retains, saying it is a "term still applied to an ill-conditioned horse." If there be such a sense of the word, *weeds* should be retained; but I have not been able to trace any such use, and have therefore, with all the other editors, presumed *weeds* to be a misprint for "steeds."

"— *have let* SLEEP"—In the first copies, *slip* is printed for "sleep." The folio which follows corrects the error; and in the next act Angelo says that the law hath "slept." Knight retains *slip*.

"— IN *slander*"—This is the old reading of the folios, the meaning being—"And yet my nature never be in fight, or contest, with crime, to do what is necessary under an imputation, or slander, of severity.' It has usually been altered, since Hanmer's edition, thus:—

> And yet my nature never in the *sight*,
> To do *it* slander.

Collier and Knight restore the original text.

SCENE V.

"— *make me not your* STORY"—i. e. "Do not make me your story, or *jest*;" to which Lucio naturally answers, "'Tis true." Malone altered the passage to—"Sir, *mock* me not—your story;" which renders Lucio's reply inapplicable.

"— *seem the* LAPWING"—This bird is said to lead pursuers from her nest by crying in other places. This was formerly the subject of a proverb—"The lapwing cries most, furthest from her nest"—i. e. *tongue far from heart*. So, in the COMEDY OF ERRORS—

> Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
> My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

"— HIS *lover*"—"Lover" was, in that age, applied to both sexes. Shakespeare's poem of the "Lover's Complaint" is the lament of a deserted maiden.

"— *the* SEEDNESS"—This may well have been a misprint for *seeding*, which would improve the line. If it be the right word, it is one of Shakespeare's coinage.

"— *teeming* FOISON"—"Foison," or *foizon*, is *plenty*, especially *abundance of harvest;* as in the TEMPEST—"all *foison*, all abundance." It was in common use in

Shakespeare's time; yet, so rapidly did the fashion of language change, that, in 1651, it is noted, by Cartwright, as obsolete!

> "— *and that's my pith of business*
> *'Twixt you and your poor brother.*"

We have here, as after, preferred the original metrical arrangement to that of the ordinary modern text, which reads—

> To soften Angelo; and that's my pith
> Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Here, as after, the metre is irregular, but not more so than the rhythm of broken dialogue allows; while, as in many other instances of the metrical changes of the modern editors, a syllabic regularity has been gained by the distribution of the lines, at the expense of the natural melody.

"— *they themselves would* OWE"—"Owe" is taken in its oldest sense, for *own, have;* so that he says—"Their petitions are as much theirs as they themselves wish to have them."

"— *the* MOTHER"—i. e. Of the convent; the *prioress.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"— TO FEAR *the birds of prey*"—i. e. *To affright;* as in the MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"— FALL, *and bruise to death*"—The verb is here used actively, as *to fall a tree;* and in AS YOU LIKE IT—"The execution *falls* not the axe upon," etc.

"— *thieves do* PASS ON *thieves*"—i. e. How can the laws take cognizance of what I have mentioned? How can they know, whether the jurymen, who *decide* on the life or death of thieves, be themselves as criminal as those whom they try? To "pass on" is a phrase of the common-law, for "deciding upon," "giving their verdict upon."

"FOR *I have had such faults*"—i. e. *Because, by reason that* I have had such faults.

"*Some run from* BRAKES OF VICE"—The words are printed, in all the older copies, "*brakes* of ice," which is certainly a misprint, for which two or three conjectural emendations have been suggested; no one of which is so evidently right as to leave little doubt as to what were the author's true words. Some read, as Tieck translates into German, "breaks of ice," which Collier explains as escaping "from a danger as imminent as when ice breaks under the passenger." Stevens adopts Rowe's correction of "brakes of vice," and explain it as the "brakes" used in the time of the Tudors, as an instrument of inquisitorial torture—a species of *rack.* It is mentioned and pictured in the old editions of Fox's "Martyrs." The sense, on this supposition, is that some escape the judicial rack, due to vice, while others suffer for a single fault. Neither of these seem as probable as a third solution, which is still not fully satisfactory. "Brake" is taken, in its more usual sense, for a *thicket;* and it refers to the thorny paths of vice, from which, thick-set as they are, some escape without punishment, while others are condemned for a single error. Ben Jonson has a similar metaphorical application of the word—

> Look at the false and cunning man—
> Crush'd in the snaky *brakes* that he had past.

Our own author has, in HENRY VIII., used the word in the same sense, though with an opposite application of the figure:—

> 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough *brake*
> That virtue must go through.

"Brake" is also said to have been anciently used for a trap, or snare, which again would allow another interpretation. Between the obscure brevity of expression and the doubt as to the right correction of the certain misprint, I do not venture to decide with confidence, but prefer the third solution—"the thickets of vice."

"— *they are not* CHINA DISHES"—The use of China-ware, and its comparative value, mark the progress of commerce. In the days of classical profusion, a moderate China service, such as is now found in very unostentatious life, would have vied with a service of silver. It formed part of the splendour of Genoa and Venice, in the dawning of modern commerce. Here we find "China dishes" familiar to the popular luxury, but still something above vulgar use. The dramatists of the day speak of them in this estimate. In Massinger's "Renegado," the servant of the Venetian tells his master that his wares—

> Are safe unladen; not a crystal crack'd,
> Or China dish needs soldering.

"China dishes (says Knight) were not uncommon things in the days of Elizabeth and James. We captured them on board the Spanish carracks; and we purchased them from Venice. Cromwell imposed a duty on China dishes; so that they had in his time become a regular article of commerce."



CHINA DISHES.

"— *a* LOWER CHAIR"—The comment of Stevens, sixty years ago, shows how fashions go their rounds, and will amuse the reader of the preseut day:—

"Every house had formerly, among its other furniture, what was called a *low chair*, designed for the ease of sick people, and, occasionally, occupied by lazy ones. Of these couveniences I have seen many, though, perhaps, at present they are wholly disused."

"— *an open room, and good for winter*"—i. e. Open to the sun, and thus pleasant in wiuter—a matter on which the English of that day, like the old Romans, (imperfectly supplied with the means of agreeable artificial heat,) laid great stress.

"— *three pence a* BAY"—I should take this to mean, "three pence" for each *large window;* but "bay" is explained, in Coles's Dictiouary, (1677,) as a front of tweuty-four feet.

"*I pray you home to dinner with me*"—This passage amusingly marks the "early habits" of the period; for, although the scene is laid in Vienna, we find in this play, as in others, that Shakespeare often attributes the local manners and customs of his own country to his persouages, wherever the scene may be laid.

Scene II.

"*To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record*"—i. e. To pronounce the penalty upon the crime which the law already records as its due, and let the criminal escape. In this same dialogue we have "the *recorded* law."

"— *touch'd with that* REMORSE"—Here, and in act v., ("My sisterly *remorse* coufutes my honour,") "remorse" is used for *pity;* as in OTHELLO, (act iii. scene 3.)

> "*Become them with one half so good a grace*
> *As mercy does.*"

No poet repeats himself so little as Shakespeare, but he is sometimes fond of reproducing the same train of thought, modified and coloured by a different passion in the speaker, or a difference of character. Thus, throughout this dialogue, the reader cannot but observe that the topics of the argument for mercy, and even the illustrations of it, are the same as those employed by Portia, in her appeal to Shylock. Yet, (as Mrs. Jameson says,) "how like and how unlike! Portia's eulogy on mercy is a piece of heavenly rhetoric; it is the voice of a descended angel addressing an inferior nature. If not premeditated, it is at least a part of a preconcerted scheme; while Isabella's pleadings are forced from the abundance of her heart, in broken sentences, and with the artless vehemence of one who feels that life and death hang upon her appeal."

"*Like man new made*"—"This reduction of man to the first associations of his primitive creation, when his soul was all innocence, and expanding with the ardent fulness of anxious sympathy, is one of the most exquisite images in SHAKESPEARE. It tells us that man is all merciful when all innocent: how much more, then, should he be merciful towards his fellow-creatures when, as now, most guilty!"—*Illust. Shak.*

"— WHERE *they live to end*"—The reading of the folios is—"*here* they live." Hanmer altered the text to "*ere* they live, to end; and Malone to "*where* they live, to end." Collier maintains the old reading, as meaning that the law there had formerly slept, and criminals escaped; but now it is awake, and resolves to punish crimes—"but *here* they live to end." Here crimes live only that they may be brought to an end. The misprint of *here* for "where," in the old mode of writing, was very common; and the sense is thus clearer. The phrase, so ameuded, is Shakespearian; as in JULIUS CÆSAR—

> And where I did begin, there shall I end.

"— *with our* SPLEENS"—By "spleens" Shakespeare meant that peculiar turn of the human mind that inclines it to a spiteful and unseasonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passiou unworthy of that prerogative.

"— FOND *shekels*"—"Fond" is *foolish*, and in this instance *worthless*, or only valued by the foolish.

"*Where prayers* CROSS"—"The meaning is not clear. but may thus be explained. Isabella prays, 'Heaven keep your honour safe:' Angelo answers, 'Amen; for, tempted as I am, I pray for one thing, you for another. You pray heaven to keep my houour safe, I the coutrary; and thus our prayers cross.'"—COLLIER.

It rather means, I think, "where prayers cross" (not each other, but) our intended or wicked purpose. The coucluding speech, "From thee," etc., supports this sense.

"— *as the carrion does, not as the flower*"—i. e. "I am not corrupted by her, but by my own heart, which excites foul desires, under the same benigu influences that exalt her purity; as the carrion grows putrid by those beams which increase the fragrance of the violet." JOHNSON.

This image, as little agreeable as it may be, occurs again in the celebrated and much-contested passage in HAMLET—"For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog," etc.

"— *pitch our* EVILS *there*"—"No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion, which the purity of Isabella served but the more to iuflame. The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt." (See 2 Kings x. 27.)—HENLEY.

Scene III.

"—*the* FLAMES *of her own youth*"—The old copies read *flawes* for "flames," which word Daveuant, in his "Law agaiust Lovers," (a play patched up from this and MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,) restored. The misprint of *w* for *m* was common in old works; and as the *flames of youth* is a natural expression, and the metaphor requires *fire* to produce the *blistering* in the next line, there is little doubt that Davenaut, who flourished near the time of Shakespeare, was right. This reading has been adopted in all the editions since Warburton's, except those of Knight, who retains *flaws*, as merely a redundant confusion of metaphor.

"— LEAST *you do repent*"—"The modern editors have priuted *lest* instead of 'least,' as it stands iu the old copies, and have thus confused the meaning; which is, 'You do repent *least* that the sin hath brought you to this shame,' iustead of repenting *most* the sin itself. This true reading makes the sense of the Duke's observation complete at 'But as we stand in fear,' without supposing his unfiuished sentence to be broken in upon by Juliet, as it has been commonly printed."—COLLIER.

The reply of Juliet supports Mr. Collier's returu to the old reading, which I think certainly right.

Scene IV.

"— SEVERAL *subjects*"—"Several" is here used not merely numerically, as we now use it, ("to a number of subjects,") but in its stricter and older sense, for *separate, distinct* subjects. Here there are only two, but those wholly opposed.

"— *the air beats for* VAIN"—The old copies have *vaine*, which is the ancient orthography for "vaiu"—"Which the air beats for *being* vain." But several editors of authority follow Malone in reading it "for vane"—i. e. which the air beats about as a *weathercock.*

"*Wrench awe from fools*"—"Here Shakespeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds Fools are frighted, and

wise men are allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye, are easily awed by splendour: those who consider men, as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power." JOHNSON.

"— *Blood, thou art blood*"—Most editions, to remedy the supposed defect of the metre, read—"Blood, thou art *but* blood;" and "Blood, thou *still* art blood." But the rhythm seems shortened to make the stronger emphasis—"Blood, thou *art* blood;" and this would be lost by another syllable.

"*Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,*
'Tis not the devil's crest."

"Angelo's reasoning is—'O place! O form! though you wrench awe from fools, and tie even wiser souls to your false seeming, yet you make no alteration in the minds or constitutions of those who possess, or assume you. Though we should write good angel on the devil's horn, it will not change his nature, so as to give him a right to wear that crest.' It is well known that the crest was formerly chosen either as emblematical of some quality conspicuous in the person who bore it, or as alluding to some remarkable incident of his life; and on this circumstance depends the allusion."—M. MASON.

"THE GENERAL, *subject to a well-wish'd king*"—This is the old and intelligible reading. "The general" is *the people*. So, in HAMLET—"'twas caviare to *the general*," (act ii. scene 2;) and Lord Clarendon—"as rather to be consented to, than that *the general* should suffer."

"— *more for number than for accompt*"—Sinful actions, done under compulsion, may add to the number of our wrong deeds, but are not of much account in summing up our guilt. This is sometimes literally true, but is here applied with a moral sophistry characteristic of the speaker.

"— YOUR *answer*"—i. e. For you to answer.

"*Or seem so*, CRAFTY"—This is the old reading, and not *craftily*, as it has been modernized. "Or seem so, being crafty," is the meaning.

"*When it doth* TAX *itself*"—i. e. *Accuse*—an old sense of the word, now become rare in modern use, but not quite antiquated.

"— *in the* LOSS *of* QUESTION"—i. e. In *idle supposition;* in "loss" of more profitable *converse*. The phrase, however, is obscure.

"— *the* ALL-BINDING *law*"—The old folios have—"*all-building* law." This Collier retains, as "referring to the constructive and repairing power of law." But this has no application to the context, which agrees perfectly with the emendation of "all-binding," which all other editors have concurred in adopting.

"IGNOMY *in ransom*"—"Ignomy" was a frequent mode of writing *ignominy*. Davenant, in his alteration of this play, has given the sense of this somewhat obscure allusion in his paraphrase—

Ignoble ransom no proportion bears
To pardon freely given.

"*If not a* FEODARY, *but only he,*
OWE, *and succeed this weakness.*"

"The word 'this' (instead of *thy*, as in the old copies) is from an old MS. note in Lord Egerton's first folio. It is probably right; and the meaning of the whole passage seems to be—'If we are not all frail, let my brother die, if he alone offend, and have no feodary (companion) in this weakness.' To 'owe' is here, as in many other instances, to *own*."—COLLIER.

"Feodary" meant, originally, *vassal*, and is sometimes taken for one who, as a vassal, assists his lord in any matter. The passage is, in any way, dark, and crowded with remote allusions. Nares ("Glossary") has probably given the right explanation:—"If he is the only one who holds by the common tenure of human frailty, and who 'owes' and 'succeeds by'—(i. e. *possesses* and succeeds *to*)—an inheritance of this infirmity."

"— SMELL *of calumny*"—"Your accusation will appear so gross, that it will stifle yourself, and be considered a calumny. Shakespeare has suffered from the love of the literal in his commentators. Stevens informs us that the above is 'a metaphor from a lamp or candle extinguished in its own grease!' He would have done better, in this way, to have said that it was taken from a cannon stifled in its own report, by the smell of gunpowder. The word 'smell' is, however, used here in a sense common with Shakespeare; as though he had said *smacks* of calumny."—*Illust. Shak.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*That* DOST *this habitation*"—"Sir T. Hanmer changed 'dost' to *do*, without necessity or authority. The construction is not, 'the skyey influences that *do*,' but, 'a breath thou art, that *dost*,' etc. If 'Servile to all the skyey influences' be enclosed as a parenthesis, all the difficulty will vanish."—PORSON.

"— *thou art* DEATH'S FOOL"—This allegorical imagery is not used in an abstract sense only, for such things were actually represented on the stage, in Shakespeare's time. In some of the pieces called "Moralities," or "Mysteries," a figure of Death, with a large mouth, would appear, and the Clown, or Fool of the piece, ran about in every direction to avoid him, and yet nearly fell into his jaws at almost every turn. In Stowe's "Survey," the initial letter contains a drawing of one of these struggles between Death and the Fool.

"— *nurs'd by* BASENESS"—The condensation of thought, in single words and phrases, which is so characteristic of this and all the later dramas of its author, cannot be better shown than by comparing these lines with Johnson's excellent note on them; yet the paraphrase would furnish the material for many a page, in a still more diluted exposition of the same humbling truth:—

"A minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by 'baseness'—by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill; all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry; and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine."—JOHNSON.

"— *a poor* WORM"—"Worm" is put for any creeping thing, or *serpent*. Shakespeare adopts the old notion, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. In old tapestry and paintings, the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed, like the point of an arrow.

"— *death, which is no more*"—Johnson is indignant at this passage, as teaching that "death" is only *sleep*—"a sentence which in the friar is impious, in the reasoner foolish, in the poet trite and vulgar." Surely the Poet is here misunderstood. The friar does not speak of the "something after death," but of the transit from life, which he compares to that into sleep. The great hereafter is a subject the Poet is not wont to treat with levity. *Provok'st*, in this passage, is another instance of his peculiar use of words of Latin derivation, employing them in their original sense, and not in the derivative one in more common use. *Provoke* is not to *irritate*, but to *solicit*, to *invite*.

"— *palsied* ELD"—i. e. *Old age*, or old people.

"— *an everlasting* LEIGER"—A "leiger" was a permanently resident ambassador. This is best explained by Lord Bacon:—"*Leiger* ambassadors, or agents, were sent to *remain* in or near the courts of those

princes, or states, to observe their motions, or to hold correspondence with them." The same association of ideas is carried forward in the word *appointment*, which Stevens explains as preparation for death. But the word especially belongs to an ambassador, as we find in Burnet:—"He had the *appointments* of an ambassador, but would not take the character."

"— *all the world's* VASTIDITY"—i. e. Though you were the possessor of the *vast world*, the terms proposed will fetter you to a fixed limit.

"— *the poor beetle, that we tread upon*"—These lines, taken apart from the context, would indicate that the bodily pain, such as is attended with death, is felt with equal severity by a giant and a beetle. The physiologists tell us that this is not true; and that the nervous system of a beetle does not allow it to feel pain so acutely as that of a man. We hope this is correct; but we are not sure that Shakespeare meant to refine quite so much as the entomologists are desirous to believe. "It is somewhat amusing, (says a writer in the 'Entomological Magazine,') that his words should, in this case, be entirely wrested from their original purpose. His purpose was to show how little a man feels in dying; that the sense of death is most in apprehension, not in the act; and that even a beetle, which feels so little, feels as much as a giant does. The less, therefore, the beetle is supposed to feel, the more force we give to the sentiment of Shakespeare."

"— *follies doth* EMMEW"—Angelo makes follies *mew* up, or hide themselves; as the falcon compels the fowl to conceal himself. "Emmew" was a term in falconry—to *coop up*.

"— *The* PRECISE *Angelo*"—The first folio has, "the *prenzie* Angelo;" and the second substituted *princely* for *prenzie*. The word occurs again three lines lower, where Isabella talks of "prenzie guards." Warburton would read *priestly* in both places, and Tieck suggests *precise;* which last, strange as it may be that a critic, who has learned English as a foreign language, should have hit what so many ingenious Englishmen had missed, bears in itself strong presumption of being the true reading. We agree with Knight, that, "having to choose some word which would have the double merit of agreeing with the sense of the passage and being similar in the number and form of the letters, nothing can be more unfortunate than the correction of *princely*. Warburton's *priestly* is much nearer the meaning intended to be conveyed. Tieck's *precise* has a much closer resemblance to *prenzie* than either of the others—

(Prenzie; precise; princelie; priestlie.)

Angelo has already been called *precise;* and the term, so familiar to Shakespeare's contemporaries, of *precisian*, for *puritan*, and *precise* in reference to strictness of morals and manners, would make Claudio's epithet appropriate and intelligible. *Princely guards* (understanding by guards the trimmings of a robe) certainly does not give us the meaning of the Poet: it only says, the worst man may wear a rich robe. *Priestly* is here again much better. But *precise guards* distinctly gives us the formal trimmings of the scholastic robe, to which Milton alludes in 'Comus:'—

> O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
> To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
> And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub."

"*If it were damnable*"—"Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature, in the conduct of Claudio. When Isabella first tells him of Angelo's proposal, he answers, with honest indignation, agreeably to his settled principles—

—— Thou shalt not do't.

But the love of life, being permitted to operate, soon furnishes him with sophistical arguments: he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the soul, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it."—JOHNSON.

"*And blown with restless violence round about*
The pendent world," etc.

This idea does not belong to any form of Christian doctrine or opinion, but comes from the ancient philosophy, taught by Cicero in his "Somnium Scipionis:"—"*Eorum animi qui se corporis voluptatibus dedidérunt, corporibus elapsi circum terram ipsam volutantur*," etc. The metrical harmony of the spheres, so beautifully introduced in the MERCHANT OF VENICE, (act v. scene 1.,) is also one of the topics of Cicero, in this same philosophical fragment; so that it is probable that the Poet may have drawn that, as well as this poetic notion of the old philosophy, from the same source. If it is not allowed that he could read the original, yet he might have read Newton's translation, which was "turned into English" in 1577.

"— *age, ache,* PENURY"—The oldest copy has *perjury*. It was corrected in the second folio. In a previous line it has *thought* for "thoughts."

"*What sin you do to save a brother's life,*
Nature dispenses with the deed so far," etc.

"One of the most dramatic passages in the present play, (says Hazlitt, in his 'Characters of Shakespeare's Plays,') is the interview between Claudio and his sister, when she comes to inform him of the conditions on which Angelo will spare his life. What adds to the dramatic beauty of the scene, and the effect of Claudio's passionate attachment to life, is that it immediately follows the Duke's lecture to him, in the character of the Friar, recommending an absolute indifference to it." The attempt of Claudio to prove to his sister that the loss of her chastity, upon such an occasion, will be a virtue, is finely characteristic of the profound knowledge Shakespeare possessed of the intricate complexities of the human heart. "Shakespeare was, in one sense, the least moral of all writers, (says Hazlitt;) for morality (commonly so called) is made up of antipathies; and his talent consisted in sympathy with human nature, in all its shapes, degrees, depressions, and elevations. The object of the pedantic moralist is to find out the bad in every thing: his was to show that 'there is some soul of goodness in things evil.'" With reference to the representation of such scenes on the stage, Schlegel observes:—"It is certainly to be wished that decency should be observed on all public occasions, and consequently also on the stage; but even in this it is possible to go too far. That censorious spirit, which scents out impurity in every sally of a bold and vivacious description, is at best but an ambiguous criterion of purity of morals; and there is frequently concealed under this hypocrisy the consciousness of an impure imagination. The determination to tolerate nothing which has the least reference to the sensual relation between the two sexes may be carried to a pitch extremely oppressive to a dramatic poet, and injurious to the boldness and freedom of his composition. If considerations of such a nature were to be attended to, many of the happiest parts of the plays of Shakespeare, for example, in MEASURE FOR MEASURE, and ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, which are handled with a due regard to decency, must be set aside for their impropriety."

"— *a* WARPED *slip of* WILDERNESS"—i. e. *Wildness*—a *wild* "slip," not proceeding from the grafted stock. Beaumont and Fletcher, Decker, and Milton, use "wilderness" in the same sense.

"— *the goodness that is cheap in beauty*"—The quaint brevity of the sentence makes it obscure. He says—"The goodness which, when associated with beauty, is held cheap, does not remain long so associated; but grace, being the very life of your features, must continue to preserve their beauty."

"— *he made trial of you only*"—i. e. He will avoid your accusation *by alleging that* "he made trial of you only."

"— COMBINATE *husband*"—i. e. *Contracted* husband

"— *the corrupt deputy* SCALED"—i. e. Exposed, by removing the *scales* which cover him. This is the ordinary explanation of the word, which, however, Nares ("Glossary") rejects, and interprets it as "weighed in the scales."

"— *the* MOATED GRANGE"—A lonely house or farm, with a *moat* around it. A "grange" formerly meant the farm-house belonging to a monastery, and situated at some distance. On this suggestion of the utter desolation of Mariana, whose loving and deserted heart was left to prey upon itself, and to torment her imagination with one constant, unchangeable, and unavailing idea, a beautiful poem has been founded, by Tennyson.

SCENE II.

"— *drink brown and white* BASTARD"—i. e. A kind of sweet wine, made of raisins, then much used—from the Italian *bastardo*. It is used here with a double meaning.

"— *good* BROTHER FATHER"—"In return to Elbow's blundering address of *good father friar*—(i. e. "good father brother')—the Duke humorously calls him, in his own style, 'good brother father.' This would appear still clearer in French—'*Dieu vous benisse, mon père frère. Et vous aussi, mon frère père.*' There is no doubt that our *friar* is a corruption of the French *frère*."—TYRWHITT.

A. De Vigny, in the preface to his spirited translation of OTHELLO, etc., into French verse, expresses his surprise at finding so much of the antiquated English of Shakespeare to be good old French.

"*From our faults, as faults from seeming, free*"—The meaning is obscure from brevity. The Duke wishes that we were all as free from faults as faults are from seeming to be so. Many editors print, with the second folio, "Free from our faults," etc.

"— *your waist, a cord, sir*"—Alluding to the "cord" round a friar's "waist."

"— *it is not the* WEAR"—i. e. It is not the *fashion*.

"— *he is a* MOTION"—i. e. He is a *puppet*—made of wood.

"— DETECTED *for women*"—The use of this word, in the various extracts from old authors, collected by the commentators, show that its old meaning was (not *suspected*, as some of them say, but) *charged, arraigned, accused*. Thus, in Greenway's "Tacitus," (1622,) the Roman senators, who informed against their kindred, are said "to have *detected* the dearest of their kindred."

"— *in her* CLACK-DISH"—"A wooden dish, with a moveable cover, formerly carried by beggars, which they *clacked* and clattered to show that they were empty. In this they received the alms. It was one mode of attracting attention. Lepers, and other paupers deemed infectious, originally used it, that the sound might give warning not to approach too near, and alms be given without touching the object. The custom of *clacking* at Easter is not yet quite disused, in some of the counties in England. Lucio's meaning is too evident to want explanation."—SINGER.

"— *an* INWARD *of his*"—"Inward" is *intimate*. Here it is used substantively.

"— *the business he hath* HELMED"—The business, vessel of the state, of which he hath taken the *helm*.

"— *an* OPPOSITE"—i. e. *Adversary*, or *opponent*.

"— *eat* MUTTON *on* FRIDAYS"—This figure is taken from the fasting required on Fridays, and from the word "mutton" being applied to *flesh*, both human and bestial. "Mutton" and "*laced* mutton" were the commonest terms applied to prostitutes, in Shakespeare's time.

"— *come* PHILIP *and* JACOB"—A quaint allusion to the saints' days, Philip and James, or *Jacobus*.

"— *the* DISSOLUTION *of it must cure it*"—i. e. Virtue has become so extreme, that it must have a speedy *end*. The reference is to the overstrained sanctity and zeal of Angelo.

"— *to make fellowships accurs'd*"—"The sense is, (says Holt White,) there scarcely exists sufficient honesty in the world to make social life secure; but there are occasions enough when a man may be drawn in to become *surety*, which will make him pay dearly for his friendships."

"*Grace to stand, and virtue go*"—Coleridge, in his "Literary Remains," observes, upon this passage, "Worse metre, indeed, but better English would be—

Grace to stand, virtue to go."

M. Mason proposed to read—

In grace to stand, and virtue go.

The text, as it stands, accords with the pervading compressed and broken style of the whole drama.

"— *weed my vice, and let his grow*"—Some commentators make this refer to the Duke's personal fault, which he confesses—"'twas my fault to give this people scope." I rather think most readers will agree with Malone, that "*My* does not relate to the Duke in particular, but to any indefinite person. The meaning seems to be, *to destroy by extirpation* (as it is expressed in another place) a fault that I have committed, and to suffer his own vices to grow to a rank and luxuriant height. The speaker puts himself in the case of an unoffending person."

"*Most pond'rous and substantial things*"—I believe, with several of the best critics, that this passage, probably originally obscure from brevity of expression, has become more so from some misprint, the correction of which has not been discovered. "Likeness (says Collier) has been construed *comeliness*; but *likeness made in crimes* may refer to the resemblance, in vicious inclination, between Angelo and Claudio." Stevens gave up the lines as unintelligible, and the other commentators have not extracted much meaning out of them. We have printed the old text, as at least as good as any of the proposed emendations. The sense seems to be—'How may persons, of similar criminality, by making practice on the times, draw to themselves, as it were with spiders' webs, the ponderous and substantial benefits of the world."

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"*Take, O! take those lips away*"—The earliest authority for assigning this song to Shakespeare, (excepting that one stanza of it is found here,) is the spurious edition of his "Poems," printed in 1640. It is inserted in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," (act v. scene 2,) with a second stanza, as follows:—

Hide, O! hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Critics differ as to the authorship. Coupling the two circumstances that one stanza of the song is found here, and that the whole was imputed to Shakespeare in 1640, his claim may be admitted, until better evidence is adduced to deprive him of it; unless, indeed, we admit Weber's very probable conjecture, that this stanza is Shakespeare's, and that Fletcher, having occasion for a similar song, borrowed the first, and added the second stanza.

"— *a* PLANCHED *gate*"—i. e. A gate made of *boards*: (from the French *planche*.)

"*There, have I made my promise, upon the*
Heavy middle of the night to call upon him."

I have here, like Knight, preferred retaining the original metrical regulation, harsh as it may be, to an arbi

trary change, which adds little melody to the lines—and these, indeed, are not the worse for approaching to prose. By pointing and reading, as the sense directs, "have I made my promise" parenthetically, or between commas, the verse is more perceptible. Knight well remarks:—"There are many examples in Shakespeare's later plays, particularly in HENRY VIII., of metrical arrangements such as this, in which the freedom of versification is carried to the extremest limit. We believe it to be characteristic of a period of the Poet's life, and therefore cannot consent to remove these decided indicatious. The lines are ordinarily regulated as follows:—

There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night."

"— *I have* POSSESS'D *him*"—i. e. *Informed him.*

"— *most contrarious* QUESTS"—i. e. False and contradictory inquisitions, and pryings into conduct. *Inquest*, in its legal sense, has the same origin, being an *inquiry* by a jury; and was abridged to "quest," as it may still be heard in vulgar usage.

"— FLOURISH *the deceit*"—i. e. *Bestow propriety*, and *ornament*—like rich work upon a coarse ground. So, in TWELFTH NIGHT—

Empty trunks *o'erflourish'd* by the devil.

"— *our* TILTH'S *to sow*"—The older copies have, "our *tythes* to sow." Warburton suggested it was a misprint for "tilth," which is, I think, the true reading, though not geuerally adopted. "Tilth" was a favourite old farming word, which is thus explained, by an old writer on husbandry—(Markham's "English Husbandry," 1635:)—"Begiu to sow your barley upon that ground which the year before did lye fallow, and is commonly called your *tilth*, or fallow-field." It is a confirmation of this correction that, in this very book, on another page, "tilth" is misprinted, as here, *tithe*. The Duke then says—"The harvest is so far from being ready to reap, that we have as yet not even sowed our field!"

SCENE II.

"— *every* TRUE *man's apparel fits your thief*"—This is the old and more characteristic division of the dialogue, though the last speech of the Clown has been, after much learned discussion, in several editions, coupled with Abhorson's answer. The Clown asks Abhorson for *proof* that his occupation is a mystery, and receives for reply, merely, "Every true man's (i. e. *honest* man's) apparel fits your thief." The Clown, who is a quick fellow, catches at the reasoning passing in Abhorson's miud, and explains in what way "every true man's apparel fits your thief." The author has made Abhorson a person of a certain concise and silent gravity, as if, iudeed, he painted from some individual of this class, whose peculiarities he thought worthy of being preserved in this representative of his profession. He, therefore, coutents himself with the assertion upon which the Clown enlarges.

"— *you shall find me* YARE"—i. e. *Handy;* nimble in the execution of the office.

"— *it lies* STARKLY"—i. e. *Stiffly.*

"— *were he* MEAL'D"—"Meal'd (says Blackstone, and Nares) means *mingled*, or *compounded*—(from the French *méler.*) *Mell*, for *meddle*, or *mingle*, is common." I doubt this, and prefer Johnson's explanation:—"Were he *meal'd;* were he *sprinkled*, or *defiled.*" A figure of the same kind our author uses in MACBETH:—

—— The *blood-bolter'd* Banquo.

"— UNSISTING *postern*"—"Unsisting (says Blackstoue) may signify *never at rest*, always *opening.*" It may be a misprint for *resisting*, or *unresting.*

"— *here comes Claudio's pardon*"—We have no hesitatiou nere in adopting Tyrwhitt's suggestiou as to the assignment of these speeches. In the original, the Duke says, "This is his lordship's man;" whereas it is not likely that the Provost, who has so strongly expressed his opinion that Angelo would be unrelenting, and who subsequently says "I told you," should, upon the very appearance of a messenger, exclaim—"And here comes Claudio's pardon."

SCENE III.

"*young* MR. RASH"—"This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakespeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting-men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known."—JOHNSON.

"— *a commodity of brown paper and old ginger*"—An amusing and instructive paper might be made up from the plays, novels, and essays of France and England, for the last three centuries, describing the still familiar arts of the money-lenders, to whom men of desperate credit are driven for aid, in contriving to avoid the usury laws, by obliging the hapless customer to take a portion of their loan in some unsaleable commodities, such as "brown paper and old ginger." From Shakespeare, who, as he soon became (in his own phrase) "a rich fellow enough, and had every thing handsome about him," must have described only the experience of others, to Sheridan, who doubtless related his own experience in that of Charles Surface, there is hardly an English writer of comic fiction but has at least hinted at this fruitful topic. Le Sage, Molière, etc., down to the present novelists of Paris, have also found in this perpetual food for pleasantry; and their laughable satire would uot require much alteration to make it very intelligible on this side of the Atlantic. The first notice of it, that has fallen in my way, was in Wilson's "Discourse on Usury," (1572;) and, as he speaks of it as being then no novelty, this establishes a very respectable antiquity for this time-honoured usage.

"— *for the Lord's sake*"—Alluding to the custom of prisoners begging "for the Lord's sake"—a custom which lasted, in London, till the present generation. Thomas Nash thus mentions begging "for the Lord's sake," at the Fleet, in his "Pierce Penniless," (1592:)—"At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting*, and thus crying, 'for the Lord's sake,' out of an iron win dow."

"— YONDER *generation*"—"The original is *yond*, in which the printer no doubt followed the contraction of the writer. But in most modern editions, we have the *under* generation; 'which change (says Johnson) was made by Hanmer, with true judgment.' Shakespeare has, indeed, in RICHARD II., alluded to the *antipodes* in a poetical figure:—

— when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world.

But what is gained in the passage before us by perplexing the time when the Duke assures the Provost he shall fiud his safety manifested? The scene takes place before the dawning: Claudio is to be executed by four of the clock. The Duke says—

As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Subsequently, when the moruing is come, Isabella is told—'the Duke comes home *to-morrow.*' Speaking, then, in the dark prison, before sunrise, nothing can be more explicit than the Duke's statement that before the sun has twice made his daily greeting to 'yonder' generation—i. e. to the life without the walls—the Provost shall be assured of his safety. But at the time when he was speaking it would be evening at the antipodes; and if the Provost waited for his safety till the sun had twice risen upon the *under* generatiou, he would have to wait till a third day before he received that assurance; and this contradicts what is afterwards said of *to-morrow.*"—KNIGHT.

"— WEAL-BALANC'D *form*"—i. e. "Balanced," or *weighed*, for the public good; but the phrase is so unusual as to lead to the supposition that it is a misprint for *well-balanced*

"— *your* BOSOM *on this wretch*"—i. e. (As the Duke just afterwards expresses it) "reveuges to your *heart*."

"*I am* COMBINED"—i. e. *Bound by agreement:* in the same sense as Angelo is called the *combinate* husband of Mariana.

"— *the old fantastical Duke of dark corners*"—Schlegel has some very just remarks concerning the character of the Duke, and the way in which Shakespeare incidentally informs us of his peculiarities from the mouth of Lucio. The Duke loves justice and truth, but it is his "crotchet" to attain them by crooked ways, and by lurking in disguises. "The interest (says Schlegel) reposes altogether on the action: curiosity constitutes no part of our delight; for the Duke, in the disguise of a monk, is always present to watch over his dangerous representatives, and to avert every evil which could possibly be apprehended. The Duke acts the part of the monk naturally, even to deception; he unites in his person the wisdom of the priest and the prince. His wisdom is merely fond of too roundabout ways: his vanity is flattered by acting invisibly, like an earthly providence; he is more entertained with overhearing his subjects than governing them in the ordinary manner. As he at last extends pardon to all the guilty, we do not see how his original purpose of restoring the strictness of the laws, by committing the execution of them to other hands, has in any wise been accomplished." Hazlitt thinks he was "more absorbed in his own plots and gravity than anxious for the welfare of the state; more tenacious of his own character than attentive to the feelings and apprehensions of others." All this seems true; and yet we feel that the Duke, however "fantastical," is an excellent man. He loves justice, but mercy still more.

"— BEHOLDING *to your reports*"—The active instead of the passive participle was in general use at the time, and there is no reason for altering it. It is what Shakespeare wrote.

"— *a better* WOODMAN *than thou takest him for*"—i. e. One who hunted after women as the woodman hunts after *deer;* from the double meaning of *deer*, and *dear:*—

——— "Well, well, son John,
I see you are a *woodman*, and can choose
Your *deer*, though it be i' the dark."

SCENE IV.

"— *makes me* UNPREGNANT"—Stevens remarks that in the first scene the Duke says that Escalus is *pregnant*—(i. e. ready in the forms of law.) "Unpregnant," therefore, in the instance before us, is *unready, unprepared.*

"*Yet reason dares her* NO"—This very obscure line is printed, in our text, as it is in the first copies. Stevens and other editors have thought to make the sense plainer by pointing it thus:—"Yet reason dares her?—No." *Dare* was often used in the sense of *terrify, overawe;* as in Beaumont and Fletcher—

——— These mad mischiefs
Would *dare* a woman.

In this sense we understand the passage thus:—"She might accuse me. Yet reason (prudence) terrifies her to the contrary." The use of "no," in this way, is very intelligible, colloquially, and may be found in the old dramatists. Thus, Beaumont and Fletcher have—"I charged him *no;*" "to satisfy the world *no.*" The other punctuation is thus explained:—"Yet does not reason challenge or incite her to the accusation? No; for my authority," etc. Or else in the other sense of *dare*, (to embolden:)—"Will not reason embolden her? No." It is, after all, quite possible that the obscurity here, as in other passages of this play, arises from a typographical error, the true reading of which has not yet been discovered.

"— *my authority bears* OF *a credent bulk*"—This is ordinarily printed, "bears *off* a credent bulk;" or else "of" is omitted. We follow the original. "Of" seems used, as often in Old-English, in a partitive or indefinite sense; as if he had said, "some credent bulk." In this way we find, in the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM—"I desire you *of* more acquaintance." So, in a contemporary poet, Warner—"His ghost commandeth me *of* aid."

SCENE VI.

"— GENEROUS *and gravest citizens*"—"Generous" is here used in its Latin sense, for *noble*, of rank and birth. "Gravest," too, is in its less usual and Latin sense, for *weightiest, most respected.*

"— HENT *the gates*"—i. e. Have *taken possession* of the gates. The word "hent" is derived from the Saxon *hentan*—to *catch*, or *lay hold of.* Shakespeare has it again in the WINTER'S TALE—"And merrily *hent* the stile-a." *Hint* has the same etymology, as Horne Tooke has observed. "Hent" was in use among the contemporaries of Spenser and Shakespeare.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"— VAIL *your regard*"—i. e. *Lower.*

"— CHARACTS"—i. e *Inscriptions;* official designations.

"*For* INEQUALITY"—Johnson thought that "inequality" refers to the unequal position of the accuser and the accused; but Isabella adverts to the Duke's previous speech, where the indications of madness are defined—apparent inconsistency, surrounded by "the oddest frame of sense."

"— *hide the false* SEEMS TRUE"—Malone interprets this—"For ever *hide*—i. e. plunge into eternal darkness—the false *one*, Angelo, who now seems honest." Looking to the elliptical construction which prevails in this play, the meaning appears to be, clearly enough—Draw the truth from obscurity, and obscure the false which now seems true. The "seems true" is taken as one compounded word, and used substantively.

"— *as* LIKE, *as it is* TRUE"—The Duke says, in derision, "This is most likely;" and Isabella replies by a wish that it had as much the appearance of *truth* as it had of the *reality.*

"— FOND *wretch*"—i. e. *Foolish* wretch. (See note. act ii. scene 2—"Fond shekels," etc.)

"*In* COUNTENANCE"—i. e. In the sanctified presence and *face* of Angelo.

"— TEMPORARY *meddler*"—This seems to me plain enough, taking "temporary" for *temporal*, in opposition to the "man divine and holy." He is not a "meddler" in *temporal* matters.

"— *I'll be* IMPARTIAL"—"Impartial," like several other words with the prefix *im*, bore, in Old-English, two senses, directly contradictory; and the use vibrated between them. *Im* is sometimes the negative, and sometimes merely intensive. Here it is taken literally. The Duke will take no part, whatever. He will leave it to the just judge to decide his own cause.

"— *short of* COMPOSITION"—Her fortune, which was promised *proportionate* to mine, fell short of the "composition"—i. e. *contract*, or *bargain.*

"— *poor* INFORMAL *women*"—"Informal" signifies *out of their senses.* In the COMEDY OF ERRORS, (act v. scene 1,) "a *formal* man" means a man in his senses: also in TWELFTH NIGHT, (act ii. scene 5.) "Informal" is here used as the opposite of *formal.*

"*Nor here* PROVINCIAL"—"The different orders of monks (says M. Mason) have a chief, who is called the general of the order; and they have also superiors, subordinate to the general, in the several provinces through which the order may be dispersed. The friar, therefore, means to say, that the Duke dares not touch a finger of his; for he could not punish him by his own authority, as he was not his subject, nor through that of the superior, as he was not of that province."

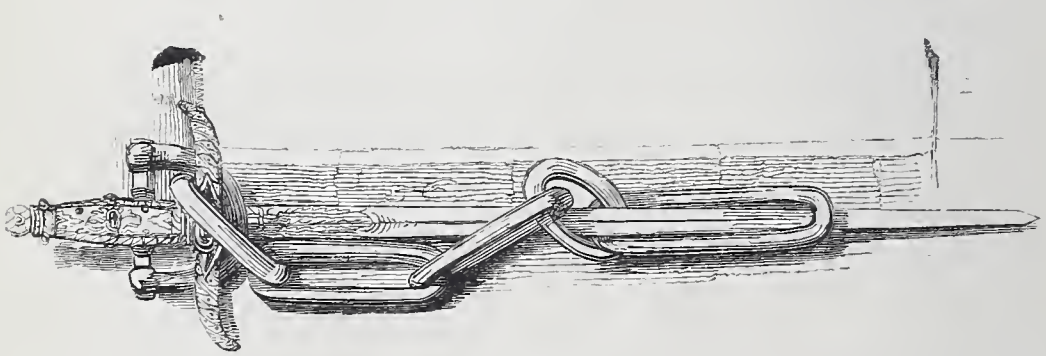
"—*the* FORFEITS *in a barber's shop*"—"Barbers' shops were anciently places of great resort for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and, perhaps, at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific 'forfeits;' which were *as much in mock as mark*, because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also because they were of a ludicrous nature."—SINGER.

"—*Away with those* GIGLOTS"—i. e. *Wantons*. So, KING HENRY VI., (part i.:)—

> —— Young Talbot was not born
> To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench.

"—*Measure still for Measure*"—"The play (says Schlegel) takes its name improperly from the punishment: the sense of the whole is properly the triumph of mercy over strict justice; no man being himself so secure from error as to be entitled to deal it out among his equals. The most beautiful ornament of this composition is the character of Isabella, who, in the intention of taking the veil, allows herself to be prevailed on by pious love again to tread the perplexing ways of the world; while the heavenly purity of her mind is not even stained with one unholy thought by the general corruption. In the heavenly robes of the novice of a nunnery, she is a true angel of light." Hazlitt's criticism is acute, but wants a true sympathy with the author's feelings and objects:—"This is a play as full of genius as it is of wisdom. But there is a general want of passion; the affections are at a stand: our sympathies are repulsed and defeated in all directions. The only passion which influences the story is that of Angelo; and yet he seems to have a much greater passion for hypocrisy than for his mistress. Neither are we greatly enamoured of Isabella's rigid chastity, though she could not act otherwise than she did. We do not feel the same confidence in the virtue that is 'sublimely good' at another's expense, as if it had been put to some more disinterested issue." The same writer, after remarking on the equivocal character and situation in the drama of the Duke, Claudio, and the love of Mariana for Angelo, at whose conduct we revolt, adds, that 'in this respect there may be said to be a general system of cross-purposes between the feelings of the different characters, and the sympathies of the reader or the audience."

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE, commonly referred to the end of 1603, is perhaps, after HAMLET, LEAR, and MACBETH, the play in which Shakespeare struggles, as it were, most with the overmastering power of his own mind: the depths and intricacies of being which he has searched and sounded, with intense reflection, perplex and harass him; his personages arrest their course of action to pour forth, in language the most remote from common use, thoughts which few could grasp in the clearest expression; and thus he loses something of dramatic excellence in that of his contemplative philosophy. The Duke is designed as the representative of this philosophical character. He is stern and melancholy by temperament, averse to the exterior shows of power, and secretly conscious of some unfitness for its practical duties. The subject is not very happily chosen, but artfully improved by Shakespeare. In most of the numerous stories of a similar nature, which before or since his time have been related, the sacrifice of chastity is really made, and made in vain. There is, however, something too coarse and disgusting in such a story; and it would have deprived him of a splendid exhibition of character. The virtue of Isabella, inflexible and independent of circumstance, has something very grand and elevated; yet one is disposed to ask, whether, if Claudio had been really executed, the spectator would not have gone away with no great affection for her; and at least we now feel that her reproaches against her miserable brother, when he clings to life like a frail and guilty being, are too harsh. There is great skill in the invention of Mariana, and without this the story could not have had any thing like a satisfactory termination; yet it is never explained how the Duke had become acquainted with this secret, and, being acquainted with it, how he had preserved his esteem and confidence in Angelo. His intention, as hinted towards the end, to marry Isabella, is a little too common-place; it is one of Shakespeare's hasty half-thoughts. The language of this comedy is very obscure, and the text seems to have been printed with great inaccuracy. I do not value the comic parts highly; Lucio's impudent profligacy, the result rather of sensual debasement than of natural ill-disposition, is well represented; but Elbow is a very inferior repetition of Dogberry. In dramatic effect, MEASURE FOR MEASURE stands high; the two scenes between Isabella and Angelo, that between her and Claudio, those where the Duke appears in disguise, and the catastrophe in the fifth act, are admirably written and very interesting—except so far as the spectator's knowledge of the two stratagems, which have deceived Angelo, may prevent him from participating in the indignation at Isabella's imaginary wrong, which her lamentations would excite. Several of the circumstances and characters are borrowed from the old play of Whetstone, 'Promos and Cassandra;' but very little of the sentiments or language. What is good in MEASURE FOR MEASURE is Shakespeare's own."—HALLAM, *Literature of Europe*.



THE TEMPEST





TEMPEST.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

CHARACTERISTICS OF THOUGHT AND MANNER—DATE OF THE PLAY, STATE OF THE TEXT, ETC.

THE late Dr. Arnold, a most original and sagacious inquirer into every subject connected with man's duties and history, having occasion, in one of his historical lectures, to enforce his general critical doctrine that the perusal of any considerable work of an author, in each particular walk of his talent, is quite sufficient to inform the reader of the strength and character of his genius, and the pervading tone and taste of his mind; has illustrated his argument by an example, which, as it singularly happens, is one of the very few to which his rule will not apply. "Though (says he) we should not value Shakespeare sufficiently without being acquainted with all his great plays, yet even in his case a knowledge of any one of his best tragedies, and any one of his best comedies, would give us a notion faithful in kind, although requiring to be augmented in degree."—(*Introductory Lecture on Modern History.*)

True as this rule may be, as regards the mass of authors of every age, and even most of those of the very highest rank, it is surely erroneous in reference to Shakespeare, even in the guarded and qualified form in which it is applied to him; and this exception of the great English Poet from so general a law of mind, which has governed the loftiest and most powerful minds, is among the most striking and unequivocal evidences of his superiority. Neither MACBETH nor HAMLET, alone, could give any competent idea of the character of mind and cast of thought, or of the habitual views of life, of the author of OTHELLO; while LEAR, with all its wonderful combination of intellect and passion, would as little lead us to imagine that the same author had written such a tragedy as ROMEO AND JULIET. This play of the TEMPEST, especially, is one of those works for which no other production of the author's prolific fancy could have prepared his readers. It is wholly of a different cast of temper, and mood of disposition, from those so conspicuous in his gayer comedies; while even the ethical dignity and poetic splendour of the MERCHANT OF VENICE, could not well lead the critic to anticipate the solemn grandeur, the unrivalled harmony and grace, the bold originality, and the grave beauty of the TEMPEST.

The MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, as different from its author's other gayer and more purely poetical works, as the TEMPEST is from his graver delineations of deeper thought and stronger passion, is that among his dramas which, from its fairy machinery and the predominance of the imaginative over the real, most naturally presents itself as the counterpart of the TEMPEST. Yet it is as essentially different as if it had been the work of some other contemporary poet; being, indeed, rather a contrast than a resembling counterpart. More abounding in single passages of matchless and varied sweetness or brilliancy, it is less perfect as a whole, and differs still more from it in its pervading tone of feeling, and the impression it leaves on the mind. The one is joyous in temper, luxuriant in fancy, and dazzling throughout from its sudden and brilliant contrasts. The other is also filled with high and true poetry, but it is poetry pervaded and controlled by a contemplative philosophy; and it is the calm, solemn light of that philosophy that harmonizes, and mellows down, the richest fancies and boldest inventions into one grave and even severe tone of colour. The two dramas are to each other as the full and strong burst of life, and the balmy fragrance of spring, with its joyous and exhilarating influence, and bright confusion of beauties, compared with the autumnal magnificence of our Indian summer, with its calmness and repose, its yellow radiance, and all its pensive yet soothing associations and influences. There are several respects in which the TEMPEST thus stands alone, as distinguishable in character from any other of its author's varied creations. Without being his work of greatest power, not equalling several of the other dramas in depth of passion, or in the exhibition of the working of the affections; surpassed by others in brilliancy of poetic fancy or exquisite delicacies of expression, it is nevertheless among the most perfect (perhaps in fact the most perfect) of all, as a work of art, of the most unbroken unity of effect and sustained majesty of intellect. It is too—if we can speak of degrees of originality in the productions of this most creative of all poets—the most purely original of his conceptions, deriving nothing of any consequence from any other source for the plot, and without any prototype in literature of the more important personages, or any model for the thoughts and language, beyond the materials presented by actual and living human nature, to be raised and idealized into the "wild and wondrous" forms of Ariel and Caliban, of the majestic Prospero, and, above all, of his peerless daughter. Miranda is a character blending the truth of nature with the most exquisite refinement of poetic fancy, unrivalled, even in Shakespeare's own long and beautiful series of portraitures of feminine excellence, and paralleled only by the Eve of Milton, who, I cannot but think, was indirectly indebted for some of her most fascinating attributes to the solitary daughter of Prospero.

Caliban, a being without example or parallel in poetic invention, degraded in mind, as well as in moral affections, below the level of humanity, and yet essentially and purely poetical in all his conceptions and language, is a creation to whose originality and poetic truth every critic, from Dryden downward, has paid homage. Nor is it a less striking peculiarity, that the only buffoon characters and dialogue in the drama are those of the sailors, who seem to be introduced for the single purpose of contrasting the grossness and lowness of civilized vice with the nobler forms of savage and untutored depravity.

It is partly on account of this perfect novelty of invention, and probably still more from the fairy and magical machinery of the plot, that the later critics have designated the TEMPEST as specially belonging to the Romantic Drama. Yet to me it appears, not only in its structure, but in its taste and feeling, to bear a more classical character, and to be more assimilated to the higher Grecian drama, in its spirit, than any other of its author's works, or indeed any other poem of his age. The rules of the Greek stage, as to the unities of time and place, are fully complied with. This cannot well be the result of accident, for in an age of classical translation, and learned (even pedantic) imitation, it needed no classical learning to make the unities known to any dramatic author; and as Shakespeare had, in his other plays, totally rejected them, he would seem here to have expressly designed to conform his plot to their laws. But there also appears to me to be something in the poetic character and tone of the drama, approaching to the spirit and manner of the Greek dramatic poetry, which can certainly not be ascribed to intentional imitation, any more than to the unconscious resemblance often produced by habitual familiarity with favourite models. It has nothing of the air of learned and elaborate imitation which, in the works of Tasso and Milton and Gray, make the scholar everywhere as perceptible as the poet. But it is the resemblance of solemn thought, of calm dignity, of moral wisdom, of the dramatic dialogue in its most majestic form, passing now into the lyrical and now into the didactic or ethical. This resemblance of taste and feeling is rendered more striking, by a similar bold and free invention and combination of poetic diction, making the English language as flexible as the Greek to every shade of thought. In all these respects, the resemblance to antiquity goes just far enough to show that its result is not artificial or intentional; but the result of the same mental causes operating upon the author's poetic temperament and taste, at the time, which predominated in forming the "lofty, grave tragedians" of ancient Athens.

It is partly for these reasons, and partly also in consequence of the grave and sustained harmony of its versification, that the TEMPEST so constantly reminds the reader of Milton's noblest strains. Yet here again the similitude arises, in a very small degree, not from direct imitation or adaptation of diction, or imagery, or sentiment—for of these Milton has borrowed more largely from others of Shakespeare's dramas—but in the general effect upon the ear, and the solemn impression left upon the mind.

All these circumstances, while they indicate the maturity of genius, and the judgment and taste exercised and refined by long experience, combine with its stately tone of pensive, yet not gloomy moralizing, to give to the TEMPEST the calm magnificence of a golden sunset in autumn, according fully with (if indeed it did not originally suggest) the commonly entertained opinion that this was its author's latest work. Thus it has become invested with a sort of "sacredness, as the last work of a mighty workman;" while many an admiring critic has thought, with Campbell, "that Shakespeare, as if conscious it would be his last, and as if inclined to typify himself, has made his hero a natural, a dignified and benevolent magician, who would conjure up 'spirits from the vasty deep' by the most seemingly natural and simple means. Shakespeare himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and to bury it fathoms in the ocean—

Deeper than did ever plummet sound."

I am unwilling to reject this pleasing, and, in itself, not improbable opinion; and it may, perhaps, be to some extent reconciled with the evidence we now possess of the date of the TEMPEST, though that proves nothing positively, but that this was one among the author's four or five later works, belonging to the period of the WINTER'S TALE, CYMBELINE, and CORIOLANUS.

The most direct piece of chronological testimony is one which was not accessible to any editor or critic before Mr. Collier. This proves that the TEMPEST was performed at court, before James I., on Nov. 1, 1611. This appears from the "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," (lately published for the Shakespeare Society,) which contains this memorandum:—"Hallomas night, was presented at Whithall, before the King's Majestie, a play called the Tempest." The WINTER'S TALE was also among the plays selected for the royal amusement, and was acted at court four days after. According to the well-ascertained customs of the times, it is highly probable, from this circumstance, that both of these dramas were new and successful plays, which had just passed the public ordeal. This probability, as to the TEMPEST, is confirmed by the whole internal evidence of the style, the rhythm, and other characteristics of authorship, which have certainly little affinity to those of the author's youthful taste, but very much with his productions of a later date. Coleridge, in his lectures, (as reported by Mr. Collier,) pronounced that the TEMPEST was "one of Shakespeare's latest works, judging from the language alone;" and the same argument seems to have led to the similar decisions of Schlegel and of Campbell. We have, in addition to this, the fact that there is no mention of the TEMPEST by Meares, nor any satisfactory reference to it by any contemporary, prior to 1611; and there are, moreover, several smaller points of circumstantial evidence; the whole amounting to very satisfactory proof that the TEMPEST was not written very long before that date. The evidence of the last class is thus stated by Mr. Collier:—

"There is one piece of external evidence which strongly confirms the opinion that the TEMPEST was composed not very long before Ben Jouson wrote one of his comedies: we allude to his 'Bartholomew Fair,' and to a passage in the 'Induction,' frequently mentioned, and which we concur in thinking was intended as a hit not only at the TEMPEST, but at the WINTER'S TALE. Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair' was acted in 1614, and written perhaps in the preceding year, during the popularity of Shakespeare's two plays; and there we find the following words, which we reprint, exactly as they stand in the original edition, where Italic type seems to have been used to make the allusions more distinct and obvious:—'If there bee never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can helpe it, he sayes; nor a nest of *Antiques?* Hee is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*.' The words 'servant-monster,' 'antiques,' 'Tales,' 'Tempests,' and 'drolleries,' which last Shakespeare himself employs in the TEMPEST, (act iii. scene 3,) seem so applicable, that they can hardly relate to any thing else."

In reply to the supposition that the TEMPEST of 1611 was only the revival of an older play, Mr. Collier answers:—

"We do not think it probable, for several reasons. One of these is an apparently trifling circumstance, pointed out by Farmer; viz. that in the MERCHANT OF VENICE, written before 1598, the name of Stephano is invariably to be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, while in the TEMPEST the proper pronunciation is as constantly required by the verse. It seems certain, therefore, that Shakespeare found his error in the interval, and he may have learned it from Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour,' in which Shakespeare performed, and in the original list of characters to which, in the edition of 1601, the names not only of Stephano but of Prospero occur.

"Another circumstance shows, almost decisively, that the TEMPEST was not written until after 1603, when the translation of Montaigne's 'Essays,' by Florio, made its first appearance in print. In act ii. scene 1, is a passage so closely copied from Florio's version, as to leave no doubt of identity. If it be said that these lines may have been an insertion subsequent to the original production of the play, we answer, that the passage is not such as could have been introduced, like some others, to answer a temporary or complimentary purpose, and that it is given as a necessary and continuous portion of the dialogue."

In addition to all this, it cannot be omitted that Malone has made out, with great probability, that very many of the incideuts, allusions, scenery, etc., of the play, were at least suggested by Jourdan's "Narrative" of the "Discovery of the Bermudas," published in 1610, giving an account of the shipwreck of Sir George Somers upon those islands.

This cumulative evidence of differing kinds, every part, in its way, difficult to refute, seems to me to leave no room to doubt that the TEMPEST belongs entirely to the later period of its author's genius; yet it would rather place it a little anterior than subsequent to some others impressed with the same stamp of mighty but calm and subdued energy—unless indeed we suppose that none of his plays were written during the last seven years of his life, or after his forty-seventh year. But I am unwilling to give up the old opinion which has not only commended itself as true, upon its own evidence, to critics of the soundest judgment and the truest taste, but also appears to be the old traditioual notion, and like other traditions, where there is no inducement for fabricating them, more likely to be true in some degree, or in origin, than to have been wholly invented. My own theory of the matter is this: Malone has shown, from contemporary MSS., that, in the beginning of 1612, the TEMPEST was acted by the "King's Company," before Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.) and the Prince Palatine, during the court festivities on occasion of the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine—an ill-starred marriage, conspicuous in history for the long train of disasters to which it led. This was about three years after the composition and first representation of the TEMPEST. We know from the history of some other plays that advantage was taken of such selections for representation on occasions of state festivity, to improve and give novelty to the piece by revisal and enlargement. I suppose that Shakespeare then gave to the TEMPEST the same careful revisal to which he had formerly subjected ROMEO AND JULIET, but with a more perfect effect of unity, because the original fabric was, as in LEAR and OTHELLO, of the same general tone, taste, and belonging to the same period of the author's intellectual character, with the enlargement. To this circumstance it may be ascribed, that the whole piece came to be regarded as its author's final work on retiring from the public field; while in reality that was true only of some of its nobler strains, and of the prophetic allusions at the end, which have stamped upon the drama the last impress of its author's genius, and left it as his farewell to the "rough magic," the "heavenly music," and the "airy charms," which had for years obeyed the biddings of his "so potent art." He died about three years after, and no other work of his can be ascribed, with any authority, to a later date than 1613.

The Rev. Mr. Hunter, in his "Disquisition on the Tempest," has maintained a theory just the reverse of this—that this play was in reality one of his very earliest works, being the same mentioned by Meares, before 1598, under the title of "Love's Labour Won." Whatever may be the probability of the theory last stated, (for which the American editor alone is answerable,) the historical testimony that the TEMPEST was written at some period between 1603 and 1611, and much nearer to the latter than to the former date, is so strong, and so corroborated by the literary and intellectual indications of style and thought, and the harmony of the whole, as belonging to one and the same period of the author's mind, and that not an immature or early one, that the aggregate evidence cannot be shaken by mere ingenuity of argument or conjecture, unsustained by direct proof. We have elsewhere (see Introductory Remarks to ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL) occasion to notice this theory again, in reference to the inquiry as to what was the piece designated by Meares as "Love's Labour Won."

The TEMPEST is printed only in the folio of 1623, which is an additional, though not at all conclusive, indication that it was written in the author's later years. It is in general correctly printed, and the metrical arrangement is carefully preserved; so that there are but two or three various readings of any doubt or difficulty.

Like Lear, Romeo and Juliet, and others of Shakespeare's dramas, the Tempest has undergone strange and causeless alterations, to suit it to the supposed public taste, or add to the presumed scenic effect and interest. One alteration bears the great name of Dryden, who introduced it with an admirable prologue, and one of his agreeable prefaces; but a great portion of the additions, especially the comic ones, were by his associate in this singular undertaking, Sir William Davenant. They have given Caliban a sister, Sycorax. on whom they have bestowed her brother's depravity, without his poetical character. They have added to the plot a young prince, as unexperienced as Miranda, having never seen a woman; and they provide Miranda with a sister to marry to the prince, so as to work out a double plot, and conclude with a double wedding. The sailor dialogue is also enlarged by more personages. In all this there is but little invention, and less merit of execution; yet, such as it is, it substantially kept possession of the stage, to the exclusion of the genuine Tempest, for a century and a half, down to our times; and is still found, a little abridged, in Mrs. Inchbald's "British Theatre," and other collections of the acted drama, under the title of "The Tempest, as performed at Drury Lane and Covent Garden." Mrs. Inchbald even records unconsciously the bad taste of her times, by remarking, in the preface to her stage-edition of the play, that "though the learned may admire the Poet's grand conception, the play would never have become a favourite on the stage without the aid of Dryden's alteration; the human beings in the original had not business enough to make human beings anxious about them; and the preternatural characters are more wonderful than pleasing." Yet we learn from Dryden himself that the Tempest, as Shakespeare wrote it, had been, before his own time, acted with great success; while Walter Scott thus contrasts with the original the taste and morality of the adulterated drama, preferred by the lady critic and the Loudon managers:—

"The alteration of the Tempest was Davenant's last work; and it seems to have been undertaken, chiefly, with a view to give room for scenical decoration. Few readers will think the play much improved by the introduction of the sea-language, which Davenant had acquired during the adventurous period of his life. Nevertheless, the ludicrous contest betwixt the sailors, for the dukedom and viceroyship of a barren island, gave much amusement at the time, and some of the expressions were long after proverbial. Much cannot be said for Davenant's ingenuity, in contrasting the character of a woman, who had never seen a man, with that of a man who had never seen a woman, or in inventing a sister-monster for Caliban. The majestic simplicity of Shakespeare's plan is injured by thus doubling his characters; and his wild landscape is converted into a formal parterre, where 'each alley has its brother.' In sketching characters drawn from fancy, and not from observation, the palm of genius must rest with the first inventor; others are but copyists, and a copy shows no where to such disadvantage as when placed by the original. Besides, although we are delighted with the feminine simplicity of Miranda, it becomes unmanly childishness in Hippolyto; and the premature coquetry of Dorinda is disgusting, when contrasted with the maidenly purity that chastens the simplicity of Shakespeare's heroine. The latter seems to display, as it were by instinct, the innate dignity of her sex; the former, to show, even in solitude, the germ of those vices, by which, in a voluptuous age, the female character becomes degraded. The wild and savage character of Caliban is also sunk into low and vulgar buffoonery."—Scott's *Dryden.*

Besides this alteration, Suckling, in his "Goblins," attempted an imitation of Miranda and of Ariel; and, still nearer to the Poet's time, a more worthy copyist, Fletcher, in his "Sea-voyage," used the same plot, but little varied, as the storm, the desert island, and the woman who had never seen a man, sufficiently testify. But Dryden's criticism on Fletcher, in his own spirited prologue, applies to all the imitations and alterations:—

> That innocence and beauty, which did smile
> In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle;
> But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be—
> Within that circle none durst walk but he.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

There is a very curious story told by T. Warton, of poor Collins (the poet) informing him, during his mental aberration, that he had seen a romance which contained the story of the Tempest:—

"I was informed by the late Mr. Collins, that Shakespeare's Tempest, for which no origin is yet assigned, was founded on a romance called 'Aurelio and Isabella,' printed in Italian. Spanish, French, and English, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, a useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakespeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel; at least, that the story preceded Shakespeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject, with no less fidelity than judgment and industry; but his memory failing, in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added one circumstance which may lead to a discovery—that the principal character of the romance, answering to Shakespeare's Prospero, was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a spirit like Ariel to obey his call and perform his services."—Warton.

"Mr. Thoms, in a very interesting paper on the early 'English and German Dramas,' has given, from Tieck. an account of certain early productions of English dramatists, which were translated into German about the year 1600. We cannot here enter into the very curious question whether an English company performed English plays in Germany at that period; but it is quite certain that some of our earliest dramas were either translated or adapted for the German stage, at this early period. Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nuremberg, was the author of thirty dramas, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Some are clearly derived from English models; and Mr. Thoms thinks that an old play, on which Shakespeare founded the Tempest, is translated in Ayrer's works, published in 1618:—

"'The origin of the plot of the Tempest is for the present a Shakespearian mystery, are the words of our friend Mr. Hunter. in his learned and interesting dissertation upon that play. That mystery, however, I consider as solved,—Tieck appears to entertain no doubt upon the subject,—and I hope to bring the matter before you in such a manner as will satisfy you of the correctness of Tieck's views in this respect. But to the point. Shakespeare unquestionably derived his idea of the Tempest from an earlier drama, not now known to exist, but of which a German version is preserved in Ayrer's play, entitled *Die Schöne Sidea,* (the Beautiful Sidea;) and

the proof of this fact is to be found in the points of resemblance between the two plays, which are far too striking and peculiar to be the result of accident.

"'It is true that the scene in which Ayrer's play is laid, and the names of the personages, differ from those of the TEMPEST; but the main incidents of the two plays are all but identically the same. For instance, in the German drama, Prince Ludolph and Prince Leudegast supply the places of Prospero and Alonzo. Ludolph, like Prospero, is a magician, and like him has an only daughter, Sidea—the Miranda of the TEMPEST—and an attendant spirit, Runcifal, who, though not strictly resembling either Ariel or Caliban, may well be considered as the primary type which suggested to the nimble fancy of our great dramatist those strongly yet admirably contrasted beings. Shortly after the commencement of the play, Ludolph having been vanquished by his rival, and with his daughter Sidea driven into a forest, rebukes her for complaining of their change of fortune; and then summons his spirit Runcifal to learn from him their future destiny, and prospects of revenge. Runcifal, who is, like Ariel, somewhat moody, announces to Ludolph that the son of his enemy will shortly become his prisoner. After a comic episode, most probably introduced by the German, we see Prince Leudegast, with his son Engelbrecht—the Ferdinand of the TEMPEST—and the councillors, hunting in the same forest; when Engelbrecht and his companion Famulus, having separated from their associates, are suddenly encountered by Ludolph and his daughter. He commands them to yield themselves prisoners; they refuse, and try to draw their swords, when, as Prospero tells Ferdinand—

I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop—

so Ludolph, with his wand, keeps their swords in their scabbards, paralyzes Engelbrecht, and makes him confess his

—— nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them;—

and when he has done so, gives him over as a slave to Sidea, to carry logs for her.

"'The resemblance between this scene and the parallel scene in the TEMPEST is rendered still more striking in a late part of the play, when Sidea, moved by pity for the labours of Engelbrecht, in carrying logs, declares to him—

I am your wife, if you will marry me;—

an event which, in the end, is happily brought about, and leads to the reconciliation of their parents, the rival princes.'"—KNIGHT.

"No novel, in prose or verse, to which Shakespeare resorted for the incidents of the TEMPEST, has yet been discovered; and although Collins, late in his brief career, mentioned to T. Warton that he had seen such a tale, it has never come to light; and we apprehend that he must have been mistaken. We have turned over the pages, we believe, of every Italian novelist, anterior to the age of Shakespeare, in hopes of finding some story containing traces of the incidents of the TEMPEST, but without success. The ballad entitled the 'Inchanted Island' is a more modern production than the play, from which it varies in the names, as well as in some points of the story, as if for the purpose of concealing its connection with a production which was popular on the stage. Our opinion decidedly is, that it was founded upon the TEMPEST, and not upon any ancient narrative to which Shakespeare also might have been indebted. It may be remarked, that here also no locality is given to the island: on the contrary, we are told, if it ever had any existence but in the imagination of the Poet, that it had disappeared:—

From that daie forth the Isle has beene
By wandering sailors never seene:
Some say 'tis buryed deepe
Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
Above its savage rocky shores
Nor ere is knowne to sleepe.

"Mr. Thoms has pointed out some resemblances in the incidents of an early German play, entitled *Die Schöne Sidea*, and the TEMPEST: his theory is, that a drama upon a similar story was at an early date performed in Germany, and that if it were not taken from Shakespeare's play, it was perhaps derived from the same unknown source. Mr. Thoms is preparing a translation of it for the Shakespeare Society, and we shall then be better able to form an opinion as to the real or supposed connection between the two."—COLLIER.

Collins's conversation with Warton was some time between 1750 and 1756, and as the most diligent search of the antiquarians and commentators, for ninety years, have resulted as Mr. Collier's late persevering investigations have done, the inference is very strong that this supposed lost Italian novel was a delusion of the unfortunate poet's shattered mind, in which his recollections of the TEMPEST itself mingled with his imagination, till the whole took the form of a romance formerly read and imperfectly remembered. For such a delusion, in an enfeebled and disturbed state of mind, his previous habits of thought and fancy had predisposed him. "He had employed his mind (says his biographer) chiefly upon works of fiction and subjects of fancy. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens."

I am equally incredulous on the subject of the origin of the TEMPEST in an older English play, preserved only in a German translation. The resemblance, even as stated by Tieck and Thoms, seems little more than of the magical machinery, which might well have come from the common origin of some old tale of fairies or magic.

There is good reason to believe that the early accounts of the Bermudas, then very lately made known to the English public, suggested to the Poet the general idea of his enchanted island, and gave it much of its picturesque and supernatural character. But it is very strange that so many of the critics, from the dull Chalmers to the imaginative Mrs. Jameson, have taken it for granted that the Poet actually "placed the scene of his drama there." Ariel's flight from a "nook of the isle" to fetch dew from "the still-vex'd Bermoothes," while it shows that the Bermudas were in the Poet's mind, shows also that in his imagination they were far distant from the island of his fancy. Mr. Hunter maintained that the island is Lampedusa, between Malta and the African coast. To this there can be no very especial objections, although any other island, real or imaginary, in the Mediterranean or the Atlantic, would answer as well.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

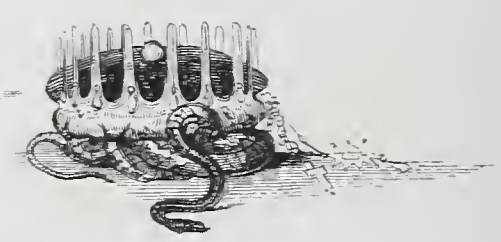
ALONSO, King of NAPLES
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of MILAN.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of MILAN
FERDINAND, son to the King of NAPLES
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor of NAPLES
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners

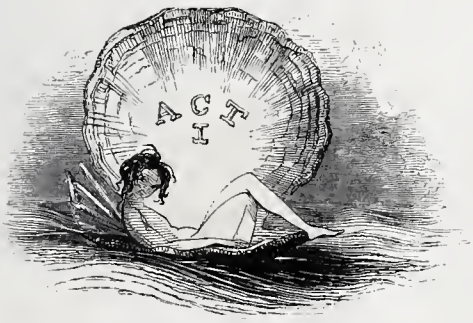
MIRANDA, daughter to PROSPERO
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers } Spirits.

Other Spirits attending on PROSPERO

SCENE—The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island







SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Shipmaster, and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain?

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good. Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare. Take in the top-sail; tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You

are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast: yare; lower, lower. Bring her to try with main-course.—[*A cry within.*]—A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses: off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What! must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would, thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet.
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.
[*A confused noise within.*]—Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!—

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO, *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected:
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan, and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mira. O! my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, further.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
(And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity,) and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mira. Sir, most heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, whom t' advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.
Mira. O good sir! I do.
Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being so retir'd
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost thou hear?
Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.
Mira. O the heavens!
Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, harkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight,
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.
Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.
Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O! a cherubin
Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine,
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel: come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master; grave sir, hail. I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."
Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.



ACT I. SCENE 2.—Hast thou forgot the foul witch, SYCORAX?

The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pro. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now! moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I prithee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings. Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. O! was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans



ACT I. SCENE 2.—CALIBAN. A freckled whelp, hag-born

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.
Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.
Pro. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
Pro. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: go; hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pro. Shake it off. Come on:
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I say: there's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My, lord it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!
Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'st me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee.
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me,
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.
Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. O ho! O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known; but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you.
For learning me your language!
Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice!
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps:
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
Pro. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing:* FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Bur. Hark, hark! Bowgh, wowgh.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bowgh, wowgh. [*Dispersedly.*



Act I. Scene 2.—Where should this music be?

Ari. *Hark, hark! I hear*
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air, or
th' earth?—
It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.—
No, it begins again.

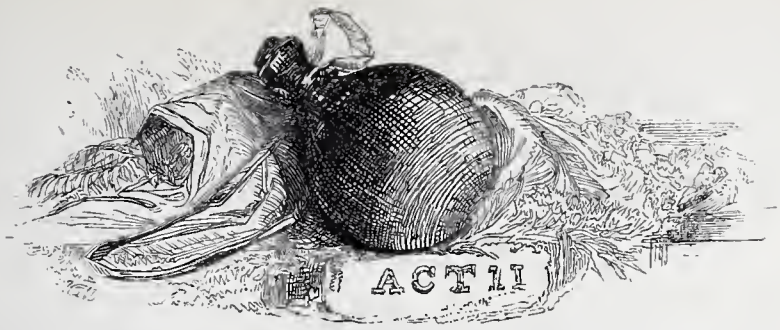
Ariel sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden:* ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father.—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.—I hear it now above me.
Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say, what thou seest yond'.
Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.
Pro. No, wench: it eats and sleeps, and hath
such senses
As we have; such. This gallant which thou
seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free
thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?
Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard
thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king, my father, wreck'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of
Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.
Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.—[*Aside.*]—At the first
sight
They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,

I'll set thee free for this!—[*To him.*]—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, sir: one word more.—
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—[*To him.*]—One word more: I charge thee,
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.— [*To* FERD.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mira. O, dear father!
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What! I say;
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father!
Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity:
I'll be his surety.
Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on; obey: [*To* FERD
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid; all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pro. It works.—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* FERD., *and* MIRA.
Hark, what thou else shall do me. [*To* ARIEL.
Mira. Be of comfort.
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then, exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow.—Speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*





SCENE 1.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy, for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then, wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One:—tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done. But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet—

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt,
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no; he's gone.



ACT II. SCENE 1.—Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them, of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.
Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.
Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things, for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation, all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty:—
Seb. Yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. 'Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—
Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.
Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given!
Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, *(invisible,) playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure

my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON., SEB., *and* ANT.

Alon. What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inelin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.—

[ALONSO *sleeps. Exit* ARIEL.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not, then, our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. No I: my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? — O! what might? — No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou would'st be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What! art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly:
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on.
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir.
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O! out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And by that destiny to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this!—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?"—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be, that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like—that's dead,
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course: for all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together

And when I rear my hand, do you the like.
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O! but one word.
[*They converse apart.*

Re-enter ARIEL, *(invisible,) with music and song.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then, let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They wake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn.—There was a noise,
That's verity: 'tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts,
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away. [*Exeunt.*
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse: but they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat:
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt.—[*Thunder.*]—Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shrond, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore.—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery.
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch;
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!
Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs: for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground, and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.
Cal. The spirit torments me: O!
Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.
Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I'll bring my wood home faster.
Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.



Act II Scene 2.—Open your mouth this will shake your shaking.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster. His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo:—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scap'd?

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster. —The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster.—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster: I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-malls from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. *Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.*
[Sings drunkenly.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*



ACT II. SCENE 2.—Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom



SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O! she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy, least when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

Mira. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.
Fer. O, most dear mistress!
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that:
I'll carry it to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.
Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?
Mira. Miranda.—O my father!
I have broke your hest to say so.
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you!
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.
Mira. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give: and much less take,
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.



Act III. Scene 1.—Admir'd Miranda!

Mira. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand thousand!
[*Exeunt* Fer., *and* Mir.
Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter Stephano, *and* Trinculo; Caliban *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.
Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.
Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.
Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.
Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on. By this light thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.
Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.
Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.
Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.
Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.
Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.
Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debauched fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?
Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?
Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!
Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To* CALIBAN.]—Proceed.

Cal. I say by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How, now, shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.



ACT III. SCENE 2.—Do I so? take thou that.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that.—[*Strikes him.*]—As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!)

and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[Sings.

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices.
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT I. SCENE 2.—Thy groans did make wolves howl

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r la'kin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
[*Aside to* SEBASTIAN.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.
Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.
Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

[*Solemn and strange music; and* PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutations; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.*]

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, eertes, these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pro. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pro. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind, for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, etc., *draw their swords.*
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths.
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, (which hath requit it,)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures.
Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mowes, and carry out the table.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.
[*Exit* PROSPERO.

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?—
Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did base my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEB., *and* ANT.
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you.
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt.*



ARIEL, LIKE A HARPY.



SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may,
With full and holy rite, be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairly spoke.
Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Presently?
Pro. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can say, "Come," and "go,"
And breathe twice; and cry, "so so;"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?
Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ari. Well I conceive. [*Exit.*
Pro. Look, thou be true. Do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow.
Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—
No tongue, all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard
Where thou thyself dost air; the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.
Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow

If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. *Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,*
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. *Earth's increase, foison plenty,*
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the furthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd, to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever:
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

Pro. Sweet now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.



THE MASQUE.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance: towards the end whereof PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*]—Well done.—
Avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and



Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd:
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought!—I thank thee.—Ariel, come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet, yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, etc.*

Even to roaring.—Come, hang them on this line.



NAPLES FROM THE SEA.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain unseen.* *Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery:—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let 't alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, and 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king

of this country. "Steal by line and level," is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

[*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*]

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[CAL., STE., *and* TRIN., *are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark! they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*



ACT IV SCENE 1.—Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!



SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, the good old lord, Gonzalo:
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo!
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
[*Exit* ARIEL.
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ari. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;*
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!



ACT V. SCENE 1.—On the bat's back I do fly.

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all.—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to* SEB., *and* ANT.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.
Seb. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.
Pro. No.—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pro. I am woe for't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss?
Pro. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howso'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.
[FERD. *kneels to* ALON.
Alon. Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that has sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;



ACT V SCENE 1.—Sweet lord, you play me false

But, by immortal providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers.
But O! how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.
Pro. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown,
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo.
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
[*To* FER., *and* MIRA.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be it so: Amen.

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O look, sir! look, sir! here are more of us.
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. } *Aside.*
Pro. My tricksy spirit! }
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. Was't well done? }
Pro. Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free. } *Aside.*
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
[*Aside.*
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell.—[*Exit* ARIEL.]—How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, coragio!
Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.
Cal. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed.
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.
Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?
Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?
Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!
Ste. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one then.
Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to* CALIBAN.
Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* CAL., STE., *and* TRIN.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge: then, to the elements;
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you draw near.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE, *spoken by* PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.



ACT V. SCENE I.—Where the bee sucks, there suck I.



Act V. Scene 1.—On the bat's back I do fly

NOTES ON THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"*Boatswain*"—Upon this scene Johnson remarks—"In this naval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailors' language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders." Malone, in reply to this, very properly pointed out that the orders should be considered as given not at once, but successively, as the emergency required. In Boswell's edition, we have a highly valuable communication from the second Lord Mulgrave, showing most conclusively that Shakespeare's technical knowledge of seamanship must have been the result of the most accurate personal observation, or, what is perhaps more difficult, of the power of combining and applying the information derived from others. Lord Mulgrave supposes Shakespeare must have acquired this technical knowledge "by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time." He adds, "no books had then been published on the subject." Lord Mulgrave then exhibits the ship in five positions, showing how strictly the words of the dialogue represent these. We transcribe the general observations by which these technical illustrations are introduced:—

"The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety; and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen nor the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed. The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do. He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship. One of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable."

Mr. Campbell gives the testimony of Captain Glascock, R. N., to the correctness of Shakespeare in nautical matters:—"The boatswain in the Tempest delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the forecastle."

"—*fall to't* yarely"—The adverb of *yare*—quick, ready. *Yare* is used several times by Shakespeare as a sea-term, (which it was,) but not exclusively so.

"—Play *the men*"—i. e. *Behave* like men. So in our translation of the Bible, (2 Sam. x. 12,)—"Let us *play the men* for our people."

"Gonzalo. *I have great comfort from this fellow*"—"It may be observed of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck, and his hope on the island."—Johnson.

"*Down with the topmast*"—Lord Mulgrave has the following note on this direction:—"The striking the topmasts was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says, 'It is not agreed among all seamen whether it is better for a ship to hull with her topmast up or down.' In the Postscript to the Dictionary, he afterwards gives his own opinion:—'If you have sea-room, it is never good to strike the topmast.' Shakespeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast—where he had not sea-room."

"—*Set her two courses; off to sea again*"—With the two or three later editors, we follow the punctuation of Lord Mulgrave, a sailor critic. Stevens has—"Set her two courses *off*." Captain Glascock also objects to this ordinary punctuation; and explains, "that the ship's head is to be put leeward, and that the vessel is to be drawn off the land under that canvass nautically denominated the two courses."

"—merely *cheated*"—i. e. *Absolutely:* a common mode of using the word of old.

"—*to* glut *him*"—"To glut" is here used in its older sense, for *to swallow down, to englut;* a sense in which Milton continued to use it, ("glutted offal;") though it had, even in Shakespeare's day, given way to the present signification.

"*We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children*"—This, Collier, adhering to the folio, gives as the conclusion of Gonzalo's speech. Johnson applied it to the "confused noise within," and not as spoken by any determinate character. These words are very obviously appropriate in that connection, and very much otherwise as part of Gonzalo's speech, in blank verse. Mr. Collier is the only editor who has thought differently.

Scene II.

"— *some noble* CREATURE"—"So the origiual; but Theobald reads *creatures*, which is invariably followed. Miranda means to say that, iu addition to those she saw suffer—the 'poor souls' that perished—the common sailors—there was no doubt some superior person on board—some *noble creature*."—KNIGHT.

"*The* FRAUGHTING *souls*"—i. e. Constituting the *fraught*, or freight. The common reading is *freighting*.

"— *nor that I am* MORE BETTER"—"More better," *more sooner*, and similar instances of two comparatives together, are not uncommon with tbe old writers. "Full poor," for perfectly or exceedingly poor, (as, in ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, "full sorry,") is also a common Old-English form of speecb, which has become nearly obsolete.

"OUT *three years old*"—i. e. Tbree years *complete*.

"AND *princess no worse issued*"—So all the folios. Many editors substitute *A* for "And," and give the lines thus:—

——— and his only heir
A princess;—no worse issued.

But the sense is clear as it is given in the text.

"— *call'd* ANTONIO"—Mr. Hunter, in his "Disquisition on the Tempest," says—"This is another instance of a slight deterioration of Shakespeare's exquisite melody by a useless alteration. A nice ear will be sensible at once that something is lost—

My brother, and thy uncle, called *Anthonio*."

To which Knight replies—"Throughout the play we have the spelling of *Anthonio*; but are we to understand that, in an age when the Italian language was as familiar as the French is now, Shakespeare meant the *h* to be pronounced?"

"*Be so perfidious*"—"This is ordinarily pointed—

I pray thee mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!

The reader will observe with what admirable skill such interjectional expressions as 'Dost thou attend me?'—'Tbou attend'st not,'—'I pray thee, mark me,'—are subsequently introduced, to break tbe long continuity of Prospero's narrative. But here, in the very beginning of his story, for Prospero to use a similar interruption quite unnecessarily, is not an evideuce of the same dramatic skill. He simply means here to say, (and the original punctuation warrants us in believing so,) I pray thee note how a brother could be so perfidious."—KNIGHT.

"— TRASH *for overtopping*"—The general meaning of this passage is evident; but Warburton contended that "trash" was used to express the cutting away of superfluities, as of trees that grew too fast, and were therefore "overtopping." And it is said to be so used in old books of gardening. On the other hand, there is no doubt that it was a term of the chase, and Shakespeare employs it in OTHELLO (act ii. scene 1) in this sense, where it is said that dogs are "trashed" for their "quick hunting." Examples are also found in old authors of a similar use, as in Hammond—"clog and *trash*;" "encumber and *trash*." The term is said still to be a sporting term, in the North of England, for checking tbe speed of a dog when he *overtops* (i. e. outruns) the pack. A "trash," then, means a clog, or weight, fastened around the dog's neck for this purpose.

"*To credit his own lie*"—This is an involved sentence; but the meaning is clear—"who having made such a sinner unto truth of his memory as to credit his own lie by telling of it." There is a similar thought as antithetically expressed by Tacitus:—"*Fingebant simul credebantque*"—"Tbey iuvented falsehood and believed it themselves."

"— *in* LIEU"—i. e. In *consideration* of—in exchange for—a sense of the phrase not common, but found also in Beaumont and Fletcher.

"*The gates of Milan*"—This has been supposed to be a geographical blunder, or at least to intimate that the author had no exact knowledge of Italian topography, the critics assuming that the Poet represented Milan as a sea-port. Mr. C. A. Browne, who maintains tbat tbe accuracy of Shakespeare's allusions and references to Italy and her localities, in all except his very early plays, is such as to show that he wrote from personal observation, replies, that it is true that "Prospero was hurried from Milan, and also hurried aboard a bark; but no distance is specified, nor is it necessary. A man may be hurried from Paris to the sea at Marseilles. State-prisoners, in close carriages, are hurried, to this day, for hundreds of miles, across Italy, as I myself have witnessed. But this is not all: a common mode of reaching the sea, from Milan, is to travel by land merely to Placenza, and thence in a boat down the wide, deep, and rapid Po."

"*A rotten carcass of a* BOAT"—In the old copies this is printed "of a *butt*," which Rowe very naturally presumed to be a misprint for "boat," and so printed it in his edition, wbich has been followed by all the editors until very lately, when Messrs. Knight and Collier, wbo have agreed to differ on so many points of Shakespearian criticism, have here united in restoring *butt*, as describing the vessel as "even more insecure than the most rotten boat." Mr. Hunter supports the same reading on the priuciple often asserted by critics, in settling or unsettling tbe text of classic authors and the original Scriptures, that "*Lectio durior præferenda*"—a canon which has been tbe excuse for much learned extravagance, and may be interpreted thus: "The more difficult (i. e. the more improbable) reading is the most probable." If here we take *butt* in the sense of a mere *hull*, something not fit to be called a boat, it may be intelligible; but the context, "not rigg'd, nor tackle, sail, nor mast," seems to demand the word *boat*, or *vessel*. The controversy on *butt* and *boat* has become somewhat amusing from tbe indignant zeal with which Mr. Dyce (Remarks) has assailed the last English editors on this point, and tbe notice the question has attracted in various quarters.

"— *a* CHERUBIN"—I have bere, as in MACBETH, act i. scene 2, ("Heaven's cherubin,") restored the old spelling, which many of the best editors have altered, here and elsewbere, to *cherubim*. "Cberubin" is botb the critical and the customary old mode of spelling tbe singular form of this noun, which came into our language through the Italian. *Cherubim* is the Hebrew plural of *cherub*, and was received in Englisb from the Latin of the Cburch.

"— DECK'D *the sea*"—In the glossary of the Craven dialect, we find that to *deg* is to *sprinkle*. Ray, in his catalogue of north-country words, refers us from *deg* to *leck*, which is interpreted *pour on*. Nares tbinks that we must receive "deck'd" in the usual sense of *adorned*. Its other meaning of *covered* gives us a forced idea.

"*By Providencc divine*"—To Miranda's question of "How came we ashore?" the other editors make Prospero answer, "By Providence divine;" but his entire narrative is the answer.

"*Now I arise*"—The commentators are puzzled to know why this should be said, and Blackstone would put in Miranda's mouth, "she expresses a wisb to see Gonzalo, and then observes that she *may now arise*, as the story is ended." But if it be pointed as in the original, without the break in the sense, wbich some editors give, I do not see the difficulty. The Poet—probably to give the scenic effect of variety, whicb might be lost in so long a dialogue between two persons seated side by side—makes Prospero rise; but as the father wishes Miranda to yield to sleep, he adds, I am rising, but do not you—sit still and hear tbe rest.

"*Now my dear lady*"—The antecedent is Fortune, now Prospero's bountiful lady.

"*On the curl'd clouds*"—This is imitated in Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess:"—

——— tell me, sweetest.
What new service now is meetest
For the satyre; shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing racke, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night,
For a beame to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves, etc.

"— *all his* QUALITY"—Ariel's "quality" is not his *confederates*, as Stevens says, but the *powers of his nature* as a spirit—his *qualification* in *sprighting*.

"*Perform'd* TO POINT"—i. e. To the *minutest article*; literally from the French *à point*. So, in the "Chances"—

——— are you all fit?
To point, sir.

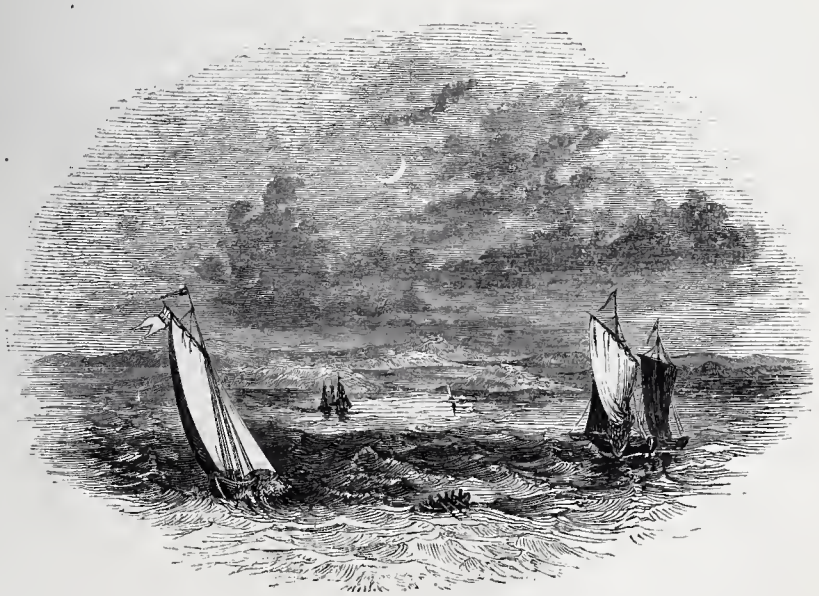
"— *the still-vex'd* BERMOOTHES"—i. e. The *Bermudas*. These isles were known by both names in Shakespeare's age, and he chose the most solemnly poetical in sound. They were associated, in the imagination of Englishmen of that day, with vague ideas of terror and superstition. Smith, in his account of them, says that they were "so fearful to the world that many called them the Isles of Devils:"—

"The epithet, here applied to the Bermudas, will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous. It was in our Poet's time the current opinion that the Bermudas were inhabited by *monsters* and *devils*. Setebos, the god of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worshipped by the giants of Patagonia."—HENLEY.

It is worthy of remark, that these wild and gloomy associations rapidly gave way to others not less poetical, but of an entirely opposite character. In the next century, the Bermudas had been selected by the excellent Bishop Berkeley as the site of a great American college; and, in his noble verses on the "Advent of Science and Art to America," he hailed from thence "the westward course of empire." Still nearer to Shakespeare's age, Andrew Marvell, the Puritan patriot, celebrated the Bermudas in a strain of exquisite poetry, blending the descriptive splendour of Thomson with the pious feeling and simple elegance of Watts.

The Bermudas have become so much associated by comment and controversy with the TEMPEST, and this piece of choice old-fashioned poetry being so little known, I cannot resist the temptation of placing it in contrast with Shakespeare's "still-vex'd Bermoothes:"—

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom, unespy'd;
From a small boat, that row'd along,
The list'ning winds received this song:—
What should we do but sing his praise,
That fed us through the wat'ry maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where *He* the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs.
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night;
And does in the pom'granates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants, of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon, he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where we sound his name.
Oh! let our voice his praise exalt
Till it arrive at heav'n's high vault,
Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.
Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a chearful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept their time



ACT I. SCENE 2.—The still-vex'd Bermoothes

"— *the Mediterranean* FLOTE"—i. e. *Wave.* (*Flot*, French.)

"*Dost thou forget*"—"That the character and conduct of Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment which supplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, some (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our Poet's age, expresses it) dispersed in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth. Of these, some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthly spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aërial the least vitiated. Thus Prospero observes of Ariel—

——— thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her *earthly* and abhorr'd commands.

Over these spirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed, or charms learned. This power was called the *Black Art*, or *Knowledge of Enchantment*—the enchanter being (as King James observes in his 'Demonology') one who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him. Those who thought best of this art (the existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously) held, that certain sounds and characters had a physical power over spirits, and compelled their agency; others who condemned the practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of opinion, with more reason, that the power of charms arose *only* from compact, and was no more than the spirits voluntarily allowed them for the seduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful; and therefore Casaubon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him one of the best kind, who dealt with them by way of command. Thus Prospero repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness; therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes, that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but *hate him rootedly.*"—JOHNSON.

"— *in* ARGIER"—"Argier" is the old name of *Algiers:* the letters *r* and *l* are frequently exchanged for each other, according to the genius of the language adopting the word in which they occur.

"*We cannot* MISS *him*"—i. e. We cannot *do without* him: a provincialism (says Malone) of the midland counties of England.

"— *thou tortoise! when?*"—A common form of expression in the old dramatists, indicative of impatience.

"— VAST *of night*"—i. e. *Space* of night. So, in HAMLET—"In the dead *waist* and middle of the night;" *nox vasta*, midnight, when all things are quiet and still, making the world appear one great uninhabited *waste*. In the pneumatology of ancient times, visionary beings had different allotments of time suitable to the variety and nature of their agency.

"*Fill all thy bones with* ACHES"—The word "aches" is evidently a dissyllable here, and in two passages of TIMON OF ATHENS. Scott gives an amusing account of the clamour that was raised against Kemble for his adherence to the text of Shakespeare, in thus pronouncing it as the measure requires. "*Ake* (says Baret, in his 'Alvearie') is the verb of this substantive *Ache; ch* being turned into *k*." And that "ache" was pronounced in the same way as the letter *h*, is placed beyond doubt by the passage in MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, in which Margaret asks Beatrice for what she cries *Heigh ho!* and she answers, *For an h*, (i. e. *ache.*) (See the "Epigram" of Heywood, adduced in illustration of that passage.) This orthography and pronunciation continued even to the times of Butler and Swift. It would be easy to produce numerous instances.

"— SETEBOS"—"The giants when they found themselves fettered roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them."—EDEN'S *Hist. of Travayle*, (1577.)

"*Foot it featly here and there*"—"We follow the punctuation of the original; and this is one of the many instances of a poetical idea being utterly destroyed by false punctuation. In all modern editions the passage stands thus:—

Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist,)
Foot it featly here and there.

Stevens explains the lines in parenthesis as *the wild waves being silent.* Then, of course, the spirits have *courtsied* (paid courtesies to) themselves, and kissed themselves. But look at the exquisite beauty of the invocation, as written by the Poet: When you have courtsied to the wild waves, and kissed them into silence—

Foot it featly here and there." KNIGHT.

["*Dispersedly*"]—This is the stage-direction of the folios, meaning that the *Burden* is to be heard in several places at the same time. The songs are given as in the old copies, from which there seems no sufficient reason to depart. Later editors, except Knight, have arranged the lines otherwise.

"*If you be* MAID"—This is the reading of the three earliest folios. Ferdinand has supposed Miranda a goddess, and now inquires if she be really a mortal; not a celestial being, but a maiden. "Maid" is used in its general sense. Miranda's answer is to be taken in the same sense as Ferdinand's question. In the fourth folio, "maid" is altered to *made*, which Warburton, Farmer, and others, take in the sense of *created, mortal*, as opposed to *goddess;* and it is thus printed in very many editions.

"*I'll manacle thy head and feet together*"—We subjoin an engraving, which explains this threat better than any description.



"— *and not* FEARFUL"—"Fearful" was sometimes used in the sense of *formidable, terrible, dreadful*, like the French *épouvantable;* as may be seen by consulting Cotgrave, or any of our old dictionaries. Shakespeare almost always uses it in this sense. In KING HENRY VI., (act iii. scene 2)—"A mighty and a *fearful* head they are." He has also *fearful* wars, *fearful* bravery, etc. The verb to *fear* is most commonly used for to *fright*, to *terrify*, to *make afraid.* Mr. Gifford remarks, "as a proof how little our old dramatists were understood at the Restoration, that Dryden censures Jonson for an improper use of this word, the sense of which he altogether mistakes."

"*My* FOOT *my* TUTOR"—i. e. Shall my *heel* teach my *head?* Shall that which I tread upon give me law?

ACT II.—Scene I.

"— HINT *of woe*"—Gonzalo calls it "*hint* of woe," in reference to its comparative triflingness.

"*The masters of some* MERCHANT"—"Merchant" is here used for *merchant-vessel—merchantman*. Dryden employs it in a similar way—"As convoy-ships either accompany or should accompany their *merchants*." The "masters of some merchant" signifies, therefore, the owners of some trading-vessel; but in the second instance, the "merchant" must mean the *trader*, whose goods are ventured in the merchantman. It has been suggested that "masters" is a misprint for *mistress*, which is not improbable, and would take away the harshness of thus using "merchant" in two different senses in the same breath.

"*The* VISITOR"—"Visitor" is to be taken in the sense of one who visited the sick and poor—a phrase familiar in the habits of ancient piety.

"— *you're paid*"—i. e. You are paid by having obtained the laugh. There is no need of change, yet Stevens altered it to "*you've* paid," and Knight proposes to assign the speech to Sebastian.

"TEMPERANCE *was a delicate wench*"—Adrian uses "temperance" for *temperature*, and Antonio jokes upon it by adverting to the fact that Temperance was also a woman's name. In puritanical times, as Stevens remarks, it was not unusual to christen female children by the names of any of the cardinal virtues.

"*How* LUSH *and lusty*"—"Lush" is *juicy*, or *luxuriant*, as applied to vegetation. Todd and Nares cite passages from old authors showing that it means *juicy, succulent*.

"— *an* EYE *of green*"—An "eye" means a small shade of colour; as in Sandys's "Travels," (lib. i.:)—"Cloth of silver, tissued with an *eye* of green."

"*Letters should not be known*"—Our author (says Malone) has here closely followed a passage in Montaigne's "Essayes," translated by John Florio, (1603:)—"It is a nation, would I answere Plato, that hath no kinde of trafficke, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences, no occupation, but idle; no respect of kinred, but common; no apparell, but naturall; no manuring of lands; no use of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them." (Book i. chap. xxx.) The verbal coincidences show that he used this translation, and not the French original. A copy of Florio's "Montaigne," bearing the undoubted autograph of Shakespeare, has been discovered within these few years.

"*To excel the golden age*"—So Montaigne, just before the passage already quoted:—"Me seemeth that what in those [newly discovered] nations wee see by experience, doth not onlie *exceede* all the pictures wherewith licentious poesie hath prowdly embellished the *golden age*, and al hir quaint inventions to faine a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of philosophie."

Hazlitt remarks that, in this scene, "Shakespeare has anticipated nearly all the arguments in the Utopian schemes of modern philosophy."

"*Trebles thee o'er*"—i. e. Makes thee three times what thou now art.

"*I'll teach you how to* FLOW"—"Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow. 'It has already learned to ebb,' says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies—'O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages the design which I hint at; how, in stripping it of words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation.'"—*Edinburgh Magazine*, (*Nov.* 1786.)

"— *from Naples*"—Stevens has treated this as a remarkable instance of Shakespeare's ignorance of geography; but though the real distance between Naples and Tunis is not so immeasurable, the intercourse in early times between the Neapolitans and the Tunisians was not so frequent as to make it popularly considered other than a formidable voyage.

"*A* CHOUGH *of as* DEEP CHAT"—i. e. I could make a *jackdaw* talk as *profoundly*.

"— *if it were a* KYBE"—i. e. If conscience were a *chilblain*, it would mar my activity.

"*That's* VERITY"—The folio has *verily*, which, as a misprint, has been corrected into "verity," in all succeeding editions since Pope's, except Collier's, which retains *verily*. The sense indicates the propriety of the correction.

Scene II.

"— *a foul* BOMBARD"—A "bombard" was the name of a large vessel for containing drink, as well as a piece of artillery.

"— *I have no long spoon*"—Shakespeare gives his characters appropriate language:—"They belch forth proverbs in their drink;" "Good liquor will *make a cat speak*;" and "He who eats with the devil had need of a *long spoon*." The last is again used in the COMEDY OF ERRORS, (act iv. scene 2.)

"*Young* SEA-MALLS *from the rock*"—The old copies have *scammels* from the rock—a word not found in any other place, nor known as belonging to any obsolete or provincial idiom. It has been conjectured to mean some sort of *scollop*, or shell-fish; but to these this epithet *young* would have no special application as recommending them. *Sea-mall*, or *sea-mell*, is the reading proposed by Theobald, which is the popular English name for the *sea-gull*; which birds, when young, (says an old writer,) "were accounted a good dish at the most plentiful tables." Dyce conjectures *staniels* to have been the author's word, (i. e. young *mountain-hawks*)—a word used in the TWELFTH NIGHT. Either reading may be the right one, and will make little difference in the general sense and poetry.

ACT III.—Scene I.

"— *I* FORGET"—This is to be understood as reminding himself that he forgets his task, to which he must now return. Z. Jackson ("Shakespeare's Genius," etc.) ingeniously conjectures "forget" to be a misprint for *forgive't*, which would make a more connected sense. The change is not necessary, though he may possibly have hit upon the original word.

"*Most busy*, LEAST *when I do it*"—With Collier, we return to the old reading; for *busy-less* seems to make the sense no clearer. I understand the old text to say, that his thoughts are most busy when he is least employed in his labours.

Scene II.

"*What a* PIED *ninny's this! Thou scurvy* PATCH!"—Trinculo, as a jester, would be dressed in *motley*, and hence Caliban's allusion to his particoloured appearance. "Pied" was an epithet applied to fools, and "patch" a name by which they were often called.

"*He's but a* SOT"—Modern usage has so limited the word "sot" to the sense of a *sluggish, dull drunkard*, that the general reader may mistake its meaning here. But in its older use, it corresponded with the French *sot*, from whence it is derived; and meant merely a stupid, dull person.

"*Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises*"—"In conducting Stephano and Trinculo to Prospero's cell,

Caliban shows the superiority of natural capacity over greater knowledge and greater folly; and when Ariel frightens them with his music, Caliban, to encourage them, accounts for it in the eloquent poetry of the senses. This is not more beautiful than true. The Poet here shows us the savage with the simplicity of the child, and makes the strange monster amiable. He had to paint the human animal rude, and without choice in his pleasures, but not without the sense of pleasure, or some germ of the affections. Master Barnardine, in MEASURE FOR MEASURE, the savage of civilized life, is an admirable philosophical counterpart to Caliban."—HAZLITT.

SCENE III.

"*By'r* LA'KIN"—i. e. By our *lady-kin*—an affectionate diminutive of "Our Lady,"—i. e. the Virgin.

"— PROSPERO ABOVE"—*On the top*, in the folios; meaning, perhaps, in some machine let down with ropes from the ceiling, or in the balcony at the back of the stage.

"*Praise in departing*"—This is a proverbial phrase, signifying, Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation.

"— PUTTER-OUT *of five for one*"—The "putters-out" were *travellers*, who *put out* money at what may be termed interest—viz. to receive at the rate of five for one, if they returned. The practice is often mentioned by old writers.

"— *Enter* ARIEL *like a harpy*"—This circumstance is of course taken from the "Æneid" of Virgil. Those who maintain that Shakespeare could not read the original send him to Phaer's translation, which was printed in 1553:—

——Fast to meate we fall.
But sodenly from down the hills with grisly fall to syght,
The harpies come, and beating wings with great noys out thei shright,
And at our meate they snatch, and with their clawes, etc.

("*That hath to* INSTRUMENT *this lower world*")—i. e. That hath the world to *play upon*, as an "instrument."

"*One* DOWLE *that's in my plume*"—"Dowle" seems to mean nearly the same as *down*, or the light parts of which feathers are composed.

"— *it did* BASE *my trespass*"—Carrying out the figurative allusion to the loud music of the organ, he makes the thunder, in deep organ-like note, sound his guilt. "Base," or *bass*, is a verb coined by Shakespeare, from the well-known musical term. The more technical musical orthography is *bass*, but both modes have authority; and I have, therefore, differed from most modern editions in preserving the spelling of the original edition, as it is pronounced.

"— *this* ECSTASY"—Shakespeare uses "ecstasy" for any temporary alienation of mind—a *fit*, or *madness*. Minshew's definition of this word will explain its meaning, wherever it occurs:—"*Extasie*, or *trance*; Gr. *extase*; Lat. *extasis, abstractio mentis. Est proprie mentis emotio, et quasi ex statione sua deturbatio, seu furore, seu admiratione, seu timore, aliove casu decidat.*"—*Guide to the Tongues*, (1617.)

This is the sense in which it is used in HAMLET, in Ophelia's speech, (at end of act iii. scene 1;) and also in the fourth scene of the same act:—"Ecstasy—my pulse," etc.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"— *a* THIRD *of mine own life*"—"We adhere (says Collier) to the text of every old edition of this play, where Prospero tells Ferdinand that he has given him a 'third' of his own life—a portion of his very existence—in bestowing Miranda. This seems not only perfectly intelligible, but natural, although modern editors (Capell excepted) substitute *thread* for 'third.' It is, surely, much more expressive for Prospero to say that he has given away a 'third' of his own life, than merely a *thread* of his own life." The ground of this change is, that *thread*, often anciently spelled *thred*, was an easy misprint; and that the "twisted thread of life" was a common image of the Old-English, as well as of the Latin poets. If it had been *the* thread, as Z. Jackson insists it should be read, I should have concurred in this change. But *a* thread is merely one of the fibres, or parts of "my life," and thus less expressive of his strong parental feeling than a "third." "Half my life" (*dimidium vitæ*) is a frequent figure, both in Latin and English, to express this sense.

"*No sweet* ASPERSION"—"Aspersion" is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*, in which sense it is also found in Lord Bacon. Modern use has limited it to the figurative sense of casting reproach on character. It is remarkable how many of those words, of Latin origin, to which common use has affixed a similar metaphorical sense, are employed by Shakespeare in their primitive meanings. (See note from Hallam, at the end of MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.)

"— *bring a* COROLLARY"—i. e. Bring *more than are sufficient*. "*Corollary*; the addition or vantage above measure—an *overplus*, or *surplusage*."—BLOUNT.

"— *thatch'd with* STOVER"—"Stover" is still a North-of-England word for *fodder* for cattle, *hay*, *straw*; which Holloway ("English Provincialisms") derives from "being stowed away" in ricks, or barns; and Nares from the old French term, adopted in the common law of England—*estover*; "necessary provisions."

"— PEONIED *and* LILIED *brims*"—The old editions have "pioned and twilled" brims, which some of the later retain, and endeavour to explain; but though we find *pioning* used in old poets for *digging*, (the root of our word *pioneer*,) and *twilled* for *interwoven*, as we still retain the use in relation to various woven stuffs, silks, etc.; yet the sense still seems so very harsh and improbable, that I cannot but think that the original reading is a misprint for those suggested by Stevens and Warton—"peonied and lilied brims" presenting a natural and agreeable image, and supported by the "Ladon's lilied banks" of Milton, whose poetical phraseology is so much formed upon Shakespeare's as often to afford the best comment upon him. The commentators have discussed the reading, in many pages, of which we give the substance, as summed up by Singer and Collier:—

"In Ovid's 'Banquet of Sense,' by Geo. Chapman, (1595,) we meet with—

—— cuplike *twill-pants* strew'd in Bacchus bowers.

If *twill* be the name of any flower, the old reading may stand. Mr. Henley strongly contends for the old reading, and explains *pioned* to mean *faced up with mire*, in the manner that ditchers trim the banks of ditches: *twilled* he derives from the French verb *touiller*, which Cotgrave interprets to *mix*, to *mingle*, *confound*, or *shuffle together*. He objects to *peonied* and *lilied*, because these flowers never blow in April. But Mr. Boaden has pointed out a passage in Lord Bacon's 'Essay on Gardens,' which supports the reading in the text:—'In *April* follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock-gilly-flower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and *lillies of all natures*; rosemary flowers, the tulippe, the double *piony*, etc.' Lyte, in his 'Herbal,' says one kind of *peonie* is called by some, *maiden* or *virgin peonie*. And Pliny mentions the water-lily as a preserver of chastity, (book xxvi. chap. 10.) Edward Fenton, in his 'Secret Wonders of Nature,' (1569,) asserts that 'the water-lilly mortifieth altogether the appetite of sensuality, and defends from unchaste thoughts.'"—SINGER.

"The old text is—

Thy banks with *pioned* and *twilled* brims—

and we cannot discover any unintelligibility in it, taking 'pioned' as *dug*, (a sense in which it is used by Spenser, and with the same etymology as *pioneer*,) and

'twilled' as *ridged*, or made up in ridges—a sense it yet bears with reference to some kinds of linen. These ridges are produced by intermingling the threads; and hence, perhaps, the origin of the word in the French, (*touiller.*) The 'pioned and twilled brims' are, therefore, the brims which are dug and ridged."—COLLIER.

It may be added, in reply to an objection to the more modern reading, that the Poet does not say that the banks were in full bloom of peonies and lilies in April, but that it was that month which then so bestrewed the banks with such a growth as would yield "chaste crowns for nymphs," etc.

"— *with thy saffron wings*"—Mr. Douce remarks that this is an elegant expansion of the following lines in Phaer's "Virgil's Æneid:"—

Dame rainbow down therefore with safron wings of dropping showres,
Whose face a thousand sundry hues against the sun devoures,
From heaven descending came.

"— *this* SHORT-GRASS'D *green*"—Many editors, since Rowe, have "*short-graz'd* green," or grazed down so as to be short; which is neither the genuine old reading, nor the sense. Ceres, as if finding herself out of place on the scanty wild-grass of an uncultivated island, naturally asks why she is summoned to this "short-grass'd green."

"*Enter* JUNO"—She appears in the air during the first speech of Iris; and there the stage-direction, in the folio, (1623,) is "Juno descends." Collier, who is very learned in the details of the ancient English stage, supposes that she was probably let down slowly by some machine, and did not reach the stage until Iris and Ceres were concluding their speeches.

"— *to* MEET WITH *Caliban*"—i. e. To *counteract*, to *play stratagem against stratagem.* "The parson knows the temper of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with* their vices, or advances their virtues."—HERBERT'S *Country Parson.*

"— *lifted up their noses*"—This passage is a most accurate description of the effect produced upon colts by music. On first hearing even a trumpet, instead of being terrified, they will often advance and thrust their nose up to the very mouth of the instrument, while it is blown, provided this be done with *some* consideration.

"— *king Stephano*"—This is an allusion to the old ballad, "King Stephen was a worthy peer," of which Iago sings a verse in OTHELLO.

"— *a* FRIPPERY"—i. e. A shop where old clothes were sold.

"— *Now is the jerkin under the* LINE: *now, jerkin, you are like to lose your* HAIR"—Malone says, that goat's-hair jerkins, both plain and ornamented, formed part of the theatrical wardrobes of this period; and he suggests that in the present instance they were hung upon a hair line. Stevens thinks there is some gross allusion in the passage. Edwards says it refers to the loss of hair by fever on passing the equinoctial line! Did the sailors shave folks with an iron hoop in those days? Stephano, was, however, drunk; half with wine, and half with his ideas of royalty.

"CAL. *I will have none on't: we shall lose our time*"—It is an acute remark of Hazlitt's, that these drunken sailors (who are as like drunken sailors as they can be) serve as an indirect foil to Caliban, "whose figure acquires a classical dignity in the contrast." This passage depicts a truth which, in that age, the Poet must have rather inferred from his general acquaintance of human nature than gathered from immediate knowledge, but which the intercourse of civilized man with savages has, in later years, too often and too unhappily confirmed—that, degraded and brutal as the savage may be, he is still, mentally and morally, above the level to which a more wilful depravity can degrade his civilized visitor or neighbour.

Hazlitt has presented the leading idea which pervades and individualizes Caliban's character with great taste and discrimination, as well as with sagacious insight into the principle on which manners are felt to be gross or refined:—

"Caliban is generally thought (and justly so) to be one of the author's master-pieces. It is not, indeed, pleasant to see this character on the stage, any more than it is to see the god Pan represented there. But, in itself, it is one of the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakespeare's characters, where deformity, whether of body or mind, is redeemed by the power and truth of the imagination displayed in it. It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakespeare has displayed the brutal mind of Caliban in contrast with the pure and original forms of nature; the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted, uncontrolled, uncouth, and wild, uncramped by any of the meannesses of custom. It is 'of the earth, earthy.' It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground, with a soul instinctively superadded to it, answering to its wants and origin. Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learned from others, contrary to or without entire conformity of natural power and disposition; as fashion is the common-place affectation of what is elegant and refined, without any seeking of the essence of it."



A FRIPPERY, 1587.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"— *the* LINE-GROVE"—This is usually printed *lime-grove;* but the old name of the tree is "line," and not *lime*, and so it stands in the old copies. This error is pointed out by the Rev. Mr. Hunter, in his "Disquisition on the Tempest." He, however, insists, with less reason, that the line on which the "glistering apparel" is hung means a *lime-tree.* All the coarse jokes of the dialogue contradict this supposition.

"*Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes*"—This speech is evidently suggested by Medea's, in Ovid: the expressions are (many of them) in the old translation by Golding, which is by no means literal, showing that the Poet had that in his mind, and not the original. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakespeare's own.

("*Weak* MASTERS *though ye be*")—i. e. "Ye are powerful *auxiliaries*, but weak if left to yourselves—your employment is then to make green ringlets, and midnight mushrooms, and to play the idle pranks, mentioned by Ariel in his next song; yet, by your aid, I have been enabled to invert the course of nature. We say, proverbially, 'Fire is a good *servant*, but a bad *master.*'"—BLACKSTONE.

"*There I couch when owls do cry*"—There is some variation in the modes adopted by the several editors in printing and pointing this song, and in their understanding of it. In the first edition the text of the folios has been followed, and I see little difficulty in it. "When owls do cry" (i. e. at night) Ariel "couches in a cowslip's bell;" and he uses the "bat's back" as his pleasant vehicle, to pursue the summer in its progress round the globe, and thus live merrily under continual blossoms. But some of the commentators have rejected this, which is admitted to be the most obvious sense, because bats no not migrate in search of summer, but become torpid in winter. Possibly the Poet did not advert to this, or more probably he did, but still saw no reason why Ariel might not make the bat serve as his locomotive, and obey his direction, without depending upon the bat's mere instinct to guide him. In reference to this zoological fact of the non-migration of bats, divers variations of the punctuation have been made. Theobald proposes *sunset* for *summer*. Capell and Collier place a period after "couch:"—

> There I couch. When owls do cry,
> On the bat's back I do fly,
> After summer, merrily.

This reading is founded on the notion that owls do not cry in summer, which is neither true in fact, nor according to Shakespeare's idea of them; for he introduces "the clamorous owl that nightly hoots," in the month of May, in the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. Knight, retaining the folio arrangement in his text, in his notes offers this punctuation:—

> In a cowslip's bell I lie:
> There I couch when owls do cry
> On the bat's back—I do fly
> After summer merrily.

"After summer" he understands as *after summer is past*. But in this punctuation *there* seems to have no meaning, nor can it refer at once to the cowslip's bell and to the bat's back. I think we may be well content with the old text, and consider it not very material (in fairy nature) that Ariel should thus make the bat, instead of the wind, his post-horse, and pursue the circling series of blossoms and leaves in its progress around the world.



ARIEL AS A SEA-NYMPH.

"It is observed of the TEMPEST, that its plan is regular: this the author of the 'Revisal' thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended, or regarded, by our author. But, whatever might be Shakespeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama, are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested."—JOHNSON.

"The TEMPEST has little action and progressive movement: the union of Ferdinand and Miranda is fixed at their first meeting, and Prospero merely throws apparent obstacles in their way; the shipwrecked band go leisurely about the island; the attempts of Sebastian and Antonio on the life of the king of Naples, and of Caliban and his drunken companions against Prospero, are nothing but a feint, as we foresee that they will be completely frustrated by the magical skill of the latter. Nothing remains, therefore, but the punishment of the guilty, by dreadful sights which harrow up their consciences, the discovery, and final reconciliation. Yet this want is so admirably concealed by the most varied display of the fascination of poetry and the exhilaration of mirth—the details of the execution are so very attractive, that it requires no small degree of attention to perceive that the *denouement* is, in some measure, already contained in the exposition. The history of the love of Ferdinand and Miranda, developed in a few short scenes, is enchantingly beautiful: an affecting union of chivalrous magnanimity on the one part, and, on the other, of the virgin openness of a heart which, brought up far from the world, on an uninhabited island, has never learned to disguise its innocent movements. The wisdom of the princely hermit Prospero has a magical and mysterious air; the impression of the black falsehood of the two usurpers is mitigated by the honest gossiping of the old and faithful Gonzalo; Trinculo and Stephano, two good-for-nothing drunkards, find a worthy associate in Caliban; and Ariel hovers sweetly over the whole, as the personified genius of the wonderful fable.

"Caliban has become a bye-word, as the strange creation of a poetical imagination: a mixture of the gnome and the savage; half demon, half brute. In his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity: it is as if the use of reason and human speech should be communicated to a stupid ape. Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base in his inclinations; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as they are occasionally pourtrayed by Shakespeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is a poetical being in his way. He has picked up every thing dissonant and thorny in language, out of which he has composed his vocabulary; and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, merely serves to put in motion the poisonous vapours. The whole delineation of this monster is inconceivably consistent and profound, and notwithstanding its batefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

"In the zephyr-like Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken; his name even bears an allusion to it. On the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find, in the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM,

in the TEMPEST, in the magical part of MACBETH, and wherever Shakespeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits, and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of Nature and her mysterious springs; which, it is true, ought never to be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in an equal degree with Dante and himself."—SCHLEGEL.

"The TEMPEST is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture, or the natural connection of events; but is a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the Poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of chronology and geography—no mortal sins in any species—are venial faults, and count for nothing. It addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty; and although the illusion may be assisted by the effect on the senses of the complicated scenery and decorations of modern times, yet this sort of assistance is dangerous. For the principal and only genuine excitement ought to come from within—from the moved and sympathetic imagination; whereas, where so much is addressed to the mere external senses of seeing and hearing, the spiritual vision is apt to languish, and the attraction from without will withdraw the mind from the proper and only legitimate interest which is intended to spring from within.

"The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the key-note to the whole harmony. It prepares and initiates the excitement required for the entire piece, and yet does not demand any thing from the spectators which their previous habits had not fitted them to understand. It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted; therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural, (the distinction to which I have so often alluded,) and is purposely restrained from concentering the interest on itself, but used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow.

"In the second scene, Prospero's speeches, till the entrance of Ariel, contain the finest example, I remember, of retrospective narration, for the purpose of exciting immediate interest, and putting the audience in possession of all the information necessary for the understanding of the plot. Observe, too, the perfect probability of the moment chosen by Prospero (the very Shakespeare himself, as it were, of the tempest) to open out the truth to his daughter, his own romantic bearing, and how completely any thing that might have been disagreeable to us in the magician, is reconciled and shaded in the humanity and natural feeling of the father. In the very first speech of Miranda, the simplicity and tenderness of her character are at once laid open; it would have been lost in direct contact with the agitation of the first scene. The opinion once prevailed, but, happily, is now abandoned, that Fletcher alone wrote for women. The truth is, that with very few, and those partial, exceptions, the female characters in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher are, when of the light kind, not decent; when heroic, complete viragos. But in Shakespeare all the elements of womanhood are holy, and there is the sweet, yet dignified feeling of all that *continuates* society, as sense of ancestry and of sex, with a purity unassailable by sophistry, because it rests not in the analytic processes, but in that same equipoise of the faculties, during which the feelings are representative of all past experience—not of the individual only, but of all those by whom she has been educated, and their predecessors even up to the first mother that lived. Shakespeare saw that the want of prominence, which Pope notices for sarcasm, was the blessed beauty of the woman's character, and knew that it arose not from any deficiency, but from the more exquisite harmony of all the parts of the moral being constituting one living total of head and heart. He has drawn it, indeed, in all its distinctive energies of faith, patience, constancy, fortitude—shown in all of them as following the heart, which gives its results by a nice tact and happy intuition, without the intervention of the discursive faculty—sees all things in and by the light of the affections, and errs, if it ever err, in the exaggerations of love alone. In all the Shakespearian women there is essentially the same foundation and principle; the distinct individuality and variety are merely the result of the modification of circumstances, whether in Miranda the maiden, in Imogen the wife, or in Katharine the queen.

"But to return. The appearance and characters of the super or ultra-natural servants are finely contrasted. Ariel has in every thing the airy tint which gives the name; and it is worthy of remark that Miranda is never directly brought into comparison with Ariel, lest the natural and human of the one and the supernatural of the other should tend to neutralize each other. Caliban, on the other hand, is all earth—all condensed and gross in feelings and images; he has the dawnings of understanding without reason or the moral sense, and in him, as in some brute animals, this advance to the intellectual faculties, without the moral sense, is marked by the appearance of vice. For it is in the primacy of the moral being only that man is truly human; in his intellectual powers he is certainly approached by the brutes, and, man's whole system duly considered, those powers cannot be considered other than means to an end, that is, to morality.

"In this scene, as it proceeds, is displayed the impression made by Ferdinand and Miranda on each other; it is love at first sight—

> —— at the first sight
> They have chang'd eyes.

And it appears to me that, in all cases of real love, it is at one moment that it takes place. That moment may have been prepared by previous esteem, admiration, or even affection; yet love seems to require a momentary act of volition, by which a tacit bond of devotion is imposed—a bond not to be thereafter broken without violating what should be sacred in our nature. How finely is the true Shakespearian scene contrasted with Dryden's vulgar alteration of it, in which a mere ludicrous psychological experiment, as it were, is tried—displaying nothing but indelicacy without passion. Prospero's interruption of the courtship has often seemed to me to have no sufficient motive; still his alleged reason—

> —— lest too light winning
> Make the prize light—

is enough for the ethereal connections of the romantic imagination, although it would not be so for the historical. The whole courting scene, indeed, in the beginning of the third act, between the lovers is a masterpiece; and the first dawn of disobedience in the mind of Miranda to the command of her father is very finely drawn, so as to seem the working of the scriptural command, 'Thou shalt leave father and mother,' etc. O! with what exquisite purity this scene is conceived and executed! Shakespeare may sometimes be gross, but I boldly say that he is always moral and modest. Alas! in this our day decency of manners is preserved at the expense of morality of heart, and delicacies for vice are allowed, while grossness against it is hypocritically, or at least morbidly, condemned.

"In this play are admirably sketched the vices generally accompanying a low degree of civilization; and in the first scene of the second act Shakespeare has, as in many other places, shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions, as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also, by making the good ridiculous, of rendering the transition of others to wickedness easy. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instances of Antonio and Sebastian. The scene of the intended assassination of Alonzo and Gonzalo is an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady,

only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated and concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind, not immediately recipient, to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place—something not habitually matter of reverence. By this kind of sophistry the imagination and fancy are first bribed to contemplate the suggested act, and at length to become acquainted with it. Observe how the effect of this scene is heightened by contrast with another counterpart of it in low life—that between the conspirators Stephano, Caliban, and Trinculo, in the second scene of the third act, in which there are the same essential characteristics.

"In this play and in this scene of it are also shown the springs of the vulgar in politics—of that kind of politics which is inwoven with human nature. In his treatment of the subject, wherever it occurs, Shakespeare is quite peculiar. In other writers we find the particular opinions of the individual—in Massinger it is rank republicanism—in Beaumont and Fletcher even *jure divino* principles are carried to excess; but Shakespeare never promulgates any party tenets. He is always the philosopher and the moralist, but at the same time with a profound veneration for all the established institutions of society, and for those classes which form the permanent elements of the state—especially never introducing a professional character, as such, otherwise than as respectable. If he must have any name, he should be styled a philosophical aristocrat, delighting in those hereditary institutions which have a tendency to bind one age to another, and in that distinction of ranks of which, although few may be in possession, all enjoy the advantages. Hence, again, you will observe the good nature with which he seems always to make sport with the passions and follies of a mob, as with an irrational animal. He is never angry with it, but hugely content with holding up its absurdities to its face; and sometimes you may trace a tone of almost affectionate superiority, something like that in which a father speaks of the rogueries of a child. See the good-humoured way in which he describes Stephano passing from the most licentious freedom to absolute despotism over Trinculo and Caliban. The truth is, Shakespeare's characters are all *genera* intensely individualized; the results of meditation, of which observation supplied the drapery and the colours necessary to combine them with each other. He had virtually surveyed all the great component powers and impulses of human nature—had seen that their different combinations and subordinations were in fact the individualizers of men, and showed how their harmony was produced by reciprocal disproportions of excess or deficiency. The language in which these truths are expressed was not drawn from any set fashion, but from the profoundest depths of his moral being, and is therefore for all ages."—COLERIDGE.

[Coleridge has, *more suo*, given to his idolized Poet his own opinions in making him "a philosophical aristocrat," etc.; but, as more appropriate occasions are presented elsewhere for considering his political inclinations or opinions, we shall omit further consideration of it in this place, where it requires all Coleridge's excursive ingenuity to introduce it at all.]



Act II. Scene 2.—CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.


ALL'S
WELL
THAT ENDS
WELL


ALL'S WELL
THAT
ENDS WELL



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

DATE AND ORIGINAL TITLE OF THE COMEDY—ITS MIXTURE OF STYLES, CHARACTERISTICS, ETC.

IN the often quoted list of Shakespeare's plays, written before 1598, as given by Meares, in his "Wit's Treasury," published in that year, is found the title of "Love's Labour Won." "For Shakespeare's excellence in comedy, (says Meares,) witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labours lost*, his *Love labours wonne*, his *Midsummer night dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*."

It is exceedingly improbable that this should have been the title of a popular play of Shakespeare's, well known in its day, and since entirely lost. Every drama ascribed to him was eagerly gathered up and printed in the collections of his plays, as speedily as the previous vested rights of theatres or publishers in them would permit: his genuine and undoubted works, in the folio of Heminge & Condell, (1623;) others, either wholly spurious, or at most his only in some small part, by addition or alteration, were published in pamphlets, with his name or initials, during his life, and seven of them collected and embodied with his unquestioned works, by the editors of the two later folios, (1664, and 1685.)

Had there then been known to have existed a comedy under the title of "Love's Labour Won," distinct from any of those known under other names, it would certainly have either found its way, in an authentic shape, from the prompter's books to the press, or else we should have had a spurious counterfeit assuming the title; unless indeed the fact of its existence and loss had been universally known; in which latter case we should have had editors, critics, and contemporary poets, acknowledging the loss, and mourning for its disappearance as for a "lost Pleiad" from the heaven of invention. Thus the inference is irresistible, that "Love's Labour Won" could only have been the original or the popular title of some comedy since known under another name, or at least the title of some youthful production, in its chrysalis state, which we now possess in a more mature form. The title of course cannot apply to any one of the others in Meares's list, nor can it apply to others of which we are enabled to trace the dates and original titles, by means of the earliest editions, and the mention made of them by contemporary writers. But the plot of ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL turns entirely on the single interest of Helena's labours of despised love, at last triumphing over the impediments of humble birth and station, and winning its almost hopeless object. There is no other of its author's dramas so devoted as this to the single subject of unwavering love overcoming scorn and difficulty, in the persevering confidence that none—

> —— ever strove
> To show her merit, that did miss her love.

There are, indeed, several allusions in this play to its present title, but these may be additions contemporary with the change of name, or rather they may indicate that, like TWELFTH-NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL, this play also, at first, bore the double title of "Love's Labour Won, or All Well that Ends Well;" which would correspond precisely with the lines at the conclusion:—

> The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
> *All is well ended*, if this *suit be won*.

In itself, the solution of this question is of little importance, but the main interest of the inquiry, as to the identity of the comedies bearing these distinct titles, is the light that it throws upon the literary and intellectual history and character of ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, and its author, by proving it to be in some parts a youthful work, afterwards revised; thus confirming the strong probabilities afforded by the variety and contrast of its style and manner, in different passages, that it was written at distant periods of the author's career, and contains examples of his most distinct manners in composition. If this comedy, under another title, was produced not very long after the first representation of LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, and as a sort of counterpart to it, painting the energy inspired by love, as the other play depicted "love in idleness," and ending in nothing; then, since we find ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, in its present form, printed for the first time many years after, it appears highly probable that, as LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST was "newly corrected and augmented" in 1597, (as we learn it was by the title-page of the first edition,) the author grafted upon his juvenile rhymed comedy many passages, in which we recognise the master-hand that had just written the MERCHANT OF VENICE; so too its counterpart, "Love's Labour Won," passed through a similar revision, at some later period.

The presumption resulting from these circumstances agrees with the evidence afforded by the style and versification. Much of the graver dialogue, especially in the first two acts, reminds the reader, in taste of composition, in rhythm, and in a certain quaintness of expression, of the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. The comic part is spirited and laugh-provoking, yet it consists wholly in the exposure of a braggart coxcomb—one of the most familiar comic personages of the stage, and quite within the scope of a boyish artist's knowledge of life and power of satirical delineation. On the other hand, there breaks forth everywhere, and in many scenes entirely predominates, a grave moral thoughtfulness, expressed in a solemn, reflective tone, and sometimes in a sententious brevity

of phrase and harshness of rhythm, which seems to me to stamp many passages as belonging to the epoch of MEASURE FOR MEASURE, or of LEAR. We miss, too, the gay and fanciful imagery which shows itself continually, alike amidst the passion and the moralizing of the previous comedies.

This sterner and more meditative cast is so predominant, that the whole play may be remarked as being comparatively of a gray and sober hue, uncoloured by those rainbow tints of fancy, or fiercely bright flashes of passion, that give such diversity of splendour to many other dramas. The reason of this cannot be that which Schlegel assigns, that "the glorious colours of fancy could not have been introduced into such a subject;" for it is not easy to find any reason, in the subject itself, why Helena's subdued, yet cherished and absorbing passion, might not have been clothed by Shakespeare in thoughts and words as tender as those of Imogen, as intense with passionate beauty as those of Juliet. The only intelligible reason is, that such was not the prevailing mood of the author's mind at the time, nor congruous with the main objects on which he had fixed his attention—that the play was thrown into its present shape, and assumed its present expression, at a time when the author's moral and reflective faculty was more active and engrossing than his poetic fancy, or his dramatic imitative power.

The contrast of two different moods of thought and manners of expression, here mixed in the same piece, must be evident to all who have made the shades and gradations of Shakespeare's varying and progressive taste and mind at all a subject of study. At any rate, the opinion just expressed was formed before the writer learned, from Mr. Collier's information, that "it was the opinion of Coleridge, an opinion which he first delivered in 1813, and again in 1818, though it is not found in his 'Literary Remains,' that ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, as it has come down to us, was written at two different, and rather distant periods of the Poet's life. He pointed out very clearly two distinct styles, not only of thought, but of expression; and Professor Tieck, at a later date, adopted and enforced the same belief." Whether Coleridge regarded the additions as belonging to the same period of the author's manner, to which it has been here assigned, I am unable to say. Tieck appears to ascribe to an earlier period, some of the darker and thought-burdened passages which I should assign to that later period, when the Poet's mind brooded habitually, in pity or in anger, over man's vices and misery. Still the contrast of diction and thought struck the acute German as much as it must do the student of his own native language.

Nevertheless, the changes of a great writer's habits of thought and choice of expression, however wide apart those changes may be, are yet, like the workings of other minds, subject to the revival of old associations and former mental habits, breaking in upon and mixing with those of after acquisition. To this principle I must refer some few passages of exceeding beauty, which may possibly have been in the original sketch, but which I rather infer, from the diction and versification, to belong to the revision, though not in its general taste and spirit.

Such are those lines of intense beauty and feeling, when Helena breathes forth her hopeless passion:—

—— It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it,——

and pleases herself in her fond imagination—

—— to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table, etc.

And again the passage in the third act, in which she pours forth her sorrows and takes upon herself the guilt of her husband's desertion, where the very exaggeration of imagery and language speak the truth of nature and passion.

Most readers would wish that this high empassioned poetry of sentiment, had been breathed throughout all that Helena utters; and the plot itself would authorize and might have prompted dialogue and soliloquy, as fervid and fanciful as any that even Juliet had uttered.

But this did not happen to accord with the author's temper and disposition at the time of his maturer labours upon this theme, nor with the object he had proposed to his own mind in the composition.

The purely dramatic spirit, the identification of the writer's own feelings with those of the personages and scenes he exhibits, had here given place to a moralizing thoughtfulness, so that the Poet himself became the expounder and commentator of the truths involved in his dramatic fable, instead of leaving the reader to extract them for himself, from the vivid representation of human nature and passion.

In this play, he, throughout the whole, labours to impress on the audience a great and simple truth, too much forgotten at all times in the pride of life, but which in his own age and nation of strongly marked distinction and prejudices of birth and rank, must have been startling from its novelty and boldness. It is the great truth lying at the foundation of all real and practical social freedom, that moral and intellectual worth is the only solid ground of distinction between man and man. The graver part of his plot and dialogue is one continued rebuke of the harshness, injustice, and want of human sympathy of the rich and powerful toward the humble and dependant. As Shakespeare, in his historical and more political dramas, has delineated the caprices of the mob as faithfully as the vices and crimes of the great, Coleridge and other critics have thence deduced the theory that he was in opinion "a philosophical aristocrat," who reverenced rank and power, and regarded the vulgar with good-natured contempt; a theory which is not only incongruous with the sympathy he everywhere expresses for man as man, and his indignant rebukes of the "superfluous and lust-dieted man—that will not see because he cannot feel;" but is directly contradicted in every scene of this comedy.

Burns himself, in an age of revolutions, did not pour forth his own spirit of independence more freely in his animating strain of—

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the goud for a' that;

than Shakespeare inculcated, upon the subjects of the Tudors and Stuarts, over and over, alike in the ground-work of his fable, and in weighty apothegms, that—

> From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
> The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
> Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
> It is a dropsied honour: good alone
> Is good, without a name; etc.

He has, perhaps, as a poet, even sacrificed something of his dramatic interest to this purpose, by making the noble and accomplished Bertram inferior to the low-born Helena, in every truly honourable quality; so that most readers will concur in Johnson's honest regret that "this man noble without generosity, and young without truth," should be at last "dismissed to happiness;"—an impression which could have been prevented, by giving to the noble soldier a few redeeming touches of shame and penitence.

Besides this prominent and conspicuous moral lesson, other brief, sententious observations, filled with profound sense and truths humbling to human pride, are scattered through the drama, more in the shape of general reflection than as the utterance of individual emotion or sentiment, as is elsewhere the Poet's wont.

Paradoxical as the criticism may seem, the result of all this is that this is one of the least pleasing of the author's comedies, and yet one that does as much honour as any of his works to his mind and his heart.

The language approaches in many places to the style of MEASURE FOR MEASURE, as if much of it had been written in that season of gloom which imparted to the Poet's style something of the darkness that hung over his soul. In addition to these inherent difficulties, there are several indications of an imperfect revision, as if words and lines intended to be rejected, had been left in the manuscript, together with these written on the margin or interlined, for the purpose of being substituted for them. We have not the means afforded in several other plays where similar misprints have been found, of correcting them, by the collation of the old editions, as there is no other than that in the folio, which is less carefully printed than usual, not being even divided into scenes. From all these concurring causes, there are many passages of obscure or doubtful meaning, some of which would perhaps remain so, even if we had them as the author left them; while others are probably darkened by typographical errors. Some of these difficulties have been perfectly cleared up, by the ingenuity or antiquarian industry of the later commentators; as to others, we must be content with explanations and conjectural corrections, which are only probable until something more satisfactory can be presented.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

The story is drawn from Boccaccio's "Decameron," which was the great storehouse of romantic and humorous narrative for the poets and dramatists of his own and the succeeding age. But though it cannot well be doubted that Shakespeare, at the time when this play received its present form, could read Italian, and was probably well acquainted with the "Decameron," as we know him to have been with the less attractive and less popular novels of Cinthio and Bandello; yet as this play seems to have been originally sketched in his younger days of authorship, when it is less likely that he had any knowledge of the Italian language, I agree with Dr. Farmer and others, that he probably used the very literal version of the tale contained in "The Palace of Pleasure," by William Painter, of which the first volume was published in 1566, and the second in 1567. In the "Decameron," it bears this title:—"Giglietta of Narborn cures the King of France of a fistula, (a painful swelling on the breast, as it is explained in the tale,) and in reward claims Beltramo of Rousillon, for her husband. He having married her by compulsion goes off in anger to Florence; there falling in love with a young lady, he cohabits with Giglietta, personating her. She bears him twin boys. In consequence of this she becomes dear to him, and he receives her as his wife." The English version by Painter may be read in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*. The Poet, says Mr. Collier, was only indebted to Boccaccio for the mere outline of his plot, as regards Helena, Bertram, the Widow, and Diana. "All that belongs to the characters of the Countess, the Clown, and Parolles, and the comic business in which the last is engaged, were the invention of Shakespeare. The only names Boccaccio (and after him Painter) gives are Giglietta and Beltramo: the latter Shakespeare anglicised to Bertram, and he changed Giglietta to Helena, probably because he had already made Juliet the name of one of his heroines. Shakespeare much degrades the character of Bertram, towards the end of the drama, by the duplicity, and even falsehood, he makes him display: Coleridge (Literary Remains, ii. 121) was offended by the fact, that in act iii. scene 5, Helena, "Shakespeare's loveliest character," speaks that which is untrue under the appearance of necessity; but Bertram is convicted by the King of telling a deliberate untruth, and of persisting in it, in the face of the whole court of France. In Boccaccio the winding up of the story occurs at Rousillon, as in SHAKESPEARE, but the King is no party to the scene."

He has moreover varied from his original, whether in Italian or English, in making Helena poor and dependant, instead of being as Boccaccio represents her, though fatherless, yet rich, and courted by many lovers acceptable to her friends. Could this variation have been for any other purpose than to make the story convey the moral instruction he has himself indicated, in the contrast of humble virtue, and high-born profligacy? It may be on the same account that the Poet keeps up Bertram's wayward and heartless falsehood to the last, whilst in the original the husband is overcome by his own better feelings, and receives and acknowledges his wife without compulsion.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old Lord.
PAROLLES, a Follower of Bertram
Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine War.

Steward, } Servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
Clown, }

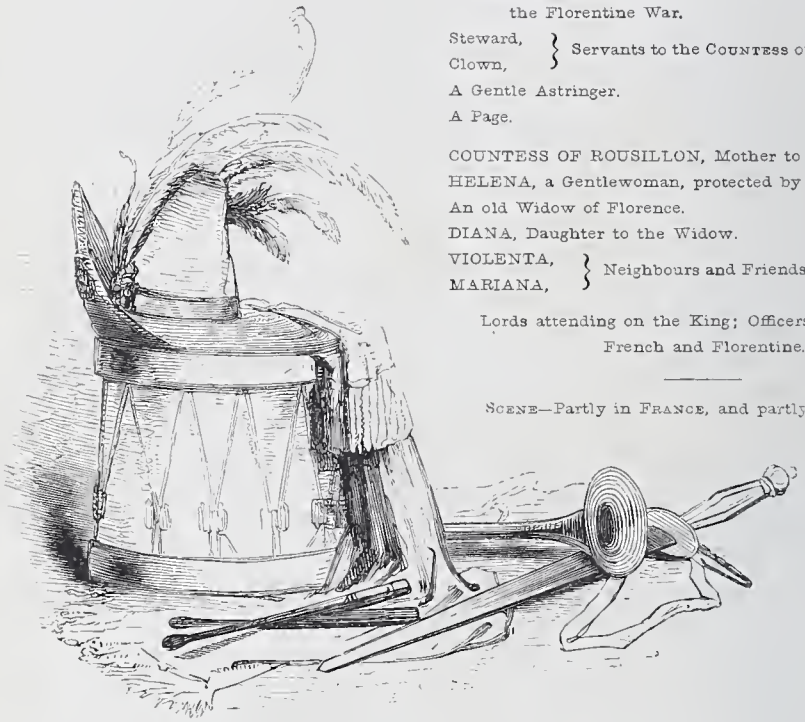
A Gentle Astringer.
A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, Mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a Gentlewoman, protected by the Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, } Neighbours and Friends to the Widow
MARIANA, }

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

Scene—Partly in France, and partly in Tuscany





ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* COUNTESS's *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS *of Rousillon,* HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; —you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so—Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena: go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord:
'Tis an unseason'd courtier: good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—
Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit* COUNTESS.

Ber. [*To* HELENA.] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, *and* LAFEU.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you, let me ask you a question: man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't: 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't: within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill; to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss

with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit Page.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars. I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me.
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the* KING'S *Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING *of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

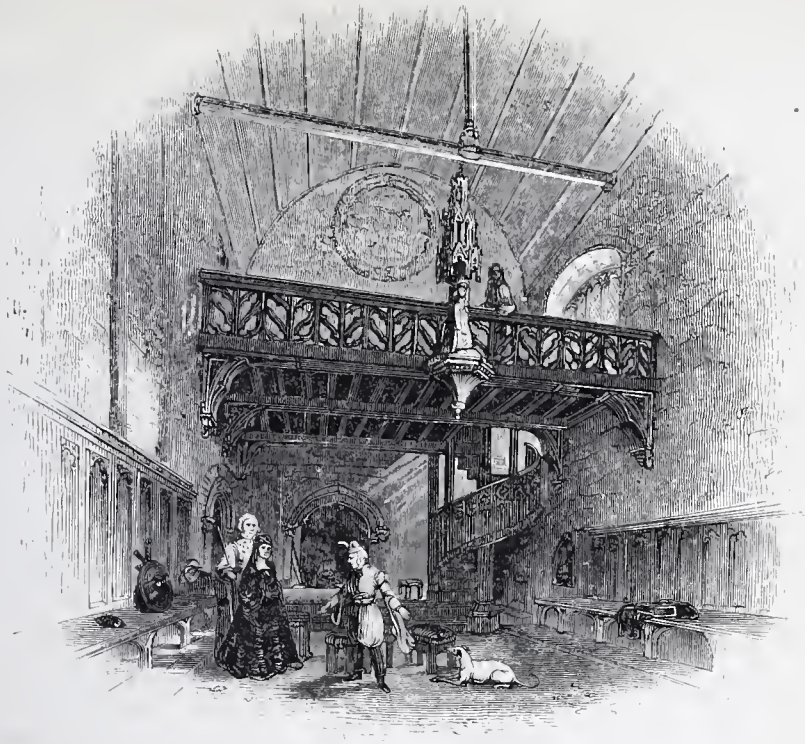
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First tried our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,

Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.
Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.
King. 'Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—"Let me not live,"—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out, "let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions."—This he wish'd;
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.
2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.
King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.
Ber. Some six months since, my lord.
King. If he were living, I would try him yet:—
Lend me an arm:—the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.
Ber. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt.*



Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.
ACT I SCENE 3



INTERIOR OF PALACE IN ROUSILLON.

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* COUNTESS's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, *Steward, and Clown.*

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness, that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam; 'tis not so well, that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel, the woman, and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage; and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body, for they say, barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends: for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo* he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,*
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What! one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but on every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence in the loss that may happen it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults; or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother.
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?——
Why, that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam: would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter in-law.
God shield, you mean it not! daughter and mother,
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son: invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin,
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly,

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about: my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love, O! then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy approv'd, set down
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord, your son, made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something in't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.
[*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room in the* KING'S *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING *with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war;* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and Attendants.*

King. Farewell, young lords: these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell.—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be: and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it: when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them.
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.
[*The* KING *retires to a couch.*

1 *Lord.* O, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with; "Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis too early."

Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with. By heaven! I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks, and lustrous, a word, good metals:—you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live, and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.
[*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!—What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king— [*Seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time: there do muster true gait; eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord,—[*Kneeling.*]—for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.
I would, you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across. But, my good lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen
A medicine that's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemaine a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she. My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her:—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* LAFEU.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together. Fare you well.
[*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bad me store up as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure:
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate, I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live;
But what at full I know thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee: fare thee well, kind maid.
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* COUNTESS's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, *and Clown.*

Count. Come on, sir: I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught.
I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir," at your whipping, and "spare not me?" Indeed, your "O Lord, sir," is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—"O Lord, sir." I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son.
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—Paris. *A Room in the* KING's *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere a man assured of an—
Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.
Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—what do you call there?—
Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.
Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.
Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—
Par. Nay, 'tis strange; 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—
Laf. Very hand of heaven.
Par. Ay, so I say.
Laf. In a most weak—
Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—
Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.
Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.
Par. Mort du vinaigre! Is not this Helen?
Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.
King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make.
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.
Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one.
Laf. I'd give bay curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.
King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.
All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
"We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever:
We'll ne'er come there again."
King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?
1 *Lord.* And grant it.
Hel. Thanks, sir: all the rest is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life.
Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!
2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.
Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped, or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.
Hel. [*To* 3 *Lord.*] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.
Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.
4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.
Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.
Hel. [*To* BERTRAM.] I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.
King. Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.
Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.
King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?
Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.
King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.
Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife?—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!
King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,

And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid.
I can create the rest: virtue, and she
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad.
Let the rest go.



ACT II. SCENE 3.—This is the man.

King. My honour's at the stake, which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims,
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak: thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony

Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be performed to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious, else, does err.

[*Exeunt* KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.



ACT II. SCENE 3.—Scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel: it might pass; yet the scarfs, and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee: when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every drachm of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what

it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him: an if I could but meet him again!

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married: there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then:—good, very good. Let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O, my Parolles, they have married me!—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what the import is,
I know not yet.

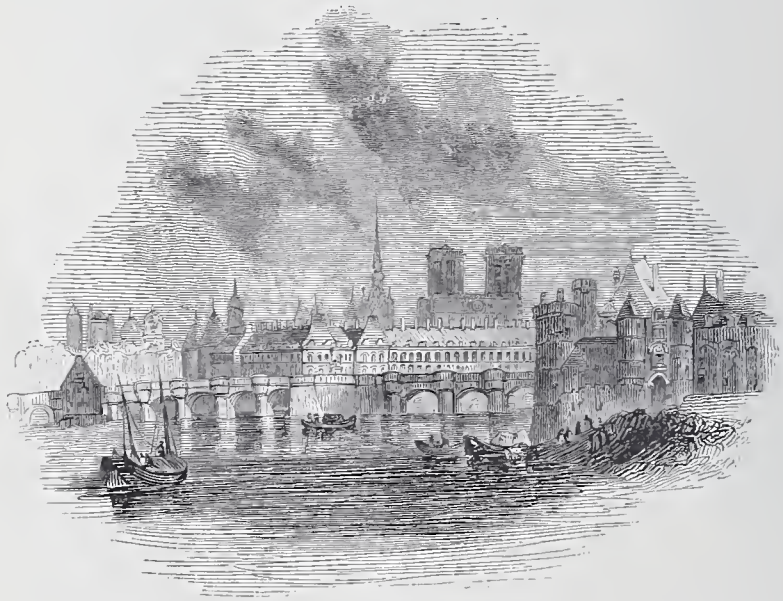
Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy! to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bounds and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it; 'tis hard.
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her: bravely go;
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*



GENERAL VIEW OF PARIS.

SCENE IV.—The Same. *Another Room in the Same.*

Enter HELENA, *and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool: I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter LAFEU, *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends: I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [*To* BERTRAM.] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O! I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to* PAROLLES.] Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possesion of the bride,
End, ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you: so,
I leave you to your wisdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell: hie home.
Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is,
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would, my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell. [*Exit* HELENA.
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away! and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio!
[*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the* DUKE's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE *of Florence, attended; two Frenchmen, and Soldiers.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.
1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
Fr. Env. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore, dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.
Duke. Be it his pleasure.
Fr. Gent. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be,
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* COUNTESS's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, *and Clown.*

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.
Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.
Count. By what observance, I pray you?
Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man, that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.
Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*
Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.
Count. What have we here?
Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*
Count. [*Reads.*] "I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear, I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.
"Your unfortunate son,
"BERTRAM."
This is not well: rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king!
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam! yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.
Count. What is the matter?
Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort: your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.
Count. Why should he be kill'd?
Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter HELENA, *and the two French Gentlemen.*

Fr. Env. Save you, good madam.
Hel. Madam, my lord is gone; for ever gone.
Fr. Gen. Do not say so.
Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't:—where is my son, I pray you?
Fr. Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.
Hel. Look on his letter, madam: here's my passport.

[*Reads.*] "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

Fr. Env. Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

Fr. Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Fr. Gen. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

Fr. Env. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

Fr. Env. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
Which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

Fr. Env. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

Fr. Env. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

Fr. Env. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

Fr. Gen. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt* COUNTESS, *and French Gentlemen.*

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O! you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone.
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day;
For with the dark poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE *of Florence*, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* COUNTESS'S *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, *and her Steward.*

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. [*Reads.*] "I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive:
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam.

If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger.—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction.—Provide this messenger.—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*



WITHOUT THE WALLS OF FLORENCE

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of Florence.*

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come; let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl:—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another. I'll question her.—
God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?
Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?
Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.
Hel. Is this the way?
Wid Ay, marry, is't.—Hark you!
[*A march afar off.*
They come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.
Hel. Is it yourself?
Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
Wid. You came, I think, from France?
Hel. I did so.
Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.
Hel. His name, I pray you.
Dia. The count Rousillon: know you such a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.
Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it so?
Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. O! I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Wid. Ay, right, good creature: wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!
Wid. So, now they come.—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honester,
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest, Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That jackanapes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! well.
Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look, he has spied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!
Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt* BER., PAR., *Officers, and Soldiers.*
Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
Hel. I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin,
Worthy the note.
Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*



ACT III SCENE 5.—So, now they come

SCENE VI.—*Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two Frenchmen.*

Fr. Env. Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

Fr. Gent. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

Fr. Env. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Fr. Env. Believe it, my lord: in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

Fr. Gent. It were fit you knew him, lest reposing too far in his virtue which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Fr. Gent. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

Fr. Env. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination, if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

Fr. Gent. O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

Fr. Env. O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

Fr. Gent. A pox on't! let it go: 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

Fr. Gent. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*—

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant, and to the possibility of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Fr. Env. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

Fr. Gent. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Fr. Env. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

Fr. Gent. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

Fr. Env. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

Fr. Gent. As't please your lordship.

Fr. Env. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

Fr. Gent. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?

Fr. Gent. With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA *and Widow.*

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.
Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now, his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.
Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.
Wid. I have yielded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*



COURT OF THE DUKE'S PALACE, FLORENCE



SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter French Envoy, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

Fr. Env. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Fr. Env. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

Fr. Env. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

Fr. Env. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, "Came you off with so little?" and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] Hardly serve.

Par. Although I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum, now, of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

Fr. Env. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O! ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize and blindfold him.*

1 *Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment;

And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me:
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.
1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:*—
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kerelybonto:—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poinards
Are at thy bosom.
Par. O!
1 *Sold.* O! pray, pray, pray!
Manka revania dulche.
Fr. Env. *Oscorbidulchos volivorco.*
1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet,
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.
Par. O! let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.
1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*—
Come on; thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*
Fr. Env. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.
2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.
Fr. Env. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform on that.
2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.
Fr. Env. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter BERTRAM, *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess,
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No;
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that:
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows.
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn?
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him, whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least, in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it.
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.
Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such a war,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion, honour, on my part
Against your vain assault.
Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window:
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*
Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end,——
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart: she says, all men
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two Frenchmen, and two or three Soldiers.

Fr. Gent. You have not given him his mother's letter.

Fr. Env. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

Fr. Gent. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

Fr. Env. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had ever tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly within you.

Fr. Gent. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Fr. Env. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman, here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

Fr. Gent. Now, God delay our rebellion: as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Fr. Env. Merely our own traitors: and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

Fr. Gent. Is it not mean,—damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night.

Fr. Env. Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.

Fr. Gent. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Fr. Env. We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Fr. Gent. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Fr. Env. I hear there is an overture of peace.

Fr. Gent. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Fr. Env. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

Fr. Gent. I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council.

Fr. Env. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

Fr. Gent. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand, which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Fr. Env. How is this justified?

Fr. Gent. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come,—was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Fr. Env. Hath the count all this intelligence?

Fr. Gent. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Fr. Env. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

Fr. Gent. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.

Fr. Env. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears. The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

Fr. Gent. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Fr. Env. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

Fr. Gent. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—How, now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congé'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of despatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Fr. Env. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit model: he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Fr. Env. Bring him forth.—[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]—He has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Fr. Env. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks, and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

Fr. Env. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

Fr. Gent. Hoodman comes!—*Portotartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sold. Bosko chimurcho.*

Fr. Gent. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* "First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

Fr. Gent. Y' are deceived, my lord: this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

Fr. Env. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

Fr. Gent. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth: the rogues are marvellous poor.



1 *Sold.* "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Fr. Gent. Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumaine be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness .. wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumaine?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[*Dumaine lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands: though, I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

Fr. Gent. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis: here's a paper; shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

Fr. Gent. Excellently.

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] "Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] "When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after debts; take it before,
And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this.
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

"Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
"PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in's forehead.

Fr. Env. This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this captain Dumaine. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Fr. Gent. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

Fr. Gent. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumaine?

Fr. Env. Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush, where I was taken?

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you; and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Fr. Env. God bless you, captain Parolles.

Fr. Gent. God save you, noble captain.

Fr. Env. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

Fr. Gent. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, *Frenchmen*, &c.

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where

but women were, that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*



ACT IV. SCENE 3.—So, look about you know you any here?

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive,
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you:
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
"All's well that ends well:" still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* COUNTESS'S *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no; your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we

may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So a' is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord, your son, was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: a' will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O, madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt*





SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Gent. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir?
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again:—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the* COUNTESS's *Palace.*

Enter Clown, and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir: I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit Clown.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?

There's a *quart d'ecu* for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word, then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand.—How does your drum?

Par. O, my good lord! you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out.—[*Trumpets sound.*]—The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me: I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you [*Exeunt.*



COURT OF COUNTESS'S PALACE.—Parolles, Clown, and Lafeu.

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Room in the* COUNTESS's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, *Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, etc.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.
Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blade of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note, but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.
King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither.
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.—Let him not ask our pardon:
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.
Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit Gentleman.*
King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?
Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.
King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top,
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Ber. Admiringly.
My liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt. But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence
Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.
Count. Which better than the first, O, dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that, ere I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd: my lord, she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety.
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,

Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
Ber. She never saw it.
King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards seize* BERTRAM.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him!
We'll sift this matter further.
Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.
[*Exit* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman, (the Astringer.)

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.
Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] "Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

"DIANA CAPILET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him.
King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.
Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, for wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.



MARSEILLES.

King. Come hither, count. Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me;
Either both, or none.

Laf. [*To* BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter: you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord: if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O! behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife:
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debauch'd,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring; I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come; to the purpose. Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir. as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.—
What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of: therefore, I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst
Say they are married. But thou art too fine
In thy evidence: therefore stand aside.—
This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

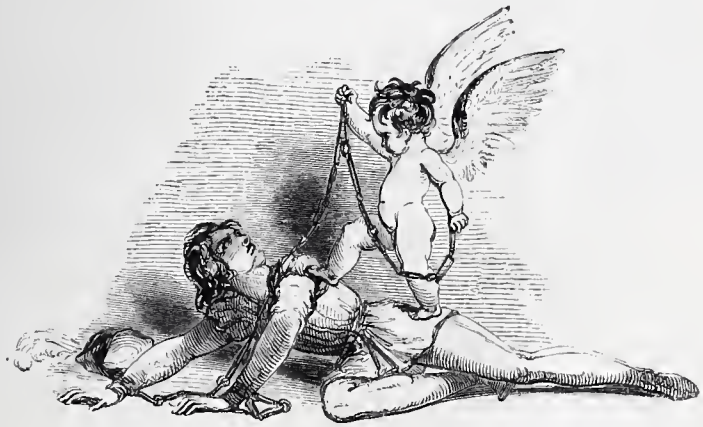
King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure.
King. This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife.
Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.
King. Take her away: I do not like her now.
To prison with her; and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.
Dia. I'll never tell you.
King. Take her away.
Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some common customer.
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?
Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life!
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.
King. She does abuse our ears. To prison with her!
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—[*Exit Widow.*]—Stay, royal sir:
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I 'quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?
Hel. No, my good lord:
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see;
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both! O, pardon!
Hel. O! my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter: this it says:
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child," &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O! my dear mother, do I see you living?
Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.—Good Tom Drum,—[*To* PAROLLES.]—lend me a handkerchief: so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
King Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
[*To* DIANA.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[*Exeunt omnes.*





Gate of Perpignan.

NOTES ON ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.—Scene 1.

"— *to whom I am now in* WARD"—"It is now almost forgotten in England, (says Johnson,) that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France it is of no use to inquire, for Shakespeare gives to all nations the manners of England." Knight justly observes that, "The particular expression here used by Shakespeare does not necessarily imply that the feudal rights of the sovereign over tenants in chief, during their minority, were assumed to be exercised in the case of Bertram. Those rights did not extend to all France, but were confined to Normandy. Our Poet followed, without regard to the general question of wards, the story of Boccaccio, in which the Bertram of the novel is represented as being left by his father under the guardianship of the king. But in Shakespeare's day the rights of wardship were exercised by the crown very oppressively, and an English audience would quite understand how a sovereign could claim the privilege of disposing of his tenant in marriage."

"— *how sad a* PASSAGE *'tis*"—"'Passage' is any thing that *passes*. So we now say, 'a *passage* of an author;' and we said about a century ago, 'the *passages* of a reign.' When the Countess mentions Helena's loss of a father, she recollects her own loss of a husband, and stops to observe how heavily the word *had* passes through her mind."—Johnson.

Thus, in the Comedy of Errors, (act iii. scene 1:)—

Now in the stirring *passage* of the day.

"*A* FISTULA"—In the Poet's time, this term did not convey so disagreeable and repulsive an idea as now. In Painter's novel the passage relating to the disorder of the king of France runs thus:—"She heard by report that the French king had a swelling upon his breast, which, by reason of ill cure, was growen to be a fistula, which did put him to marveilous paine and griefe; and that there was no Phisician to be found (although many were proved) that could heale it."

"— *these* GREAT TEARS *grace his remembrance*"—"The 'great tears' which the departure of Bertram causes her to shed, being imputed to her grief for her father, grace his remembrance more than those which she really shed for him." This interpretation, obvious in itself, need not have been given, (we owe it first to M. Mason,) had not eminent annotators interpreted the "great tears" as "tears shed by the *great*," (i. e. the king, etc.,) for Helena's father.

"*In his bright radiance and collateral light*"—i. e. I cannot be united with him, and move in the same sphere, but must be comforted at a distance by the radiance that shoots on all sides from him.

"— *our heart's* TABLE"—A "table" was the old word for a *picture:* here it is used for the canvass on which a picture was to be painted. Shakespeare uses "table of my heart" in his Twenty-fourth "Sonnet." *Trick*, in the next line, means *personal peculiarity*, as in Lear—"the trick of his voice;" though it may be derived, as Collier interprets it, from the technicalities of drawing, or painting.

"— *too* CAPABLE"—Here, and afterwards in Parolles's phrase of "*capable* of a courtier's counsel," we have the word used as it is in Hamlet, in a common old sense, given in the old dictionaries, for *able to receive* or *comprehend; susceptible*.

"*And you,* MONARCH"—The word *queen* had a double sense—a royal personage or a *scold*. When Helena says, "And you, monarch," she may intend a reference to a fantastical character called *Monarcho*, in the time

of Shakespeare. (See note to LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, act iv. scene 1.) A *Monarcho* seems to have been a blustering braggart, not unlike Parolles.

"— *some* STAIN *of soldier in you*"—i. e. Some *tincture*, or *colour* of a soldier.

"*There shall your master have a thousand loves*"—It is not clear to what the adverb "there" applies: whether to Helena's virginity, as Stevens maintains, or to the French court, whither Bertram had gone. The last is by far the more probable; but the whole speech is abrupt and obscure, and possibly, as Hanmer contended, something has been lost—such as the words, "You're for the court." Or, the preceding words in Parolles's speech, "Will you any thing with it?" may be a misprint for "Will you any thing with the court?"

"— *pretty, fond, adoptious* CHRISTENDOMS"—The

> —— pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
> That blinking Cupid gossips—

of which we have here an example, are taken from the fashionable love-phrases of the day, which were adopted from the Italian poets, so familiarly known in the court of Elizabeth; and Heath says that an "authority for most, if not all of them, can be found in the love-poetry of those times." "Christendoms" is used, as in other writers of the age, for *Christian names*, for which Cupid acts as "gossip," (i. e. *sponsor*, being the old primitive sense of that word;) *God-sibs*, i. e. *sib*, or *related* in a religious relation.

"— *a virtue of a* GOOD WING"—This is a metaphor from Shakespeare's favourite source, *faleonry*. A bird of "good wing" was a bird of swift and strong flight. "If your valour will suffer you to go backward for advantage, and your fear, for the same reason, will make you run away, the composition is a virtue that will fly far and swiftly." Mason thinks we should read—"*is* like *to* wear well."

"*The mightiest space in fortune nature brings*"—"The meaning is this:—'The affections given us by nature often unite persons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance, or disparity; and cause them to join like likes (*instar parium*) like persons in the same situation or rank of life.' Thus, in TIMON:—

> Thou solderest close *impossibilities*,
> And mak'st them *kiss*.

'The mightiest space in fortune,' for persons the most widely separated by fortune, is certainly a licentious expression; but it is such a license as Shakespeare often takes. Thus, in CYMBELINE, the *diminution of space* is used for the diminution, of which space, or *distance*, is the cause."—MALONE.

SCENE II.

"— *Florentines and* SENOYS"—The "Senoys" are the inhabitants of the republic of Sienna, so called by Painter in his novel, after the French.

"*He had the wit, which I can well observe*"—"Honour is not dignity of birth or rank, but acquired reputation: 'Your father (says the King) had the same airy flights of satirical wit with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did, hide their unnoted levity in honour—cover petty faults with great merit.' This is an excellent observation. Jocose follies, and slight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities."—JOHNSON.

"*So like a courtier, contempt* NOR *bitterness*"—"'Nor' was used without reduplication. So, in MEASURE FOR MEASURE:—

> More *nor* less to others paying,
> Than by self-offences weighing.

The old text needs to be explained. He was so like a courtier, that there was in his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous, and in his keenness of wit nothing bitter. If bitterness or contemptuousness ever appeared, they had been awakened by some injury, not of a man below him, but of his equal. This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and somewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero, Louis XIV."—JOHNSON.

"*His* TONGUE *obey'd his* HAND"—The metaphor of a *clock* is continued: his "tongue," in speaking what exception bade him, obeyed the "hand" of honour's clock—*his* hand being put for *its* hand.

"— *in* APPROOF *lives not his epitaph*"—i. e. *Approbation*, as in MEASURE FOR MEASURE; meaning that the approbation of Bertram's father is not recorded in his epitaph with so much effect as in the King's speech.

"— FATHERS *of their garments*"—Tyrwhitt would read *feathers* for "fathers;" but the sense of the old reading is obvious—the judgments of such persons are only employed in begetting new modes of dressing their persons.

"*In their poor praise he humbled*"—Malone deems the construction to be "In their poor praise he *being* humbled."

"— AFTER *him, do* AFTER *him*"—A play on the word "after," using it in the same breath in different senses—"I, *after* him, in time, act *after* his example," etc.

SCENE III.

"— *and* CLOWN"—The "Clown," in this comedy, is a domestic fool of the same kind as Touchstone. Such fools were, in the Poet's time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, censures such dialogues as this, and that between Olivia and the Clown, in TWELFTH NIGHT:—

> Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies,
> I' th' *lady's* questions, and the *fool's* replies,
> Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
> In trunk-hose, which our fathers called the *clown*.

"— *to* EVEN *your* CONTENT"—i. e. To *come up* to your *wishes*. In this rather too quaint phrase, the Steward says he wishes that the pains he has taken to fulfil the lady's hopes, might be learned from the memory of the acts themselves; for the necessity of self-commendation is painful, besides lessening the lustre of merit.

"— *to go to the world*"—This phrase signifies *to be married:* thus, in AS YOU LIKE IT, Audrey says, "It is no dishonest desire, to desire to be *a woman of the world*."

"— BARNES *are blessings*"—"Barnes" is the word still used in Scotland for *children*, with a slight change both of sound and orthography. It is on account of this difference, however slight, as marking the history of language, that I have retained the old spelling, instead of conforming it, with most later editors, to the Scotch.

"— E'EN *great friends*"—The old copy reads, "*in* great friends;" which Johnson and Knight retain, and understand as expressing that "she is not skilled in the matter of great friends." But *in* for "e'en" is a misprint which occurs often; and the sense supports the correction.

"— HOWSOME'ER *their hearts are severed*"—The modern editions invariably read *howsoe'er*, and the ancient copies *howsomere*, or *howsome'er*, which most likely was meant for a vulgarism on the part of the Clown. If there be any personal allusion in the names of Charbon and Poysam, (Collier says,) it has not been discovered.

"— *the* NEXT *way*"—i. e. The *nearest*, or *most direct* way. This is still used in Warwickshire.

"— FOND *done*"—i. e. Done *foolishly*. "Fond," for *foolish*, was common in Old-English, and indeed seems the primitive sense. It acquired the modern sense of *tender, loving*, from being first used habitually to express excessive or doating affection.

"—ON *every blazing star*"—The old copy has, "*ere* every blazing star"—a misprint, for which different editors have read *for*, *ere*, and *or*, (in its old sense of *before*.) "On" is Singer's conjecture, and seems the most probable, though the choice is immaterial.

"*Though honesty be no puritan*"—"The Clown answers, with the licentious petulance allowed to the character, that 'if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss;' that he does not amiss, he makes the effect not of his lady's goodness, but of his own honesty, which, though not very puritanical, will do no hurt, but, unlike the puritans, will comply with the injunctions of superiors, and 'wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart'—will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection."—JOHNSON.

"DIANA, *no queen of virgins*"—"The passage in the original stands thus:—'Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; queen of virgius, that would suffer her poor knight surprised without rescue,' etc. The introduction of 'Diana, no' and 'to be' was made by Theobald. We adopt such changes with great reluctance; but, as the text in the original is certainly corrupt, we prefer a reading that has been generally received to any new conjecture. It would certainly be a less violent alteration to let the descriptiou of Fortuue and Love terminate without the introduction of Diana; and to suppose the Steward to be translating into narrative an apostrophe of Helena to the Queen of Virgins."—KNIGHT.

"—SITHENCE"—The old and unabridged form of *sincc*.

"*The many-coloured Iris, rounds thine eye*"—"There is something exquisitely beautiful in the representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight, when the eye-lashes are wet with tears. The Poet has described the same appearance in his RAPE OF LUCRECE:—

> And round about her tear-distained eye
> Blue circles streamed, like rainbows in the sky."
>
> HENLEY.

"*Why, that you are my daughter*"—In the old copies, there is a long dash before "Why, that you are my daughter?" to indicate a pause, and an interrupted sentence. The obvious meaning is, "Why, because I call you my daughter, does your eye put on this appearance?"

"—*were you* BOTH *our mothers*"—A colloquial carelessness of expressiou, for "were you mother to us *both*." "I care no more for, than I do for heaven," is in the same free idiom for "I wish as much," "I should joy in it as much as iu heaven, provided he were not there also my brother."

"—*your* LONELINESS"—The old copies have *lovelincss* for "loneliness;" but the mistake is evident.

"—CAPTIOUS *and* INTENIBLE *sieve*"—Malone, Collier and Knight, agree with Stevens in taking "captious" for *capable of receiving*, which, however, the next word ("inteuible") contradicts. Johnson is at a loss, "having never found *captious* in this sense," and supposes it may have been meant for *carious*. But Mr. Singer has shown conclusively, from the authority of the contemporary old dictionaries, (Cooper's, 1584, Latin and English; Cotgrave's, French and English; aud Florio's, Italian,) that "captious" then meant *deceitful*.

"*There's something* IN'T"—Many editors adopt the emendation of Hanmer, "There's something *hints;*" but the old copies read, "There's something in't," which is very intelligible, and ought to be preserved. In TWELFTH NIGHT, (act iv. scene 3,) the same expression occurs.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"—*young* LORDS"—"Here, and in the passage of the following line, which we print 'my *lord*,' the original reads *lords*. The subsequent passage—

> Share the advice *betwixt you;* if *both* gain all—

shows that the correction of the plural to the singular, made by Tyrwhitt, was called for."—KNIGHT.

Mr. Collier retains the plural, and explains that the King is addressing two separate bodies of young nobles. But *both* seems to require but *two persons*.

> "—*let* HIGHER *Italy*
> (*Those* 'BATED, *that inherit but the fall*
> *Of the last monarchy,*)" etc.

This passage is obscure, and probably corrupt. The meaning, according to Johnson, is this:—"Let Upper Italy, where you are to exercise your valour, see that you come to gain honour, to the abatement (i. e. to the *disgrace* and *depression*) of those that have now lost their ancient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy." Knight and others refer "higher" to the general dignity of Rome, and interpret "'bated" as "excepting those, as unfit judges of honour," who inherit not Roman virtue, but its decay. To these explanations must be added the conjecture of Coleridge. It ought to be observed that Hanmer was before him in the "guess" of *bastards* for "'bated:"—"It would be, I own, an audacious and unjustifiable change of the text; but yet, as a mere conjecture, I venture to suggest *bastards* for 'bated.' As it stands, I can make little or nothing of it. Why should the King except the then most illustrious states, which, as being republics, were the more truly iuheritors of the Roman grandeur? With my conjecture the sense would be, 'Let higher, or the more northern part of Italy, (unless 'higher' be a corruption of *hir'd*, the metre seeming to demand a monosyllable,) those *bastards* that inherit only the infamy of their fathers, see,' etc. The following 'woo' and 'wed' are so far confirmative as they indicate Shakespeare's manner of connection by unmarked influences of association from some preceding metaphor. This it is which makes his style so peculiarly vital and organic. Likewise, 'those girls of Italy' strengthen the guess."—(*Literary Remains.*)

Johnson's seems to me the most satisfactory comment, unless we accept this very probable correction.

"—*one to* DANCE *with*"—In Shakespeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on.

"—*there do muster true gait*"—Several editors have thought this a misprint—one for "*master* true gait," another for "muster *with* true gait," and others again for "*they* muster," etc. I am content with the old reading, and Henley's explanation:—"The obscurity of the passage arises from the fantastical language of a character like Parolles, whose affectation of wit urges his imagination from one allusion to another, without allowing time for his judgment to determine their congruity. The 'cap of time' being the first image that occurs, 'true gait,' manner of *eating*, *speaking*, etc., are the several ornaments which they 'muster,' place, or arrange in *time's cap*. This is done 'under the influence of the most received star,' (i. e. the person in the highest repute for setting the fashions;) aud though the devil were to lead the 'measure,' or *dance* of fashion, such is their implicit submission, that even he must be followed."

"—SEE *thee to stand up*"—So the original: in modern editions, *fee*. "I'll *see* thee to stand up" is, "I'll *notice* you when you stand up."

"—ACROSS"—This word, which is taken from breaking a spear "across" in chivalric exercises, is used elsewhere by Shakespeare where a pass of wit miscarries. (See AS YOU LIKE IT, act iii. scene 4.)

"—*make you dance* CANARY"—"Canary" was the name of a lively kind of dance.

"*Than I dare blame my weakness*"—An obscure passage, which may bear more than one meaning. That given by M. Mason strikes me as the probable one:—"Lafeu's meaning appears to me to be this: That the amazement she excited in him was so great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it."

"—*I am Cressid's uncle*"—i. e. *Pandarus*. (See TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.) This allusion has been thought to throw some light on the relative date of the plays; but Chaucer and his continuator, as well as more humble romancers, had made Cressid and her uncle familiar enough to an English audience to have warranted this allusion, before they were dramatized.

"*Since you* SET UP YOUR REST *'gainst remedy*"—This phrase, found in a more solemn use in ROMEO AND JULIET, (act v.)—"set up my everlasting rest")—has been shown by Nares, in his "Glossary," and by several commentators, to have been drawn from the game of *Primero*, once fashionable throughout Europe, and there meant to *stand* upon the cards in one's hand. It thence came to mean, in the English of Elizabeth's age, as well as in contemporary Italian and Spanish, "to adventure all, to be determined, to resolve to take the risk of the present state of things." But it should also be borne in mind, (which the critics have not noted,) that this phrase, like many similar ones in all languages, drawn from field-sports, favourite games, etc., having once become familiar in its secondary sense, was then used without any reference or comparison, in the speaker or hearer, to its literal sense. Such phrases become merely a proverbial or idiomatic mode of expression, where the original allusion is quite out of sight. Romeo, in his solemn soliloquy, and Helena here, have no more direct reference to the game which gave birth and popularity to the phrase, than the preacher or orator of the present day, when he speaks of "staking" our hopes, or our all, has to the usages of betting. The metaphorical idea, in both cases, is wholly merged in the secondary and habitual sense.

"*When judges have been babes*"—The allusion is to St. Matthew's Gospel, (xi. 25:) "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." (See also 1 Cor. i. 27.)

"—*despair most* FITS"—The old copies have *shifts*, which Pope, for the sake of the rhyme, as well as the sense, altered to *sits*. Collier adopts an old manuscript correction, "fits," which seems still more probable.

"*Inspired merit so by* BREATH *is barr'd*"—"'Breath' expresses human wisdom or opinion, as opposed to the excellence inspired from heaven."

"*I am not an impostor*"—i. e. I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another; that proclaim a cure, and aim at a fraud: I think what I speak.

"—NE *worse of worst extended*"—Let me be stigmatized as a strumpet, and, in addition, (although that would not be worse, or a more "extended" evil than what I have mentioned, the loss of my honour, which is the worst that could happen,) let me die with torture. "Ne" is *not*, or *nor;* common in Saxon and very old English, but of which this is among the latest examples.

"*Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all*"—The line is usually printed—

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, *virtue*, all.

Virtue was added by Warburton, "to supply a defect in the measure." This word, if one be wanted, is not that authorized by the context. The King enumerates all the qualities which are apparent in Helena, which she has displayed in her interview with him. But the metre does not need this help; for though, counted on the fingers, it wants two syllables, yet the marked pauses, between each emphatic word, give the full required length to the ear.

"—*happiness and* PRIME"—"Prime" is here used as a substantive, and means that sprightly vigour which usually accompanies the prime of life. So in Montaigne's "Essays," translated by Florio:—"Many things seem greater by imagination than by effect. I have passed over a good part of my age in sound and perfect health: I say, not only sound, but blithe, and wantonly lustful. That state, full of lust, of *prime*, and mirth, made me deem the consideration of sickness so irksome that, when I came to the experience of them, I have found their fits but weak."

"—*my hopes of* HEAVEN"—The old copies have *help* for "heaven," which last is probably right; Shakespeare having used the somewhat forced expression, "But will you make it even?" for the sake of closing the couplet emphatically with "heaven." All this part of the scene is in rhyme.

"—IMAGE *of thy state*"—This is the original reading, and gives a sense congruous to the context, such as the author may very well have intended. Yet there is both probability and poetic taste in Warburton's conjecture that the word was *impage*, from *imping*, or grafting—thus making Helena continue the metaphor by declining to graft on her lowly stock any scion of the royal state of France. The chief objection to adopting this word is that it is not found elsewhere, and, if it was written by the author, must have been of his own coinage—which is certainly not at all unlikely.

SCENE II.

"—*as* TIB'S RUSH *for* TOM'S FORE-FINGER"—"Tom" and "Tib" were apparently common names for a *lad* and *lass;* the *rush ring* seems to have been a kind of love-token, for plighting of troth among rustic lovers. In Green's "Menaphon" the custom is alluded to—"Well, 'twas a goodly worlde when such simplicitie was used, sayes the olde women of our time, when a *ring of rush* would tie as much love together as a gimmon (*gimmal*) of golde."

The phrase was still in use among the lighter writers of Charles II.'s time.

SCENE III.

"—MODERN *and familiar things supernatural and* CAUSELESS"—"Modern" is often used by Shakespeare for *common*. Upon "causeless," Coleridge remarks:—"Shakespeare, inspired, as it might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word 'causeless' in its strict philosophical sense—*cause* being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, (i. e. things natural,) and not of *noumena*, or things supernatural."

"—*your* DOLPHIN *is not lustier*"—Stevens maintains this to mean the *Dauphin*, or heir of the crown of France; and thus in fact the title was anciently anglicised, by the most accurate writers. Thus old Coryat, the traveller, relates the historical origin of "the title of dolphin to the eldest sonne of the kinge of France." But here I quite agree with Nares, that this is but a colloquial comparison with the dolphin, as an active, lively, jumping fish. Such piscatory comparisons are so common in English usage as to mark the habits of the people—"as sound as a roach;" "as slippery as an eel." If the heir-apparent of France had been meaut, it would have been said *the* Dolphin.

"LUSTICK, *as the Dutchman says*"—This word came into common use from Holland, in the beginning of the seventeenth century: it occurs, among other authorities, in Decker and Webster's "Wyat's History," (1607:)—

If my old master be hang'd, why so;
If not, why rustick and *lustick*.

"—*to lead her a* CORANTO"—i. e. A species of *dance* often mentioned in writers of Shakespeare's time. It was very active and lively. (See TWELFTH NIGHT, act i. scene 3.)

"— *to each*, BUT ONE"—i. e. I wish a virtuous mistress to each of you, with *one exception;* meaning Bertram, whom in hope she reserves for herself, whom she could not modestly describe as "fair and virtuous."

"— *bay* CURTAL"—i. e. A bay *docked horse.*

"*My mouth no more were* BROKEN"—A "broken mouth" is one which has lost some of its teeth.

"— *all the rest is mute*"—i. e. "I have no more to say to you;" and she therefore proceeds to the second lord.

"— *throw* AMES-ACE *for my life*"—"Ames-ace," or *both aces*, was the lowest throw upon two dice. To "throw ames-ace" is an expression often used, indicating ill luck. Lafeu is contrasting it with the happy chance of being the choice of Helena.

"— *great additions* SWELL'S"—So the old copy, which abbreviates *swell us* into "swell's," to show that the line requires it to be pronounced as a monosyllable.

"— *good alone*
Is good, without a name; vileness is so," etc.

The meaning is—Good is good, independent of any worldly distinction or title: so, vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear. The same phraseology is found in MACBETH:—

> Though all things foul would wear the brow of grace,
> Yet grace must still look so—

(i. e. must still look like grace—like itself.)

"— *which to defeat*"—The *implication*, or *clause* of the sentence, (as the grammarians say,) here serves for the antecedent—"which *danger* to defeat." So in OTHELLO:—

> —— she dying gave it me,
> And bid me when my fate would have me wive
> To give it her—

(i. e. to my wife, though not mentioned before but by implication.)

"*Into the* STAGGERS"—The commentators here inform us that the "staggers" is a violent disease in horses; but the word in the text has no relation, even metaphorically, to it. The reeling and unsteady course of a drunken or sick man is meant. Shakespeare has the same expression in CYMBELINE, where Posthumus says:—

> Whence come these *staggers* on me?

"*A counterpoise, if not to thy estate*"—i. e. I promise her such rank and wealth as may be an equivalent to them, if not a still fuller scale, outweighing that on your side.

"— *the* NOW-BORN *brief*"—The old copies read *now-borne*, which Collier retains, and says the meaning of it is clear—"whose ceremony shall seem expedient on the *now*, to be borne briefly, or concluded briefly." I cannot make out this sense, and (unless the whole be a misprint for something else) prefer the ordinary reading of "now-born brief." "Brief" is used as frequently, by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, for any short writing, or speech; as in this play, (act v. scene 3,)—"She told me, in a sweet verbal brief!" The lines there mean—"whose ceremony shall seem expedient on the short verbal contract which has now had its birth."

"— *and Attendants*"—The old copies have the following stage-direction here:—"Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding."

"— *for two* ORDINARIES"—i. e. While I dined in your company twice. The dining at an *ordinary* was a fashion of genteel life, in Shakespeare's day, which the change of manners renders every day less common, as well as less fashionable, in England. In this respect, as in many others, American tastes and usages preserve Old-English habits, which have gone out of date at home.

"— *a vessel of too great a burden*"—Parolles, from this, and several passages of a similar nature, appears to have been intended for a great coxcomb in dress; and Lafeu here compares his trappings to the gaudy decorations of a pleasure-vessel, not "of too great a burden." Hall, in his "Satires," (book iv. sect. 6,) has described a soldier so scarfed:—

> The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see
> All *scarfed* with pied colours to the k ee,
> Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate;
> And now he 'gins to loath his former state.

"— *in what motion age will give me leave*"—"'I cannot do much, (says Lafeu;) doing I am *past, as I will by thee* in what motion age will give me leave'—(i. e. 'as I will *pass* by thee as fast as I am able:')—and he immediately goes out."—EDWARDS.

"— *the dark house, and the detested wife*"—The "dark house" is a house made gloomy by discontent. Milton says of Death and the King of Hell, preparing to combat:—

> So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
> Grew darker at their frown.

This is much the same thought, though more solemnly expressed, that we meet with in KING HENRY IV., (Part I.:)—

> —— he's as tedious
> As a tired horse, a railing wife;
> Worse than a smoky house.

SCENE IV.

"— *and* WELL-FED"—"An allusion to the old saying, 'Better fed than taught;' to which the Clown has himself alluded in a preceding scene:—'I will show myself *highly fed* and lowly taught.'"—RITSON.

"— *but puts it off* TO *a compell'd restraint*"—i. e. Postpones it *owing to* a compulsory restraint.

"— *the* CURBED *time*"—i. e. The time to which the *compell'd restraint* applies.

"*May make it* PROBABLE NEED"—i. e. May give it the *appearance of necessity.*

SCENE V.

"— *I took this* LARK *for a* BUNTING"—"The 'bunting' is, in feather, size, and form, so like the *sky-lark*, as to require nice attention to discover the one from the other: it also ascends and sinks in the air nearly in the same manner; but it has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-lark."—J. JOHNSON.

"END, *ere I do begin*"—All the copies, ancient and modern, uutil Collier's edition, read, "*And* ere I do begin," as if it were a broken sentence; but the true reading has been pointed out by the MS. corrector of Lord F. Egerton's first folio, where "End" is substituted for *And*, or rather *E* for *A*, in the margin. This happy suggestion gives the meaning of Bertram, that he will *end* his matrimonial rite *ere he begins it.*

"— *like him that leaped into the custard*"—Ben Jonson has a passage which illustrates this:—

> He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
> Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing,
> And take his Almain-leap into a custard,
> Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
> Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.
> *Devil is an Ass*, (act i. scene 1.)

The leaper into the custard was the *city fool.* Gifford has a note on the above passage, which we copy:—"Our old dramatists abound with pleasant allusions to the enormous size of their 'quaking custards,' which were served up at the city feasts, and with which such gross fooleries were played. Thus Glassthorne:—

> —— I'll write the city annals
> In metre, which shall far surpass Sir Guy
> Of Warwick's history, or John Stow's, upon
> The custard, with the four-and-twenty nooks
> At my lord mayor's feast.—*Wit in a Constable.*

Indeed, no common supply was required; for, besides

what the corporation (great devourers of custard) consumed on the spot, it appears that it was thought no breach of city manners to send or take some of it home with them, for the use of their ladies. In the excellent old play quoted above, Clara twits her uncle with this practice:—

> Nor shall you, sir, as 'tis a frequent custom,
> 'Cause you're a worthy alderman of a ward,
> Feed me with custard and perpetual white broth,
> Sent from the lord mayor's feast, and kept ten days,
> Till a new dinner from the common-hall
> Supply the large defect."

"— *I have kept of them tame*"—"Of them," for "*some* of them," is a very old idiom, which has gradually become antiquated, though perhaps not yet quite obsolete.

"— *the wealth I* OWE"—i. e. *Own*, or am *possessed* of. (See notes in many other places, where "owe" bears the same signification.)

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*Holy seems the quarrel*"—This should seem to be the remark of a Florentine lord; as in the old copies the "two Frenchmen" are distinguished by "French E." and "French G.," (perhaps French Envoy and French Gentleman,) before what is assigned to them in the dialogue. Most of the modern editors make no such distinction, but merely call them "1 Lord" and "2 Lord." These appear to be the same "French E." and "French G." who afterwards accompany Helena to Roussillon.

SCENE II.

"— *he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing*"—The tops of the boots, in Shakespeare's time, turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding part, or top, was the "ruff:" it was of softer leather than the boot, and often fringed. Ben Jonson calls it the *ruffle*:—"Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catched hold of the ruffle of my boot."—(*Every Man out of his Humour.*) To this fashion, also, Bishop Earle alludes in his "Characters," (1638:)—"He has learned to ruffle his face from his boot, and takes great delight in his walk to hear his spurs jingle."

"— WOMAN *me*"—i. e. *Affect* me as my sex are usually affected.

"*Which holds him much to have*"—The meaning seems to be, that Parolles has a great deal too much of that which it imports him to have much of, in order to keep up appearances—impudence. Heath thought the meaning was, that Parolles had "a deal too much of that which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him—i. e. folly and ignorance."

"*Not so, but as we change our courtesies*"—"The gentlemen declare that they are servants to the Countess; she replies—No otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility."—JOHNSON.

"— *move the* STILL-PIECING *air*"—This is a line doubtful alike in its reading and its meaning. The first folio has "*still-peering* air." This Knight retains, as meaning "*appearing* still"—a sense, to my mind, not easy to be extracted from the words, and neither very poetical nor appropriate when obtained. The second folio has "still-piercing," which is preferred by Nares and others, as meaning "still or constantly *pierced*;" the active for the passive participle, as often occurs in old poets. I have preferred the reading suggested by some anonymous critic, and adopted by Stevens and other editors, of "still-piecing," (i. e. which constantly *pieces*, or makes itself whole.) My chief reason for this preference is one not given by the English editors—the resemblance of the thought and expression to a passage in the TEMPEST, where Ariel tells the three men of sin that their swords—

> —— may as well
> Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked stabs
> Kill the *still-closing* waters.

Thus Helena here charges the bullets to wound the "still-piecing air," which still closes over the wound, and sings as in scorn of it, but to spare her lord. That "still-piecing" is the word designed, is made more probable by the fact that the old orthography would be *still-peecing*, which requires but the error of one letter to make *still-peering*, as in the first folio. This idea is oriental and scriptural, and may well have been suggested by a passage in the apocryphal book of the "Wisdom of Solomon:"—"As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through."

"*Whence honour but of danger wins a scar*"—The sense is—Come from that place where all the advantage that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in the testimony of its bravery; as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself.

SCENE III.

"— EDGE *of hazard*"—So, in our author's One Hundred and Sixteenth "Sonnet:"—

> But bears it out even to the *edge* of doom.

Milton has borrowed this expression, (*Paradise Regained*, book i.:)—

> You see our danger on the utmost *edge*
> Of hazard.

SCENE IV.

"— *Saint Jaques' pilgrim*"—From Dr. Heylin's "France Painted to the Life," (1656,) we learn that at Orleans was a church dedicated to St. Jaques, to which pilgrims formerly used to resort, to adore a part of the cross pretended to be found there.

SCENE V.

"*A* TUCKET *afar off*"—A "tucket" was not the name of an instrument, but of the sound produced by an instrument—the trumpet.

"— *are not the things they* GO UNDER"—i. e. Are not the things they *pretend to be*, under the names of which they go and are known.

"*Where do the* PALMERS *lodge*"—"Palmers" were so called from a staff or bough of *palm* they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places of Jerusalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a pilgrim had some dwelling-place; a palmer had none The pilgrim travelled to some certain place; the palmer to all, and not to any one in particular. The pilgrim must go at his own charge; the palmer must profess wilful poverty. The pilgrim might give over his profession; the palmer must be constant."—BLOUNT'S *Glossary.*

"*His face I know not*"—"Shall we say here (asks Coleridge) that Shakespeare has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's own conscience?"

"AY, RIGHT, *good creature*"—This is the reading of the second folio, which has "*I* right good creature," etc.; "Ay" being almost invariably printed *I* in the folios, as in other books of the time. But the first folio has "*I write* good creature," etc., which Malone and Collier retain as the phraseology of the day; just as Parolles says, "I write myself man." But Mr. Dyce has shown (*Remarks*) that this phrase is used only in reference to the speaker, and here would make the Widow say, "I write myself (or *pronounce* myself) a good creature." The reading of the text which is the more commonly

received one, as an assent to Helena's remarks, is clear and natural.

"— *a party of the Florentine army*"—The old copies read, "and the whole army"—i. e. the whole army the theatre could put upon the stage.

"— BROKES *with all*"—i. e. *Negotiates, bargains;* a verb now obsolete, though its noun, *broker*, is retained, in a more restricted sense.

"*I will bestow some precepts* OF *this virgin*"—As it is important to preserve the peculiarities of our ancient idiom, I have followed Mr. Collier in rejecting the "*on* this virgin" of all the other editors, and reading, with the first folio, "*of* this virgin," which was the language of the time. Thus, in the TAMING OF THE SHREW we had "both *of* one horse;" and in the same comedy Petruchio says, "I'll venture so much *of* my hawk or hound."

SCENE VI.

"— *a* HILDING"—i. e. A *low, cowardly fellow*; as in HENRY V., "To purge the field from such a *hilding* foe."

"— *the* LEAGUER *of his adversaries*"—i. e. The *camp.* Doncе aptly quotes the following:—"They will not vouchsafe in their speaches or writings to use our ancient termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a camp by the Dutch name of *Legar;* nor will not affoord to say, that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegard.*"—SMYTHE'S *Discourses*, (1590.)

"— *John Drum's entertainment*"—This was a common phrase for *ill treatment.* There is an old motley interlude called "Jack Drum's Entertainment, or the Comedy of Pasquil and Catherine," (1601.) In this Jack Drum is a servant of intrigue, who is ever aiming at projects, and always foiled, and given the drop. Hollingshed has "*Tom* Drum his Entertainment, which is to hale a man in by the heade, and to thrust him out by the shoulders." And, in "Manners and Customs of all Nations," by Ed. Aston, (1611, page 230:)—"Some others on the contrarie part give them John Drum's entertainment, reviling and beating them away from their houses," etc.

"— *I would have that drum or another, or* HIC JACET"—"*Hic jacet*" (here lies) is a common commencement of epitaphs. Parolles means to say, that he would either recover the lost drum, or another belonging to the enemy, or die in the attempt.

"— *my* DILEMMAS"—By "dilemmas" is meant his plans, on the one hand, and the probable obstructions he was to meet with, on the other.

"— *the possibility of thy soldiership*"—Bertram's meaning is, that he will vouch for his doing all that it is possible for soldiership to effect. He was not yet certain of his cowardice.

"— *we have almost* EMBOSSED *him*"—To *emboss* a deer (as appears by a passage from Markham's "Country Contentments," is to run it until it is weary and foams at the month. In Heywood's "Edward IV.," (1600,) we find—

Duchess. And saw'st thou not the deer *imbost?*

The *fall of the deer* was also technical.

"— *ere we* CASE *him*"—To "case" is to *flay*, to *skin;* and seems to have also been a technical word of the chase.

SCENE VII.

"— *his* IMPORTANT *blood*"—i. e. *Importunate*, (*emportant*, Fr., as Tyrwhitt observes.) A frequent sense of this word in SHAKESPEARE.

"*Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact*"—This riddle may be thus solved: Bertram's meaning was wicked, though the deed he committed was "lawful." Helena's meaning and act were both "lawful;" and neither of them sinned, although the "fact" appeared "sinful." The passage has produced controversy. Warburton would read, "And lawful meaning in a *wicked* act," and Hanmer, "*Unlawful* meaning in a lawful act;" but no change is required.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"— *what's the* INSTANCE"—Johnson says that "instance" here means *proof;* but it seems rather to mean, as in HAMLET, (act iii. scene 2,) *motive.* "What *motive* is there (asks Parolles) that I should give myself great hurts?" He does not see the necessity of wounding himself, but is resolved to rely upon his tongue.

"— *Bajazet's* MUTE"—The old copies have "Bajazet's *mule*," but the writers most conversant with the literature of that age have been unable to hunt out any incident, true or fictitious, to which this can allude; and Warburton's emendation of "mute" is natural, and very probable.

"— BARING *of my beard*"—We have the expression of "baring" applied to the shaving of the head, in MEASURE FOR MEASURE:—"Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so *bared* before his death."

"— *with* PAROLLES *guarded*"—The folios have here, "a short alarum within;" no doubt, to give a panic to Parolles, as he was taking his departure hoodwinked.

"*Inform* ON *that*"—So the original. The common reading is, "Inform *'em* that." But the change is not wanted. "Inform *on* that" is, *give information on that point.*

SCENE II.

"— *do not strive against my vows*"—i. e. The vows he has made never to cohabit with his wife.

"*What is not holy, that we swear not by*"—The text here given is that of the old copies, generally followed in the later editions, which is yet certainly very obscure, and very probably rendered so by some omission, transposition, or other misprint. Heath's explanation is the one adopted:—

"The sense is—We never swear by what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity. The tenor of the reasoning contained in the following lines perfectly corresponds with this: If I should swear by Jove's great attributes that I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to seduce you to your ruin? No, surely; but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of course. For that oath can certainly have no tie upon us, which we swear by him we profess to love and honour, when at the same time we give the strongest proof of our disbelief in him, by pursuing a course which we know will offend and dishonour him."

Yet it is not easy to extract such a meaning from these lines as they stand, and, with Singer, I strongly incline that they should be read:—

> If I should swear by *Love's* great attributes,
> I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
> When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
> To swear by him, *when* I protest to love
> That I will work against him.

The first alteration has Johnson's sanction, 'in the print of the old folio it is doubtful whether it be *Iove's or love's;*' and whoever reads Bertram's preceding and succeeding speeches will be convinced that *love's* was meant. The slight change in punctuation, and the substitution of *when* for *whom*, would not be an unwarrantable innovation: they are probably errors of the press. The sense of the last three lines will then be: This has no *consistency* to swear by *love*, when, at the same time, I protest in secret to love that I will work against

him, (i. e. against my lover's peace,) by leaving him for another, as Bertram had left his wife for Diana."

"*I see, that men make* HOPES *in such a* WAR"—Here is again some evident misprint, and Singer's conjecture is so probable, that I have adopted it in the text. "The old copy reads, 'make *ropes* in such a *scarre*.' Rowe changed it to 'make *hopes* in such *affairs*;' and Malone to '*hopes* in such a *scene*.' But *affairs* and *scene* have no literal resemblance to the old word *scarre*. *Warre* is always so written in the old copy; the change is, therefore, less violent, more probable, and makes better sense."

Knight thus defends and labours to elicit sense from the folio reading:—

"The reading of the original is startling and difficult. The common reading (that of Rowe) is:—

I see that men make *hopes*, in such *affairs*.

Malone reads:—

I see that men make *hopes*, in such a *scene*.

Tieck justly observes that to 'make hopes' is a very weak expression, and 'in such affairs' equally trivial. 'In such a scene' is little better. Looking at the tendency of Shakespeare to the use of strong metaphorical expressions, the original reading, however obscure, ought not to be lightly rejected; for unquestionably such a word as *scarre* was not likely to be substituted by the printer for a more common word, such as *scene*, or *affairs*. A *scarre* is a *rock*—a precipitous cliff—and thus, figuratively, a difficulty to be surmounted. Men (says Diana) pretend to show how we can overpass the obstacle. Such terms as 'love is holy,'—'my love shall persever,'—are the *ropes* by the aid of which the steep rock is to be climbed. The ropes 'that we'll forsake, ourselves,' are the supports of which we ourselves lose our hold, after we have unwisely trusted to them. If 'hopes' is substituted for *ropes*, and *scarre* retained, the sense then may be, that men hope, in such a position of difficulty, that we'll forsake ourselves—cease to rely upon ourselves."—KNIGHT.

Finally, Mr. Collier, who also keeps the old text, suggests that *staire* may be read for *scarre;* and that the allusion is to a ladder of ropes.

"—*Since Frenchmen are so* BRAID"—"The explanation of this word given by Stevens seems the right one, though it has been disputed: '*Braid* signifies *crafty, deceitful;*' and he derives it from the Anglo-Saxon *bred*, which is usually translated *fraus*. The ordinary sense is that which Palsgrave gives in his Dictionary, (1530,) 'hastynesse of mynde.' 'At a *braid*,' or *on a sudden*, is a not unusual expression; the meaning of Diana might, therefore, possibly be, that Frenchmen are so *hasty* and *sudden;* but this is hardly consistent with what she has previously said of them."—COLLIER.

Richardson, in his Dictionary, adopts the last sense, and Mr. Dyce, agreeing in this derivation, explains it here, "violent in desire, lustful." But there is so much proof of *braid*, and *to bride*, signifying, in Old-English, *deceit*, and *to beguile*, that I do not doubt the sense first given.

SCENE III.

"— EVER *tuned his bounty*"—All the authorities and editions have here "*even* tuned." The sense so clearly indicates a literal error, of *even* for "ever," that I have not hesitated to correct it."

"*Is it not* MEAN,—*damnable in us*"—It is not improbable that this should be printed "*meant* damnable," or else "*most* damnable;" but "damnable" for *damnably*, as "swear horrible" for *horribly*, is common Old-English. "Is it not most wickedly *meant*, or *mean?*"

"— *his* COMPANY"—i e. His *companion;* meaning Parolles.

"— *that he might take a measure of his own judgments*"—"This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition."—JOHNSON.

"— *dialogue between the fool and the soldier*—Collier infers, from the customs of the old stage, that some popular production of the kind probably then existed. It is a species of performance of which John Heywood seems to have been the inventor, in the reign of Henry VIII.

"— *this counterfeit* MODEL"—It is spelled *module* in the old copies; and *module* and "model" were the same word differently spelled—"model," from the French *modelle*, and "module," from the Latin *modulus*.

"—*his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long*"—"The punishment of a recreant or coward was to have his spurs hacked off."

"— CON *him no thanks*"—i. e. I am not at all obliged to him for it. To *con thanks* answers precisely, both in the literal and the idiomatic sense, to the French *savoir gré*. To "con" is to *know*. The expression occurs in Chaucer, and later writers, down to Shakespeare's time.

"— *if I were to live this present hour*"—Perhaps we should read, "if I were *but* to live this present hour;" unless the blunder is meant to show the fright of Parolles.

"— *a dumb* INNOCENT"—i. e. An *idiot*, or natural fool, (distinguished from the jocose, domestic fool, in many writers, by the term "innocent,") assigned to the care and custody of the sheriff.

"*I could endure any thing before but a* CAT"—Bertram was one of those described by Shylock, who could not endure "a harmless, necessary cat."

"— *he has led the drum before the English tragedians*"—The actors of Shakespeare's day, and a little earlier, usually went about the country, preceded by a drum, to give notice of their arrival in any town where they wished to perform. Decker, in his "Belman of Loudon," (quarto, 1608,) mentions the practice when players "travelled upon the hard hoof from village to village."

"— *at a place there called* MILE-END"—"Mile-end" was the place where the citizens of London were often mustered and trained.

"—*for a* QUART D'ECU"—A "quart d'ecu" is the fourth part of the smaller French crown; about eightpence sterling. It is usually spelled *cardecue*, as in the old copies. It occurs again in the fifth act of this play.

"— *he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation*"—The author, as he frequently does, alludes to the old law of real property, the terms of which he uses with technical familiarity, though not a little out of place in Parolles's mouth, even if we should suppose him to be a Norman, to whom such terms of the common-law would not be unintelligible.

"*Why does he ask him of me*"—"This is nature. Every man is, on such occasions, more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own."—JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

"*His grace is at* MARSEILLES"—"Marseilles" seems anciently to have been pronounced (as the verse shows it must be here) as a trisyllable. It is here spelled *Marcellæ* in the old copies, and we have it *Marcellus* in the TAMING OF THE SHREW. In that form it occurs again in the next verse.

"*When* SAUCY *trusting of the cozen'd thoughts*"—"Saucy" for *wanton*, as in MEASURE FOR MEASURE—"*saucy* sweetness."

"— *your* IMPOSITIONS"—i. e. Your *commands*. "An *imposition* is a task imposed. The term is still current in universities."—STEVENS.

"— *I* PRAY *you:*
But with the word," etc.

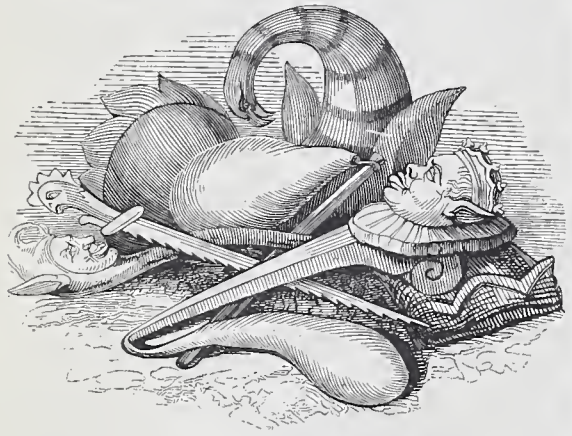
Blackstone proposed to read, "Yet I *fray* you but with the word;" meaning the word "suffer," which is plausible. But the old copy is intelligible enough, if, with Warburton, we understand "but with the word" to be equivalent to *in a very short time.*

"— *the* FINE's *the crown*"—From the Latin proverb, in familiar modern use, though of no classical authority—"*Finis coronat opus.*" "Fine" is used for *end*, in its primitive sense, which is now retained only in the compound phrase, *in fine.*

Scene V.

"— *villainous* SAFFRON"—The phrase "unhaked and doughy" shows that here is an allusion to the proverbial use of saffron to colour pastry, according to the fancy of the age. ("Saffron to colour the warden-pies."—WINTER'S TALE.) But, as applied to and descriptive of Parolles, it also alludes to another fantastical usage of the day, and the dress of the coxcomh, in which, of course, *yellow* would predominate. The dramatists of the age of Elizaheth, and her successors, are full of allusions to "yellow starch," "yellow garters," "yellow bands," etc. The red and yellow of the "humhle-hee" continues the sneer on the coxcomb's finery.

"— *my* BAUBLE"—"The fool usually carried in his hand an official sceptre or 'hauble,' which was a short stick, ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head, or sometimes with that of a doll, or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated skin or bladder, with which the fool helahoured those who offended him, or with whom he was inclined to make sport. This was often used hy itself, in lieu, as it should seem, of a hauble."—DOUCE.



FOOL'S BAUBLE.

"— SUGGEST *thee from thy master*"—i. e. *Tempt* thee from thy master.

"*A shrewd knave, and an* UNHAPPY"—i. e. *Mischievous.* In the romance of "Howleglas," *unhappiness* is used for *mischievousness:*—"In such manner colde he cloke and hyde his *unhappinesse* and falsnesse." The word "unhappy" is often used in the sense of *mischievous,* hy the old dramatists. It sometimes means only *unlucky.*

"— *he has no* PACE"—"A *pace* is a certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly ohsequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horse who moves irregularly, that he has *no paces.*"—JOHNSON.

Ulrici adopts this idea of the resemblance of Parolles, and calls him "the little appendix to the great Falstaff." The two characters seem to me to resemhle each other only in their vices, but to have no point in common intellectually.

"— *a cheek of two* PILE *and a half*"—Referring to the "pile" of the velvet patch.

"— *it is your* CARBONADOED *face*"—"Carbonadoed" means "slashed over the face in a manner that fetcheth the flesh with it." The term is derived from *carbonado*—a collop of meat. In KING LEAR, Kent says to the steward, "I'll *carbonado* your shanks for you."

ACT V.—Scene I.

"*Enter a gentle* ASTRINGER"—This term signifies a gentleman *falconer.* The word is derived from *asturcus*, or *austurcus*, (a *goshawk.*) Cowell, in his "Law Dictionary," says—"We usually call a falconer, who keeps that kind of hawk, an *astringer.*"

"*Our means will make us means*"—"Shakespeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to ohscure his meaning. Helena says, they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ahility to exert."—JOHNSON.

Scene II.

"— *muddied in fortune's* MOOD"—*Mud* was, in Shakespeare's day, pronounced nearly like "mood," and hence the intended jingle, which Warburton not adverting to, changed "mood" to *moat.* "Fortune's mood" is several times used by Shakespeare for the *caprices of fortune.*

"*You beg more than* ONE WORD, *then*"—Parolles, or *paroles*, heing French for *words*, a quihble was intended.

"— *you shall eat*"—"Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakespeare delighted to draw—a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his *vices sit so fit in him* that he is not at last suffered to starve."—JOHNSON.

Scene III.

"*Her estimation* HOME"—i. e. *Completely*, in its *full extent.* So in MACBETH—"That thrusted *home*," etc.

"— *done in the* BLADE *of youth*"—i. e. As Johnson says, "the spring of early life, when the man is yet green." The next line passes to a new metaphor, or rather "hlade" is used not as a formal figure, but in a secondary sense. Most of the editors have thought that the imagery was incongruous, and have adopted Theobald's conjecture of "*blaze* of youth." But the old copies all read "hlade."

"— RICHEST *eyes*"—"Shakespeare means that her heauty had astonished those who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might he said to he the *richest* in ideas of beauty. So in AS YOU LIKE IT—'To have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands.'"—STEVENS.

"— *a day of* SEASON"—i e. A *seasonable* day. Sunshine and hail mark a day out of season. The expression is still in use in various parts of the United States, though ohsolete in England.

"*Contempt his scornful* PERSPECTIVE *did lend me*"—Apparently used for a glass, or mirror, effecting some optical delusion, like the *anamorphosis.* Thus says an old writer—"A picture of a Chancellor presented a multitude of little faces; but if one did look at it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single pourtraiture."—*Humane Industrie.*

"*Our own love, waking*"—I suspect, with Johnson, that the author having corrected his first thought, both the original and the correction have been preserved, and mixed up so as to make a very confused sense. But this obscure line may mean that, "Our love, awaking to the worth of the lost object, too late laments; our shameful hate or dislike having slept out the period when our fault was remediahle."

"*The last that, ere I took her leave at court*"—The editors have found difficulty and proposed alteration in this line, but the sense seems to be clearly, "the last time that ever I took leave of her at court."

"*In Florence was it from a casement thrown me*"—"Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helena. He did not know indeed that it was Helena's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window."—JOHNSON.

"*I stood* ENGAG'D"—i. e. The noble lady thought that Bertram "stood engag'd" *to her*. Malone understands it *unengaged*, as meaning in Old-English *un-gaged—gaged* being the old word for *engaged*.

"*Plutus himself,*
That knows the TINCT *and* MULTIPLYING *medicine*," etc.

"Plutus, the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the *matter* by which gold is *multiplied*, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of base metal. In the reign of Henry IV. a law was made to forbid all men thenceforth to *multiply* gold, or use any craft of *multiplication*. Of this law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal."—JOHNSON.

"*— if you know*
That you are well acquainted with yourself," etc.

"The true meaning of this expression is, If you know that your faculties are so sound as that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, tell me," etc.—JOHNSON.

"*— for four or five* REMOVES"—i. e. *Stages*, or *journeys*. The petitioner had lost the opportunity of presenting the paper herself, either at Marseilles, or on the road from thence to Rousillon, in consequence of having been four or five "removes" behind the court.

"*I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for* THIS"—There has been much contest between this, which is the reading of the first folio, and that of the second; either of which may have been the true one, and both are intelligible. I have, with Kuight and Singer, preferred the former.

The second folio reads, "I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for *him:* for this, I'll none of him." "The allusion is to the custom of paying *toll* for the liberty of selling in a fair, and meaus, 'I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and sell this one: pay *toll* for the liberty of selling him.' So in 'Hudibras:'—

——— a roan gelding,
Where, when, by whom, and what were ye sold for,
And in the public market *toll'd* for.

There were two statutes to regulate the *tolling* of horses in fairs."—SINGER.

Collier retains and thus defends the other reading:—"The meaning is plain, although much comment has been wasted upon the passage. Lafeu says, 'I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and pay toll for him on the purchase: as for this son-in-law, I'll have nothing to do with him.'"

"— FOR *wives are monsters to you*"—The first folio repeats *sir* instead of "for," which Collier, following an old MS. correction, reads "for." *Sir*, with a long *f*, would be easily misprinted "for." Other editors read *since;* but "for" is used in the sense of *because*. The second folio gives the line thus:—

I wonder, sir, wives are *such* monsters to you—

which Stevens adopts. The choice is of little moment.

"— *and rich* VALIDITY"—Here, as elsewhere, Shakespeare uses "validity" for *value;* but it is found in no other writer, and seems peculiar to him.

"*He blushes, and 'tis* HIS"—The old folios have *hit*, iustead of "his." Malone reads, "He blushes, and 'tis *it*," which may be right, but not, as Malone supposed, because it was a misprint; but because *hit* is the ancient orthography of *it*, being universal in the old chronicles, etc., and not quite out of use in Elizabeth's reign. H. Tooke ("Diversions of Purley") is very contemptuous on Malone for not knowing this. But here the context indicates that "his" was meant. The countess of course means that the ring is Bertram's.

"— QUOTED *for a most perfidious knave*"—"Quoted" has the same sense as *noted*, or *observed*. So in HAMLET:—

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not *quoted* him.

"— *thou art too* FINE"—i. e. Too full of *fincsse*, and *art;* being the French *trop fin*.

"*If it appear not plain, and prove untrue*"—In Painter, and in his original, Boccaccio, Helen comes before Count Bertram at Rousillon, with twins in her arms: "*Io ti richieggio per Dio, che le conditioni postemi per li due cavalieri, che io ti mandai, tu le mi osservi: ed ecco nelle mie braccia non un solo figliuolo di te ma due; ed ecco qui il tuo anello;*" which Painter thus renders:—"Therefore I now beseche thee, for the honour of God, that thou wilt observe the conditions which the twoo Knightes that I sent unto thee did commannde me to doe; for beholde here, in my armes, not onely one sonne begotten by thee, but twayne, and likewyse thy ryng."—(*Palace of Pleasure.*) In the original story the King is not present at the reconcilement of Bertram and Helena.

"This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakespeare.

"I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram: a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate—when she is dead by his unkiudness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

"The story of Bertram aud Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time."—JOHNSON.

"The story of ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, and of several others of Shakespeare's plays, is taken from Boccaccio. The Poet has dramatized the original novel with great skill and comic spirit, and has preserved all the beauty of character and sentiment, without improving upon it, which was impossible. There are, indeed, in Boccaccio's serious pieces, a truth, a pathos, and an exquisite refinement of sentiment, which are hardly to be met with in any other prose-writer whatever. Justice has not been done him by the world. He has in general passed for a mere narrator of lascivious tales or idle jests. This character probably originated in his obnoxious attacks on the monks, and has been kept up by the grossness of mankind, who revenged their own want of refinement on Boccaccio, and only saw in his writings what suited the coarseness of their own tastes. But the truth is, that he has carried sentiment of every kind to its very highest purity and perfection. By sentiment, we would here understand the habitual workings of some one powerful feeling, where the heart reposes almost entirely upon itself, without the violent excitement of opposing duties or untoward circumstances.

"The invention implied in his different tales is immense; but we are not to infer that it is all his own. He probably availed himself of all the common traditions which were floating in his time, aud which ho was the first to appropriate. Homer appears the most original of all authors, probably for no other reason than that we can trace the plagiarism no further."—HAZLITT.

"The comic parts of the plot of ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, and the characters of the Countess, Lafeu, etc., are of the Poet's own creation; and, in the conduct of the fable, he has found it expedient to depart from his original more than it is his usual custom to do.

"Johnson has expressed his dislike of the character of Bertram, and most fair readers have manifested their abhorrence of him, and have thought with Johuson that he ought not to have gone unpunished, for the sake not only of poetical, but of moral justice. Schlegel has remarked, that 'Shakespeare never attempts to mitigate the impression of his unfeeling pride and giddy dissipation. He intended merely to give us a military portrait; and paints the true way of the world, according to which the injustice of men towards women is not considered in a very serious light, if they only maintain what is called the honour of the family.' The fact is, that the construction of his plot prevented him. Helena was to be rewarded for her heroic and persevering affection; and any more serious punishment than the temporary shame and remorse that awaits Bertram, would have been inconsistent with comedy. It should also be remembered that he was constrained to marry Helena against his will. Shakespeare was a good-natured moralist; and, like his own creation, old Lafeu, though he was delighted to strip off the mask of pretension, he thought that punishment might be carried too far."—SINGER.

"Helena is the union of strength of passion with strength of character. 'To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, and yet able to preserve, when the prosecution of a design requires it, an immovable heart, amidst even the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is, perhaps, not an impossible constitution of mind; but it is the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity.' —(FOSTER'S *Essays.*) Such a character, almost as difficult to delineate in fiction as to find in real life, has Shakespeare given us in Helena, touched with the most soul-subduing pathos, and developed with the most consummate skill.

"Although Helena tells herself that she loves in vain, a conviction stronger than reason tells her that she does not. Her love is like a religion, pure, holy, and deep: the blessedness to which she has lifted her thoughts is ever before her—to despair would be a crime, and would be to cast herself away, and die. The faith of her affection, combining with the natural energy of her character, believing all things possible, makes them so. It could say to the mountain of pride which stands between her and her hopes, 'Be thou removed!' and it is removed. This is the solution of her behaviour in the marriage-scene, where Bertram, with obvious reluctance and disdain, accepts her hand, which the King, his feudal lord and guardian, forces on him.

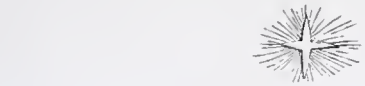
"Her maidenly shame is at first shocked, and she shrinks back:—

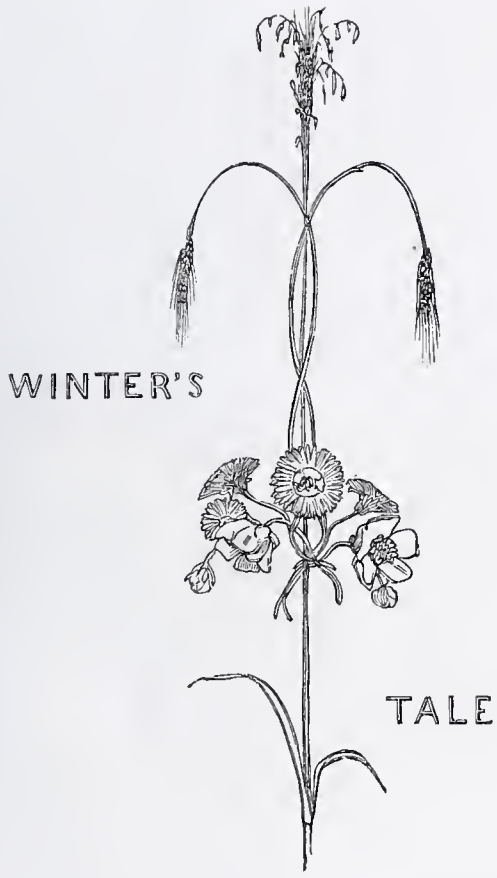
> That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad:
> Let the rest go.

But shall she weakly relinquish the golden opportunity, and dash the cup from her lips at the moment it is presented? Shall she cast away the treasure for which she has ventured life, honour, all—when it is just within her grasp? Shall she, after compromising her feminine delicacy by the public disclosure of her preference, be thrust back into shame, 'to blush out the poor remainder of her life,' and die a poor, lost, scorned thing? This would be very pretty, and interesting, and characteristic, in Viola or Ophelia; but not at all consistent with that high determined spirit, that moral energy, with which Helena is portrayed. Pride is the only obstacle opposed to her. She is not despised and rejected as a woman, but as a poor physician's daughter; and this, to an understanding so clear, so strong, so just as Helena's, is not felt as an unpardonable insult. The mere pride of rank and birth is a prejudice of which she cannot comprehend the force, because her mind towers so immeasurably above it; and, compared with the infinite love that swells in her own bosom, it sinks into nothing. She cannot conceive that he to whom she has devoted her heart and truth, her soul, her life, her service, must not one day love her in return; and, once her own beyond the reach of fate, that her cares, her caresses, her unwearied, patient tenderness, will not, at last, 'win her lord to look upon her.'

"It is this fond faith which, hoping all things, enables her to endure all things—which hallows and dignifies the surrender of her woman's pride, making it a sacrifice on which virtue and love throw a mingled essence."
—MRS. JAMESON.






WINTER'S
TALE




WINTERS
TALE.
J.W.ORR. S.C.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

CHRONOLOGY, CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLE, ETC.



THE WINTER'S TALE is unquestionably one of Shakespeare's later works, and it may have been his very last drama. This play was never printed during the author's life, and is preserved only in the folio edition of 1623. As it has not the evidence of the date of its composition afforded to many other plays by their early publication in pamphlets, and as there is not to be found any entry of the title upon the registers of the Stationers' Company, nor any mention of it in contemporary authors, there was formerly much doubt and critical discussion as to the epoch of the author's literary life to which it should be assigned. This is, however, now very satisfactorily ascertained by the general agreement of its style of language and thought, with the more precise evidence resulting from the collation of several insulated pieces of testimony successively discovered, within the last few years, by the industry of Mr. Collier and his associates, in the investigation of Shakespearian and other Old-English lore. The internal evidence of style and manner alone would not fix any very definite period for the composition of this play, nor indeed do more than indicate that it was written at some time after he entered upon the middle stage of his career, when he had passed from the purely poetical cast of thought and language still predominant (though not exclusively so) in the MERCHANT OF VENICE, to the peculiar dramatic character, at once passionate and philosophical, of his maturer mind. The free and dramatic cast of versification, the elliptical sentences, the compressed diction, the bold use of words in the graver passages, and the easier and more natural tone of humour, as compared with the brilliant and gay but more artificial cast of his earlier comedy, sufficiently demonstrate that the WINTER'S TALE was not written until the author's mind had acquired those habits of thought which characterize his portraits of Hamlet, of Othello, and of Falstaff.

But beyond this general limit, mere internal evidence cannot guide us, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the critics of the last century, from Pope to Chalmers, differed widely in their conjectures, and that even those who, like Warburton and Walpole, did justice to the poetry and genius of the piece, were not much nearer in their conjectures than the feebler critics, who, following the *dicta* of Dryden and Pope, were shocked at the daring contempt of the unity of time, and disposed to excuse the author by supposing it to be an old play of some inferior author, merely remodelled by Shakespeare, "with the addition of some characters or single scenes."

But the date of the first representation, and probably of its composition not long before, has at length been ascertained, by the discovery and collation of four or five separate points of evidence, with which the indications of style just noticed very well correspond.

Malone, who had at first maintained that the WINTER'S TALE was written in 1604, discovered in his old age a memorandum in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels under James II., dated August, 1623, and mentioning "an old play called WINTER'S TALE, formerly allowed by Sir George Buc, and likewise by me." Now this George Buc, or Bucke, held the office of Master of the Revels, from October, 1610, until 1622, and in virtue of it the sole authority of licensing plays for performance or printing. The piece must therefore have been produced at some time after October, 1610. Several years after this the manuscript diary was discovered of the astrological and theatrical Dr. Simon Forman, to whose acquaintance the readers of this edition have been more formally introduced in the Introductory Remarks on CYMBELINE. In the "book of plays, and notes thereof, for common policy," under the date of 15th May, 1611, he gives an account of the piece as he had just seen it at the Globe Theatre; and he is as minute in his narrative of the plot as a modern theatrical reporter is of that of a new piece, as this must in all probability then have been. Again, it appears from the "Extracts from the accounts of the Revels at Court," printed in 1842, for the Shakespeare Society, that there was represented at the palace of Whitehall, on the 5th November, 1611, "a play called the 'Winter's Nightes Tayle.'"

While the date of the first representation is thus nearly ascertained by the curious collation of accidental testimony, that of the composition is again indicated by another equally accidental chronological evidence, slight in itself, yet quite conclusive in its connection with the rest.

The drama, as our readers will find, was founded wholly upon Greene's little novel of "*Pandosto*, or the History of Dorastus and Fawnia," from which Shakespeare has not only drawn his main plot and incidents, but has occasionally used its very language, with the same freedom with which he employed old Hollingshed in his historical plays. This is done, in both cases, in such a manner that it is evident that he wrote with the book before him. Greene's novel was first printed in 1588, and then not again until 1607 and 1609, in which editions it appeared with many alterations by the author himself. Now it happens that in act iii. scene 2 (as Mr. Collier has shown) that

in copying the oracle from the novel, the Poet did not use the earier edition, but one of these, (1607 or 1609,) in which the language had been changed.

It thus becomes manifest that the WINTER'S TALE was written at some time about 1610, in the reign of James II., some years after OTHELLO, and not very long before or after the production of CYMBELINE in its present form—the two of our author's dramas, which the exhibition of the same terrible passion in all three, most frequently brings to the reader's mind in the perusal of this play.

I have been the more minute in stating and comparing this curious concatenation of independent testimony, thus brought to the elucidation of a single question, not only because every thing that thus throws light on the varying progress of the great Poet's mind is full of interest, but because it is in itself a very instructive inquiry, as showing how little weight the most plausible conjectural probabilities are entitled to, on much weightier matters, when opposed to the evidence furnished by the investigation of documentary or other positive external testimony. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether much of the philosophical history of the present day stands on any more solid foundation than the very ingenious theory of Horace Walpole on this very play, which, taken alone, seemed to be perfectly satisfactory and conclusive, until overthrown by the irreconcilable facts and dates since disinterred. This conjecture of this acute and ingenious writer is too curious a portion of Shakespearian criticism to be omitted here:—

"The WINTER'S TALE (says he) may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakespeare, though not one of his numerous critics and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. The address of the Poet appears nowhere to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry VIII., who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione, on her trial, says:—

> — For honour,
> 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
> And only that I stand for.

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she pleads for the infant princess, his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy but as it pictured Elizabeth, is where Paulina, describing the new-born princess, and her likeness to her father, says, 'She has the very trick of his frown.' There is one sentence, indeed, so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the Poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the king:—

> — 'Tis yours;
> And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
> So like you, 'tis the worse.

The WINTER'S TALE was therefore in reality a second part of HENRY VIII."

Elizabeth died in March, 1603, and it is certain that five or six years after the accession of her successor, James II., who had little sympathy with the personal feelings of Elizabeth, there could have been no possible motive for flattery, or even more justifiable compliment or palliation of the memory of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn.

Nor can the intent to shadow forth Henry VIII.'s capricious jealousies be transferred from the Poet to the author of the novel from which he drew his plot; for there the story is much less susceptible of courtly application: among other circumstances which would negative such a conjecture, is the prominent one of the catastrophe. In the novel, after some other revolting incidents, which the Poet rejected with the rest of the catastrophe, Pandosto, the jealous sovereign, the Leontes of Shakespeare, "moved with desperate thoughts, fell into a melancholy fit, and to close up the comedy with a tragical stratagem, slewe himself."

It is, indeed, not impossible that in drawing the portrait of an unreasonable and capricious royal jealousy, Anne Boleyn and her tyrant husband might have been transiently in the mind of the author of HENRY VIII.; but if so, they served only as affording models of character or hints for dialogue, like any other personages of real life, or of history, who have furnished hints to his dramatic invention, without the most remote idea of making it evident to the reader or spectator, that the Poet was relating or alluding to any story of his own age and nation.

Although the play is confessedly not to be classed among its author's greatest works, yet it is in no wise unworthy of the Poet who had written OTHELLO and LEAR. Dryden,—whose delightful and instructive critical discussions are generally very strongly biassed by the particular controversial object he had in view,—in defence, direct or indirect, of his own poetical and dramatic works, had, in a sweeping censure of the plays of Shakespeare and Fletcher, classed the WINTER'S TALE among the plays the author "wrote first," together with PERICLES, the historical plays, LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, and MEASURE FOR MEASURE; all which (he adds) "are either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious parts your concernment." All this is coolly said, by a man of genius, of dramas of which Falstaff and his inimitable companions formed part of "the comedy;" and the noble moralities of MEASURE FOR MEASURE, the pastoral sweetness

of Perdita, and the high heroic thoughts and living portraitures of Hotspur, Harry of Monmouth, and a throng of great English historical names, constitute the "serious part."

This flippant *dictum* of the great teacher of English criticism was faintly echoed by many a minor critic, especially as to the WINTER'S TALE, they being shocked by the contempt of the ordinary rules of dramatic time, and confounded by apparent anachronisms and confusions of place and manners. But universal public opinion has long ago reversed the decision of the critics of the last age, and their illustrious lawgiver. The WINTER'S TALE, with all its imperfections, has long been a general favourite in the closet and on the stage. Hazlitt, the highest authority as to the acted drama, pronounces it to be "one of the best acting of our author's plays;" and it appears, from Mrs. Inchbald and others, to have been eminently successful on the stage, wherever it has been revived. Warburton was the first commentator of name who boldly dissented from the judgment of his predecessors; but since his time critic after critic, such as Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Campbell, have joined in expressing their admiration of the spirit and beauty of the drama, while its popularity with the mass of readers may well be inferred from the fact of the great frequency of quotations and allusions drawn from it, to be found in popular writings of all sorts.

The name of the piece gives deliberate notice from the author to his audience and his readers, that he did not design a regular drama, even of that license of construction customary on the old English stage; but that they were to expect merely a dramatized romantic tale; and, as Coleridge observes, "the play is exquisitely respondent to its title."

The unusual period of time compressed within the five acts' representation is explained and excused by the chorus of Father Time, as mainly elapsing between the third and fourth acts; so that in truth the author has here constructed a dramatic narrative in two parts, differing only in dramatic time from the First and Second Part of HENRY IV., and dramas of similar construction, by allotting three acts to the first plot and two to the continuation, instead of arranging them into two longer pieces of five acts each.

The passion of jealousy was one that the Poet had studied under all its aspects, whether ludicrous or terrible—as it shows itself in Ford or in the Moor; and he paints it with such power and truth as to indicate that he had acquired his intimate knowledge of its workings in some closer and more practical experience than the general observation of human nature, or the workings of his own sympathetic imagination. In Othello and in Posthumus he had painted men of strong affections and noble and constant natures, both driven into frenzied revenge by the vile arts of others: in the one he had shown a generous love gradually poisoned by a succession of artful insinuations—in the other the same confiding affection at once overthrown by apparently irresistible evidence; he had varied the fortunes of the heroes as well as their characters, and those of their wronged wives; and ended the story of one with the repentance of despair and death, and that of the other with the penitence of sorrow and forgiveness. Still he had not exhausted his subject, and he returns again to depict yet another form of "self-harming jealousy," which, if less powerfully pourtrayed than Othello's dark passions and dire revenge, yet results from a still nearer and deeper acquaintance with the human heart. It is the restless, self-tormenting, causeless jealousy of a suspicious, wayward mind, which, instead of becoming excited from without, by the arts of false friendship or of base rivals, makes to itself "the meat it feeds on," and repels indignantly every friendly counsellor who would medicine its "diseased opinion." The struggle of warring thoughts, of gloomy, self-created suspicion,—against truth, and reason, and affection,—are all expressed with wonderful force in the involved and broken style, the compressed and suggestive diction, so admirably adapted to the character and object, in which we recognize the peculiar cast of the language of LEAR and MACBETH, applied to a new purpose.

The pastoral beauty and romantic sweetness of the poetry of the second part are in exquisite contrast with the preceding acts, in versification and in thought. There are many passages and thoughts there which are probably more often quoted and read than any other on the same or similar subjects, in the language. The inventive, witty, versatile scoundrel, Autolycus, is a character introduced by Shakespeare into the story, and for the first time on the stage. In his external man he belonged especially to the Poet's age, as the delight and pest of wakes, fairs, and rural amusements. But his essential character belongs to the corruptions of civilized society, and may still be met in various costumes, from the hero of the "swell-mob" up to the pleasant and brilliant blower of bubbles for the exchanges and stock-markets of London or New York.

If such, then, be the varied and admitted beauties and merits of this delightful drama, it may naturally be asked "Why is it not then, of course, classed among its author's greatest works?" The reason, in my judgment, is this. It is, that as compared with any one of his mightier efforts, there is a deficiency of that sustained intensity of purpose and feeling which, in all poetry or eloquence, not only gives unity of effect to the work, but communicates to the reader a glow of excitement and interest corresponding with that which the author felt. There is abundant evidence of power, but it is, as it were, indolent, and often latent. It would seem as though, instead of having filled his mind and memory with his materials of plot and incident, as he did in other instances, (whether those materials were romantic, legendary, or historical,) and then pouring forth their rough ore refined and new stamped, hot from the mint of his own intellect,—that, finding in Greene's novel a fit canvass to receive some passages of his own thoughts or observations of life,—the idea of wayward, self-willed, self-tormenting, causeless jealousy might be the main object,—he sat down with the book before him, following that as it led his thoughts or suggested new ones; sometimes filling his page with deeper and truer passion; sometimes rejecting its revolting incidents; and, towards the close, wandering off to luxuriate in the delicate graces of Perdita, or the drollery of his merry scoundrel, Autolycus; but still as continually returning to his author's narrative and characters, and never resolutely or deliberately winging a sustained and loftier flight.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

The plot, as before stated, is taken, with the alteratiou of uames and some important changes of iucident, from Robert Greene's tale, entitled "Pandosto, or the Triumph of Time," better known under its second title of "The Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia;" the first named, Pandosto, being the jealous Leontes of Shakespeare, as Dorastus and Fawnia are his Florizel and Perdita. It was first printed in 1588; reprinted, with alterations, in 1607; and again in 1609; and afterwards went through many editions. Such was its popularity, that there are said to be fourteen editious, if not more, still to be found in the libraries of collectors. As Collier suggests, it seems likely that Shakespeare's attention was directed to it (as affording a fit subject for dramatic composition) by the third editiou, which he appears to have used, and which came out in 1609, the year before the date which so many concurring circumstances couspire to point out as that of the preparation of the WINTER'S TALE. The tale has lately been reprinted by Mr. Collier, in his "Shakespeare's Library," with an excellent introductory notice, in which the nature and degree of the Poet's obligations to the uovelist are thus accurately stated:—

"Robert Greene was a man who possessed all the advantages of education: he was a graduate of both universities; he was skilled in ancient learning and in modern lauguages; he had, besides, a prolific imagination, a lively and elegant fancy, and a grace of expression rarely exceeded; yet, let any person well acquainted with the WINTER'S TALE read the novel of 'Pandosto,' upon which it was founded, and he will be struck at once with the vast pre-eminence of Shakespeare, and with the admirable manner in which he has converted materials supplied by another to his own use. The bare outline of the story (with the exception of Shakespeare's miraculous conclusiou) is nearly the same in both; but this is all they have in common, and Shakespeare may be said to have scarcely adopted a single hint for his descriptious, or a liue for his dialogue;* while, in point of passion and sentimeut, Greene is cold, formal, and artificial—the very opposite of every thing in Shakespeare."

And again, Mr. Collier adds—

"The variation in the conclusion has already been mentioned: nothiug can well be more lame. unsatisfactory, and eveu offensive, than the wiuding up of Greene's uovel, where he makes Pandosto first fall desperately in love with his own daughter, and then, without any adequate motive, commit suicide. Here the genius of Shakespeare triumphed over all competition: he saw at once how the preceding incidents might be converted to a great dramatic and moral purpose, the most pathetic and the most beautiful. In other places, the skill and judgment of our great dramatist are scarcely less conspicuous: as, for instance, in the very outset of his play, where he rep resents Polixenes (the Egistus of the novel) as previously prepared to take his departure in his ships, which had only, therefore, to weigh auchor; while, in Greene's novel, the determination of the visitor to quit the kingdom of his royal friend is sudden, and all his vessels have to be got ready on the instant. The variation in the time of the disclosure of the oracle may also be noticed as a proof of the knowledge Shakespeare possessed of dramatic effect."

It is worthy of remark that in Greene's novel, as well as in Shakespeare's play, Bohemia is described as a maritime couutry, a matter which, as to Shakespeare, has given as much trouble to his commentators and critics as a similar question (in regard to the possibility of Bohemia having been made an island) is recorded to have given to Corporal Trim and Captain Shandy. This blunder, if such it were in the novel, was (it may reasonably be supposed) oue that the Poet did not care to correct, lest he should disturb the associations of his audieuce familiar with the conventioual geography of the popular tale, and not at all fastidious in such matters, while he himself was couteut, with the more cultivated parts of his audience, to consider the whole of the localities (in Mr. Knight's happy language) as "purposely taken out of the domain of the real" and belonging to "some poetical sphere, where Bohemia is but a name for a wild country upon the sea, and the oracular voices of the pagan world are heard amid the merriment of 'Whitsun Pastorals' and the solemnities of 'Christian burial;' where the 'Emperor of Russia' represcuts some dim conception of a mighty monarch of far-off lands; and 'that rare Italian master, Julio Romauo,' stands as the abstract personification of excellence in art."

To endeavour to adjust the geography of such a romantic tale as this to that of a modern atlas, is as absurd as it would be to apply the same rule to Spenser's "Faëry Queen," or the "Orlando Furioso."

* "Some verbal resemblances and trifling obligations have been incidentally pointed out by the commentators in their notes to the WINTER'S TALE. One of the principal instances occurs in act iv. scene 3, where Florizel says:—

> —The gods themselves,
> Humbling their deities to love, have taken
> The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
> Became a bull and bellow'd; the green Neptune
> A ram and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
> Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
> As I seem now. Their transformations
> Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
> Nor in a way so chaste.

"'This (says Malone) is taken almost literally from the novel,' when, in fact, the resemblance merely consists in the adoption by Shakespeare of part of the mythological knowledge supplied by Greene. 'The Gods above disdaine not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then Fawnia?' The resemblance is any thing but literal."—COLLIER'S "*Shakespeare's Library.*"

But Greene was a professed scholar, and perhaps for him it was no sufficient vindication that (according to Mr. Collier) a passage in John Taylor's "Travels to Prague in Bohemia," in 1620, shows that the satirical writer did not consider it strange that an alderman of London was not aware that a fleet of ships could not arrive at a port of Bohemia:—"I am no sooner eased of him, but Gregory Gandergoose, an alderman of Gotham, catches me by the goll, demanding if Bohemia be a great town, and whether there be any meat in it, and whether the last fleet of ships be arrived there."

In fact, Greene has a very satisfactory defence, which would serve also for Shakespeare if it were not evident that he had treated the subject with perfect indifference; and it surprises me that it has not occurred to some of the English critics, who are never deficient in classical learning. It is this. The present Bohemia (the Boiihmium of the Latins, as we learn from Tacitus and others) derived its name from the ancient Boii, a Gaulish or Celtic people, part of whom migrated there about five hundred years before the Christian era. But these same Boii, we learn from the best ancient authorities (Cæsar, Strabo, and Ausonius among them) were a numerous and powerful people of many tribes, some of which occupied the south part of Cis-Alpine Gaul, between the Appeniues and the Rubicon to the sea, while another nation of the same stock and name inhabited the western coast of Gaul Proper along the sea-coast. Either of these districts, as the land of the Boii, might well be designated as Bohemia by a scholar like Greene, and would answer all the purpose of his story without hazarding any imputation on his knowledge of geography, ancient or modern.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, his Son.
CAMILLO, } Sicilian Lords.
ANTIGONUS, }
CLEOMENES, }
DION, }
Another Sicilian Lord.
ROGERO, a Sicilian Gentleman.
An Attendant on the young Prince MAMILLIUS
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, his Son.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord.
A Mariner.
Jailor.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of PERDITA.
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.
Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to LEONTES.
PERDITA, Daughter to LEONTES and HERMIONE.
PAULINA, Wife to ANTIGONUS.
EMILIA, a Lady, } attending the QUEEN.
Two other Ladies, }
MOPSA, } Shepherdesses.
DORCAS, }

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, etc.

SCENE—Sometimes in SICILIA; sometimes in BOHEMIA.



WINTER'S TALE

ACT I

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* LEONTES' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together,

though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should for perpetuity
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one we-thank-you many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between 's then; and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were in your love a whip to me, my stay
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go:
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him thence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*To* POLIXENES.] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady should her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest, so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your jailor then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, "not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O! my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to 's; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl:
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any, but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."
Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,
Th' other for some while a friend.
[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.
Leon. [*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances,
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O! that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I' fecks?
Why, that's my bawcock. What! hast smutch'd thy nose?—
They say, it is a copy out of mine.
Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
[*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs: women say so,



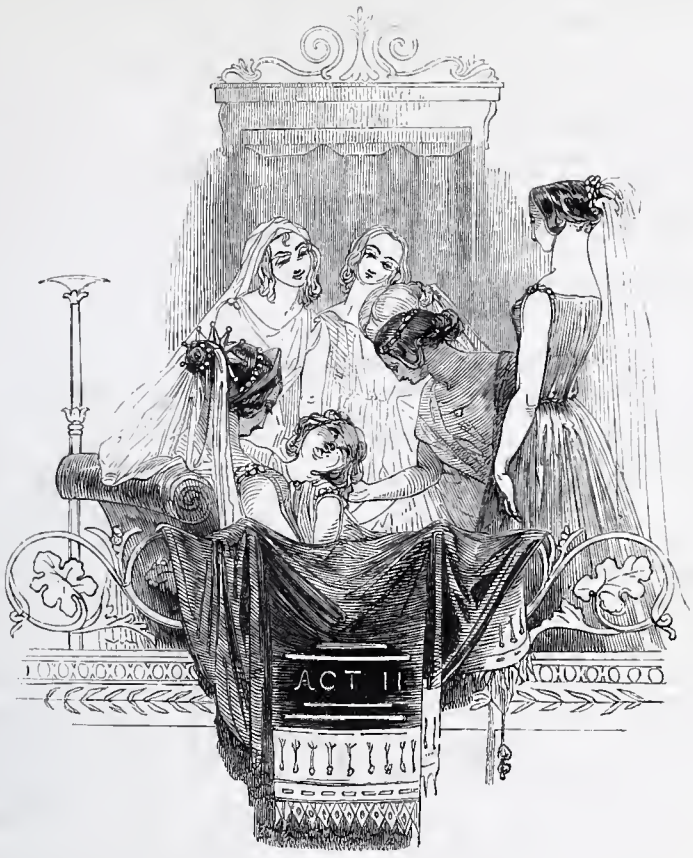
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may 't be?
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—(how can this be?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission;) and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord!
Leon. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?
Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.
Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole!—My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap.
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him;
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband. Gone already!
[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, *and Attendants.*
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!—
Go play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, (even at this present,
Now, while I speak this,) holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly: know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?
Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.— [*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.
Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,
"Sicilia is a"—so-forth. 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's, be't: good should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon't,—thou art not honest: or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful:
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of: but, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty,) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that is in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve is sleep; which, being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,)
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
(Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine,)
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?
Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.
Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.
Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*
Cam. O, miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: if I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange. Methinks,

My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not? do not! Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me. 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names.
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me: how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable. Therefore, mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry, "lost," and so good-night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice you to 't—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O! then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth,
Thereon his execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo:
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir: away!
[*Exeunt.*



SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord:
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
2 *Lady.* Hark ye.
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days, and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir; now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on; sit down:—come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard.—I will tell it softly;
Yond' crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never
Saw I men scour so on their way. I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge

Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.—
There is a plot against my life, my crown:
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him.
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy. [*To* HERMIONE.] I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her.
Away with him; and let her sport herself
With that she's big with, for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, "she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:"
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha—(these petty brands,
That calumny doth use,—O, I am out!—
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself)—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said "she's goodly," come between,
Ere you can say "she's honest." But be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adult'ress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O, thou thing!
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said
She's an adult'ress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison!
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd.

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the Guards.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding: hence! [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you: I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces!

1 *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven,
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease! no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:

There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leon. What! lack I credit?
1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?
1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.
Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.
Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *The outer room of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him: [*Exit an Attendant.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Jailor.

You know me, do you not?
Jail. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Jail. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors!—Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Jail. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*
Jail. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be't so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Jailor.*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Jailor, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together. On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't, says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."
Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous, unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.
Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emil. Now, be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen.—Please you, come something nearer.
Jail. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trespass of the queen.
Jail. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt*

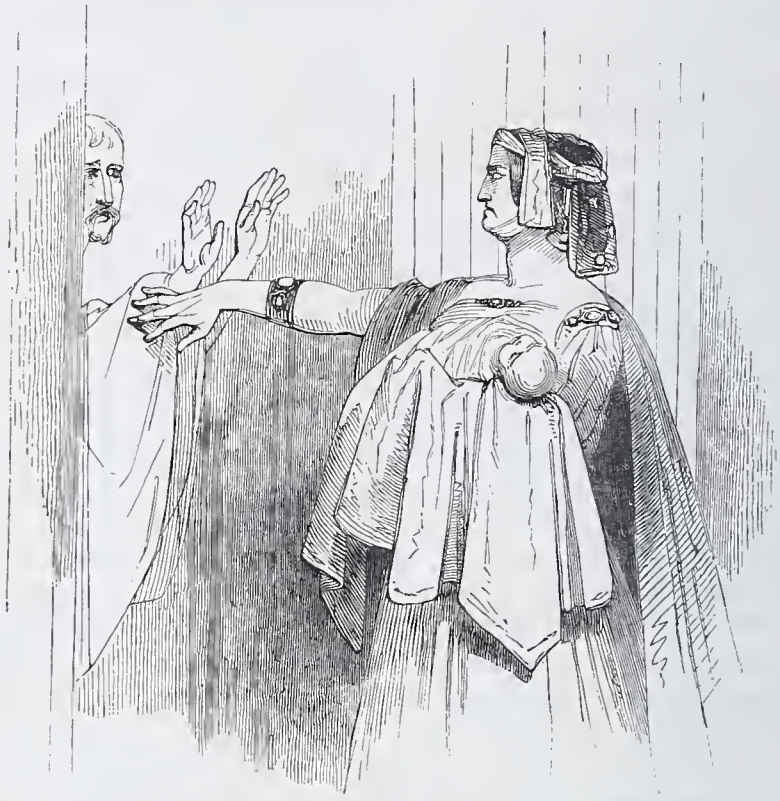
SCENE III.—The Same. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being—part o' the cause,
She, th' adult'ress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?
1 *Atten.* My lord.
Leon. How does the boy?
1 *Atten.* He took good rest to-night:
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attendant.*]—Fie, fie! no thought of him:—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance;—let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.



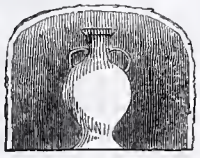
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What! canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. Lo, you now! you hear.
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,

Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the Child.*
Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—
Thou, dotard, [*To* ANTIGONUS.] thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here.—Take up the bastard:
Tak't up, I say; give't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine:
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—
And, thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.
Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll ha' thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire:
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard-brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
1 *Lord.* We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You're liars all.
1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us better credit.
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows.—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:—
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
[*To* ANTIGONUS.
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as thy beard's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;

I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it, seest thou; for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require!—and blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!
[*Exit with the Child.*
Leon. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.
1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed, foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding.
[*Exeunt.*







ACT III

SCENE I.—The Same. *A Street in some Town.*

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If th' event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.
Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: when the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then, will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter LEONTES, *Lords, and Officers.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.
Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court. [*Silence.*

Enter HERMIONE, *guarded;* PAULINA *and Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.
Offi. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."
Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other

But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus:—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, t' appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or, in act, or will,
That way inclining, hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, "Fie!" upon my grave.

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams:
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth,
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not.—No: life,
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt several Officers.*

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O! that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

Lords. Now, blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir! I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints.*] How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look down,
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd: she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and Ladies, with* HERMIONE.
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command; though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour.—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine,—O! think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad, for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by! whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O, lords!
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.
1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore, betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on;
Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
1 *Lord.* Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman. He is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather,
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth, which I receive much better,
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son.
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Bohemia. *A Desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Babe; and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,

So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her:—"Good Antigonus,
"Since fate, against thy better disposition,
"Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
"Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
"There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
"Is counted lost for ever, Perdita
"I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
"Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
"Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the Babe.*
There lie; and there thy character: there these,
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins. Poor wretch!
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow.—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough. I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. [*Bear roars.*] A savage clamour?—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled-brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barn, a very pretty barn! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one, a very pretty one. Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallood but even now.—Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!



Shep. What! art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land!—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service:—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it;—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship's side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling.—Open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go.—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings: I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*





Enter Time, *the Chorus.*

Time. I, that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and, with speed, so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

Scene 1.—The Same. *A Room in the Palace of* Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence, but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what I am to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice"—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers; three-man songmen all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note: "nutmegs,



AUT. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

seven: a race or two of ginger;"—but that I may beg:—"four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun."

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me!—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir! the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come; lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir! softly, good sir. I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir: [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good, sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you: that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These, your unusual weeds, to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This, your sheep-shearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O! pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now, Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O! but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak—that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,

Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O, lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *disguised; Clown,* MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come; quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To* POL.] Sir, welcome.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—[*To* CAM.]—You're welcome, sir.—
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue: these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,



And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fair'st friend,
I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina!
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.
Flo. What! like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun-pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.
Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.
Per. O Doricles!
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.—
Mop. Now, in good time—
Clo. Not a word, a word: we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up. [*Music.*
[*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*
Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing, though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master! if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money: he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes: no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of "dildos" and "fadings," "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch'd-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses. You would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore, it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o'-life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.



Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, "Two maids wooing a man." There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O! whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
Dor. *Me too: let me go thither.*
Mop. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*
Dor. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What, neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*
Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men s ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clown*, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, *and* MOPSA.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair: they call themselves saltiers; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in: but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O father! you'll know more of that hereafter.—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O! hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this!—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out.—
But, to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her employ them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands; a bargain:—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O! that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you.
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor shall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more:
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with—
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off:—mark thou my words.
Follow us to the court.—Thou, churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*
Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once, or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?
[*To* FLORIZEL.
I told you, what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.
Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak, nor think
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir!
[*To* FLORIZEL.
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now,
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.
That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*
Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, (which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him,) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then,
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason:
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow:
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver.—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to her need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O, my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita.—
[*To* CAMILLO.]—I'll hear you by and by.
Cam. He's irremovable;
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*
Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend, your ruin,) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done,
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet;
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows:—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought, or time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the king, your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you.
There is some sap in this.
Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.
Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of our birth.
Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.
Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia—
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture, and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse: I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it; so that, in this time of lethargy, I

picked and cut most of their festival purses, and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA, *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes?

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Whom have we here?—
[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.
We'll make an instrument of this: omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's a necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[*Aside.*]—I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you ine arnest, sir?—[*Aside.*]—I smell the trick of it.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—
[FLO. *and* AUTOL. *exchange garments.*
Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy
Come home to you!) you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you, and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may,
(For I do fear eyes ever,) to ship-board
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.—
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita! what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* CAMILLO.

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse: a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside:—here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see, what a man you are now! There is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside.*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel: therefore, they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the

court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir: I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are. Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter, but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive, then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot-infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king? being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned, and flayed alive!

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O! that's the case of the shepherd's son. —Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side: go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say; even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion —gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*





ACT V

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of: true.

Paul. Too true, my lord:
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,

Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips,—
Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin, "And why to me?"
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her? then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine."
Leon. Stars, stars!
And all eyes else dead coals.—Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—I have done.
Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will—give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione!
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grace
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme—She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of whom she but did follow.
Paul. How! not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, *Lords, and Gentleman.*
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our Prince,
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Pr'ythee, no more: cease! thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince,
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, as friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you, whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.
Leon. O, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters

Of my behind-hand slackness.—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he, too,
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble, honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify,
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir: I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth,
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power nor jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* FLORIZEL.
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him. Therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow, but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can

deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O! the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, (with the manner how she came to't, bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears, for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy: I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have;—but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the

prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it, and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*



CLOWN. Do you see these clothes?

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Chapel in* PAULINA'S *House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O! grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina!
We honour you with trouble. But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities, but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say, 'tis well.
[PAULINA *undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*
I like your silence: it the more shows off
Your wonder; but yet speak:—first you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture.—
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.
Pol. O! not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O! thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece!
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.
Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Paul. O, patience!

The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.
Leon. O, sweet Paulina!
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina,
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear.
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet:
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still.
On; Those that think it is unlawful business
I am about; let them depart.
Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music awake her. Strike!—[*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs.
[HERMIONE *descends from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor?
Leon. O! she's warm. [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck.
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Pol. Ay; and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead?
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady,
Our Perdita is found.
[PERDITA *kneels to* HERMIONE.
Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.
Paul. There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
Leon. O peace, Paulina!
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how is to be question'd, for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What!—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away.
[*Exeunt.*



(TIME, the Chorus.)

NOTES ON THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

"— *shook hands, as over a* VAST"—Thus the first folio: the second has, "shook hands, as over a vast *sea*," which Hanmer adopted. "Vast" is used substantively, and Shakespeare uses it for the *sea* in PERICLES:—

Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke these surges.

In the TEMPEST. also, we have—the "*vast* of night."

"— *one that, indeed,* PHYSICS *the* SUBJECT"—Here, as in MEASURE FOR MEASURE, act iii. scene 2, the word "subject" is used for *subjects*. "Physics the subject" means, gives the subjects of the king, or the state generally, health and joy

SCENE II.

"— *that may blow*
No SNEAPING *winds at home*," etc.

"Sneaping" is *snipping*, or *nipping*. Polixenes hopes that no sharp winds may blow at home, to induce him to say that he too truly prognosticated the consequences of his absence. Farmer shows that "that," for *Oh that*, was common in old writers, as Beaumont and Fletcher, and others.

"*To* LET *him there a month behind the* GEST," etc.—i. e. I will give him leave to *detain* himself there a month beyond the time prefixed for his departure. "Gest," (from the French *giste*, a lodging,) was a term employed with reference to the royal progresses, and meant the place of abiding for a certain period.

"— *good deed*"—i. e. "*Indeed*, in very deed, in troth. 'Good deed' is used in the same sense by the Earl of Surrey, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne."—STEVENS.

"*I love thee not* A JAR O' THE CLOCK *behind*
What lady SHOULD *her lord.*"

"'A jar o' the clock' is a *tick* of the clock; 'jar' being used for *tick* by writers of the time. The words 'what lady *should* her lord' have hitherto stood rather unintelligibly—'what lady *she* her lord.' The emendation is made on the authority of the old MS. corrector of the first folio, belonging to Lord Francis Egerton. 'Should' was perhaps written, in the MS., from which the printer composed the first folio, with an abbreviation, which he misread *she*."—COLLIER.

"— *we should have answer'd heaven*
Boldly, 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours."

"That is, setting aside original sin, bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence." Warburton,

who labours to extract more theology from Shakespeare than he dreamed of, is right here.

"GRACE *to boot*"—An ejaculation, meauing, *Grace*, or Heaven, help us! In RICHARD III. we have—"*Saint George* to boot."

"— CRAM'S *with praise, and* MAKE'S"—i. e. "'Cram *us* with praise, and make *us*,' but, for the sake of the metre, the old copies, by their mode of printing, inform us that *cram us* and *make us* were each to be read as one syllable. Such doubtless was the mode in which the words were written in the MS. used by the old compositor, aud we may presume that in this form they came from the peu of Shakespeare. This remark will apply to 'to's' just preceding, and to other portions of this play."—COLLIER.

"*And* CLAP *thyself my love*"—This was part of the troth-plight, and the custom is still retained in common life, on bargains or bets. So, iu HENRY V.:—

> And so, *clap hands*, and a bargain.

"*The* MORT *o' the deer*"—Was the peculiar prolonged note of the huntsman's horn at the death of the deer.

"— *I'* FECKS"—Stevens supposes this to be a corruptiou of *i' faith*. Collier suggests it to be a corruption of *in fact*.

"*Why, that's my* BAWCOCK"—"Perhaps from *beau* aud *coq*. It is still said, in vulgar language, that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. The word occurs in TWELFTH NIGHT, and is one of the titles by which Pistol speaks of King Henry the Fifth."—STEVENS.

> "— *still virginalling*
> *Upon his palm?*"

That is, still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the virgiuals. Virginals were stringed iustruments, played with keys like a spinuet, which they resembled in all respects but in shape; spinnets being nearly triangular, and virginals of an obloug-square shape, like a small pianoforte.

"*Thou want'st a rough* PASH, *and the shoots that I have*"—Holloway, in his "Dictionary of Provincialisms," informs us that "pash," in Cheshire, signifies the *brains*, and that "mad pash" is the same as *mad brains*. "Pash" is to be taken in this place for the *head*, as Jamieson says it is used in Scotlaud. By the "rough pash" is to be understood the hair on the forehead of a bull, which the *calf* wants, as well as the "shoots," i. e. the budding horns, which Leontes feels on his forehead.

"*As* O'ER-DYED *blacks*"—Hanmer and Johnson say that "o'er-dyed" here means *too much* dyed; but it is to be understood as *dyed over*—i. e. coloured cloth that has been dyed over in order to make it black.

"*Look on me with your* WELKIN EYE"—"Welkin" is *blue*, i. e. the colour of the welkin, or sky. H. Tooke explains, a *rolling* eye, from the Saxou *wealcan*, (*volvere;*) but the sense in which Shakespeare always uses the word is against Tooke's opinion.

"— *my* COLLOP"—In KING HENRY VI., Part I., we have—

> God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh.

It is given as a proverbial phrase in Heywood's "Epigrams," 1566:—

> For I have heard saie it is a deere *collup*
> That is cut out of th' owne flesh.

"*Affection! thy intention stabs the centre*"—Rowe, without authority, altered this to read—

> Imagination! thou dost stab to the centre.

And thus it stands in many editions of the last century. Stevens, who restored the old reading, says, however, that "affection means imagination." This is not so. *Affection* is the state of being strongly affected by passion: its *intention* seems used for the favourite modern word, *intensity*. He says, "This intense emotion stabs me to the heart; making things, ordinarily held to be incredible, to appear possible."

"— *Then, 'tis very* CREDENT"—In MEASURE FOR MEASURE we have "credent," as here, for *credible*.

"*What cheer? how is't with you, best brother*"—Many editions follow Stevens in taking this passage from Leontes, and adding it to the preceding exclamation of Polixenes, "How, my lord!" The old copies are uniform in the assignment of the dialogue as in our text, which the later editors have restored. Leontes breaks from a fit of abstraction with, "What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?" What Hermione subsequently says confirms this reading.

> "— METHOUGHTS *I did recoil*
> *Twenty-three years*," etc.

In the old copies it stands, "*me* thoughts I did recoil," and so it has been since usually printed. Collier prefers reading, "*my* thoughts I did recoil," on the authority of an old MS. correction of the folio.

"*This* SQUASH"—In Old-English it did not mean the vegetable familiarly known on American tables, and in our gardens, by that name, but a pea-pod, when the young peas have not yet swelled and formed themselves.

"*Will you take eggs for money*"—This phrase was proverbial for putting up with an affrout, and so it was understood by Mamillius.

"— *why, happy man be his* DOLE"—i. e. May happiness be his *portion*. The expression is of frequent occurrence in old writers, and we have had it frequeutly iu SHAKESPEARE.

"— *Many a thousand* ON'S"—"Malone prints it 'of us;' but if he chose to alter *on* to *of*, he ought, for the sake of the verse, to have read *of's:* 'on's' is an abbreviation for the sake of the verse, and the language of the time. Fidelity, metre, aud custom require its preservation."—COLLIER.

"*They're* HERE WITH ME *already; whispering,* ROUNDING"—"They're here with me" meaus, "They are aware of my conditiou." "Rounding" is another word for "whispering:" *to round in the ear* is common in old writers.

> "— *lower* MESSES,
> *Perchance, are to this business purblind*," etc.

The term "messes" here signifies degrees or conditions. The company at great tables were divided according to their rank into higher and lower messes; those of lower condition sitting below the great standing-salt in the centre of the table. Sometimes the messes were served at different tables, and seem to have been arranged into fours, as is still the use at the halls of the Inns-of-Court.

"*Which* HOXES *honesty behind*"—To *hox* is to *hough*, or ham-string.

> "— *(for cogitation*
> *Resides not in that man that does not think)*
> *My wife is slippery?*"

Theobald quoted this passage in defence of the much-ridiculed line in his "Double Falsehood:"—"None but himself can be his parallel." "For who does not see at once, (says he,) that he who does not think has no thought in him." In the same light the subsequent editors view this passage. and read, with Pope, "that does not think *it*." But the old reading is right, and the absurdity only in the misapprehension of it. Leontes means to say, "Have you not thought that my wife is slippery? (for cogitation resides not in the man that does not think *my wife is slippery*.") The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it. Malone, whose explanation this is, justly remarks that there are more iuvolved and parenthetical passages in this play than in any other of Shakespeare's, except, perhaps, KING HENRY VIII.

"— *and all eyes blind*
With the PIN AND WEB," etc.

"The pin and web" was the old name for a *cataract* in the eyes. Florio, in his "New World of Words," 1611, defines *cataratta* as "a dimness of sight, occasioned by humours hardened in the eyes, called a cataract, or *a pin and a web*." (See LEAR, act iii. scene 4.)

"*Why he, that wears her like* HER *medal*"—So the old copies; but Malone and other editors have altered it to "*his* medal"—a useless change. The meaning is, that Polixenes wears Hermione round his neck, as it were, a medal, or resemblance of *her*—"her medal."

'*His cup-bearer*"—Greene, in his novel of "Pandosto," says that, "Devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus, without suspition of treacherous murder, he concluded at last to poyson him: which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his cup-bearer," meaning the cup-bearer of Egistus.

"*Make* THAT *thy question, and go rot*"—The commentators differ in their printing and interpretation of this passage, which in the folios is given as in our text. Malone would read, "*Make't* thy question," which seems to refer to the interrupted observation of Camillo, "I have lov'd thee," instead of to what the words "Make *that* thy question," appear to relate to. The meaning of Leontes surely is, as Mr. Knight suggests, that Camillo may go rot, if he doubts or makes question of that which he has just been told.

"*Could man so* BLENCH"—To "blench" is to *start off;* as, in HAMLET, "if he but *blench*." Leontes means, "could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour."

"*Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling*
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me," etc.

"This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakespeare. Leontes had but a moment before told Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but, on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred."—MASON.

"— *Do you know, and dare not?*
Be intelligent to me."

Thus the original. The common reading is—

— Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me?

"*To* VICE *you to't*"—i. e. To *screw*, or move you to it. A *vice*, in Shakespeare's time, meant any kind of winding-screw. The *vice* of a clock was a common expression.

"*Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best*"—i. e. Be coupled with that of Judas Iscariot. "Best," as Henderson remarks, is printed with a capital in the folios.

"— *and comfort*
The graeious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!"

A very obscure passage, of which, Johnson says, he "can make nothing;" and suspects, very probably, that a line connecting them has been lost by the copyist or printer. Various emendations have been proposed, such as Jackson's—*consort*, for "comfort;" *throne* for "theme." Malone, Collier, and others retain the old text, explaining it thus: Polixenes hopes that his speedy absence may comfort the queen, who was part of the theme on which the king dwelt, (Polixenes being the other part;) but who, being innocent, was really "nothing" of the "ill-ta'en suspicion" against her.

Coleridge thus comments on the dramatic effect of this act:—

"Observe the easy style of chit-chat between Camillo and Archidamus, as contrasted with the elevated diction on the introduction of the kings and Hermione, in the second scene; and how admirably Polixenes's refusal to Leontes to stay—

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me—

prepares for the effect produced by his afterwards yielding to Hermione;—which is, nevertheless, perfectly natural from mere courtesy to the sex, and the exhaustion of the will by former efforts of denial, and well calculated to set in nascent action the jealousy of Leontes. This, when once excited, is unconsciously increased by Hermione:—

— yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady should her lord:—

accompanied, as a good actress ought to represent it, by an expression and recoil of apprehension that she had gone too far.

At my request, he would not—

The first working of the jealous fit:—

Too hot, too hot—

The morbid tendency of Leontes to lay hold of the merest trifles, and his grossness immediately afterwards—

Paddling palms, and pinching fingers—

followed by his strange loss of self-control in his dialogue with the little boy."

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"— *There may be in the cup*
A spider steep'd," etc.

"That spiders were esteemed venomous appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir Thomas Overbury's affair: 'The Countess wished me to get the strongest poison that I could, etc. Accordingly, I bought seven great spiders and cantharides.'"—HENDERSON.

"*With violent* HEFTS'—i. e. *Heavings*.

"*He has discover'd my design, and I*
Remain a PINCH'D THING," etc.

"The sense, I think, is, He hath now discovered my design, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please."—HEATH.

This sense is supported by the following passage in the "City Match," by Jasper Maine, 1639:—

— *Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid
Like fishes, fowls, or faces.

"*A* FEDERARY *with her*"—A "federary" means a *confederate;* but Collier doubts whether it is not a misprint for *feodary*, a word Shakespeare uses in MEASURE FOR MEASURE, and in CYMBELINE, act iii. scene 2, "Art thou a *feodary* for this act?" Malone states that "there is no such word as *federary;*" but Stevens is probably right in considering it as "a word of our author's coinage."

"*No; if I mistake*"—Malone and Stevens, taking upon them to improve Shakespeare's versification, printed, "No, no; if I mistake," which many popular editions follow. I agree with the suggestion of Knight and Collier that the Poet meant to leave the line syllabically incomplete, for the sake of the emphasis to be placed upon the single "No," which, with a pause after it, would make up the time.

"*He, who shall speak for her, is* AFAR OFF *guilty*"—i. e. He who shall speak for her is *remotely* guilty in merely speaking.

"— *I'll keep my stables where*
I lodge my wife," etc.

Much has been said about this passage: Hanmer thought it should be *stable-stand;* Malone that it means *station*. But it may be explained thus:—"If she prove false, I'll make my stables, or kennel, of my wife's chamber; I'll go in couples with her like a dog, and

never leave her for a moment; trust her no further than I can feel and see her."

"THAN *when I feel, and see her, no further trust her*"—*Than* was formerly spelled *then;* and we have to choose in this passage between *than* and *then*. Malone prefers *then;* but the sentence is comparative: I will trust her no further *than* I see her.

"— *would I knew the villain,*
I would LAND-DAMN *him.*"

"Land-damn" is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than—"I will rid the country of him; condemn him to quit the land."—JOHNSON.

Warner, a popular contemporary poet, has a similar phrase—"country loutes land-lurch their lords"—which supports Johnson's conjecture. Farmer proposes reading, "*laudanum* him"—i. e. poison him.

"*The second, and the third, nine, and some five*"—i. e. The second nine, and the third some five.

"*The instruments that feel*"—Leontes, at these words, must be supposed to take hold of Antigonus. "The instruments that feel" are his fingers.

"— *nought for* APPROBATION
But only seeing," etc.

That required no other *proof* excepting sight, all other circumstances being complete.

SCENE II.

"*These dangerous, unsafe* LUNES *i' the king*"—This word has not been found in any other English writer; but it is used in old French for *frenzy, lunacy, folly*. A similar expression occurs in the "Revenger's Tragedy," 1608: "I know it was but some peevish *moon* in him." In AS YOU LIKE IT, we have the expression, "a *moonish* youth."

SCENE III.

"—*Fie, fie! no thought of* HIM"—i. e. "Of Polixenes, to whom the thoughts of Leontes naturally revert without naming him. Coleridge called this in his lectures, in 1815, an admirable instance of propriety in soliloquy, where the mind leaps from one object to another, however distant, without any apparent interval; the operation here being perfectly intelligible without mentioning Polixenes. The king is talking to himself, while his lords and attendants stand at a distance."—COLLIER.

"*The very thought of my revenges that way*
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty," etc.

This passage is founded on a similar one in the novel of "Dorastus and Fawnia:"—"Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spur to war, and that envy always proffereth steel, yet he saw Egistus was not only of great puissance and prowess to withstand him, but also had many kings of his alliance to aid him, if need should serve; for he married the Emperor of Russia's daughter." Shakespeare has made this lady the wife of the Leontes of the play—not of the Polixenes; but it will be seen that Greene, the acknowledged classical scholar, exhibits as much indifference to chronology as the supposed illiterate dramatist.

"*Less appear so in* COMFORTING *your evils*"—"Comforting" is here used, as Monck Mason observes, in the legal sense of *comforting* and abetting a person in any criminal action.

"*A* MANKIND *witch*"—In Junius's "Nomenclator," by Abraham Fleming, 1535, *Virago* is interpreted "A manly woman, or a *mankind* woman." Johnson asserts that the phrase is still used (in some English counties) for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous.

"—*thou art* WOMAN-TIR'D"—To be "woman-tir'd" is to be pecked by a woman. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakespeare. So, in Decker's "Match me in London:"—

— The vulture tires
Upon the eagle's heart.

"— *give 't to thy* CRONE"—A "crone" is an old woman. Chaucer employs the word.

"*A* CALLAT"—"Callat," sometimes spelled *callet*, is a very old term of abuse applied to women. It originally meant merely a low mean woman, and has been derived from *calle*, which Tyrwhitt tells us is French for "a species of cap," ("Gloss. to Chaucer,") or from *calote*, which Grey says was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. In the time of Shakespeare, and earlier, *callet* was generally used for a lewd woman, a drab.

"*And,* LOZEL, *thou art worthy to be hang'd*"—"A lozel," says Verstegan, in his "Restitution," 1605, as quoted by Reed, "is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his own good and welfare, and who is become lewd, and careless of credit and honesty." Spenser often uses the word.

"*So sure as* THY *beard's grey*"—The original reading is, "*this* beard is grey," but as Leontes, in a prior scene, has told us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreeched, etc., he cannot mean his own beard; and the annotators suppose that it is intended he should take hold of, or point at the beard of Antigonus. But we have no hesitation in adopting, with Collier, the old MS. correction of Lord Francis Egerton's copy of the folio, 1623, altering *this* into "thy."

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*Fertile* THE ISLE"—i. e. The "isle" of Delphos. Warburton points out a geographical blunder here, inasmuch as the Temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. This is of course true; but Shakespeare had "isle" from Greene, in whom the error was less excusable, as he was Master of Arts in both Universities. In "Pandosto," Bellaria requests "that it would please his Majestie to send sixe of his noble men, whom he best trusted, to *the isle of Delphos*, there to inquire of the Oracle of Apollo, whether she had committed adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poyson him with Tranion." (See "Shakespeare's Library," part i. p. 20.)

"EVEN *to the guilt*"—i. e. Equal, indifferent.

"SILENCE"—"The word *Silence* is printed as a stage-direction in the first folio, without any indication of the entrance of the queen, etc. This deficiency the second folio supplied merely by the word *Enter*, which follows *Silence*. The third and fourth folios adopt the reading of the second. Malone and all the other modern editors take *Silence* as an exclamation of the officer: so it might be; but the priuter of the folio, 1623, did not so understand it, and the editor of the folio, 1632, when correcting an obvious omission, did not think fit to alter the reading. The word *Silence* was probably meant to mark the suspense, that ought to be displayed by all upon the stage, on the entrance of Hermione to trial."—COLLIER.

Though agreeing with Mr. Collier in adhering to the original reading, I rather think that "*Silence*" (though the word is not meant as part of the officer's speech) is yet to be understood as if here silence is proclaimed in legal form; as, in a parallel scene in HENRY VIII., Wolsey says, "Let silence be commanded."

"— *the* PRETENCE *whereof*"—i. e. *Design*, or *intention;* a usual sense of the word in that age.

"— *For life, I prize it*
As I weigh grief, which I would SPARE," etc.

"Life is to me now only grief, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly dismiss it. To 'spare' any thing is *to let it go, to quit the possession of it.*"—JOHNSON.

" With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, t' appear thus," etc.

This passage is difficult, and Johnson confessed that he could not understand it: he proposed to read, "With what encounter so uncurrent—Have I been strained to appear thus." Stevens considers it a metaphor from running at tilt; but Mr. Amoyt has given the following explanation of the sentence:—"Hermione intends to say, 'Beloved as I was by you before Polixenes arrived, and deservedly so, I appeal to your conscience how it has happened that I have had to struggle against so untoward a current as to appear thus before you in the character of a criminal.'"

Strain is often used, in old poetry, for *going awry*, as Drayton describes a river—"wantonly she *strains* in her lascivious course." The sense may then be, "In what unusual interview have I so erred as to expose myself to the appearance of guilt?"

"That any of these bolder vices WANTED
LESS *impudence to gainsay what they did,"* etc.

"It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to the present use of words, 'less' should be *more*, or 'wanted' should be *had*. But Shakespeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that, in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion."—JOHNSON.

"My life stands IN THE LEVEL *of your dreams"*—A metaphor from gunnery: to stand *in the level* means to be the object at which direct aim is taken.

"I have got STRENGTH *of* LIMIT"—"I know not well how 'strength' of 'limit' can mean *strength to pass the limits* of the child-bed chamber; which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read, in more easy phrase—'strength of *limb*. *And* now,'" etc.—JOHNSON.

"Mr. M. Mason judiciously conceives *strength of limit* to mean, the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire, before they are suffered to go abroad, after child-bearing."—STEVENS.

"— FLATNESS *of my misery"*—"That is, how *low*, how *flat*, I am laid by my calamity."—JOHNSON.

So, Milton, in "Paradise Lost," book ii.:—

—thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is *flat* despair.

"—if that which is lost be not found"—This oracle, with the change of names, is from Greene's "Pandosto." "Suspition is no proofe; jealousie is an unequall judge; Bellaria is chast; Egistus blamelesse; Tranion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe an innocent; the king shall die without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde."—(*Shakespeare's Library*, part i. p. 21.) The editions of "Pandosto," subsequent to that of 1588, read, "his babe innoeent," and "the king shall live without an heire," etc. Therefore, Shakespeare employed one of the later impressions; probably that of 1609, the year before we suppose him to have eommenced this play.

" Of the queen's SPEED"—"Of the *event* of the queen's trial: so we still say, he *sped* well, or ill."—JOHNSON.

" Which you knew great, and to the hazard"—This line, in the folio of 1623, is defieient two syllables of the regular metre, and the editor of the folio of 1632 supplied them by reading "certain hazard." Malone pronounces *certain* of all words the "most objectionable," and supposes the lost word "to be either *doubtful* or *fearful*;" while Stevens urges that it is "quite in Shakespeare's manner." We leave the line as it stands in the oldest and most authentic copy, and as, in all probability, Shakespeare wrote it, metrical enough to the ear for dramatic dialogue, though not conforming to the regular blank-verse standard.

"— How he glisters
THOROUGH *my rust!"*

The first folio has, "*through* my rust," and the second folio, "through my *dark* rust;" but the addition to the old text is needless, if we only read *through* "thorough."

"—and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!"

"This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt."—JOHNSON.

"That did but show thee OF *a* FOOL"—Theobald would read *soul* for "fool;" and Warburton, "that did but show thee *off* a fool." I agree, with Coleridge, that "*fool* is Shakespeare's word," for the reasons he assigns. "1. My ear feels it to be Shakespearian; 2. The involved grammar is Shakespearian—'show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy;' 3. The alteration is most flat, and un-Shakespearian. As to the grossness of the abuse, she calls him 'gross and foolish' a few lines below." This mode of speech was anciently quite common.

"—a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't."

That is, a devil would have shed tears of pity, ere he would have committed such an action.

"—for one so TENDER"—i. e. Tender in years.

"All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent."

"This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds."—JOHNSON

"—so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise," etc.

Mr. Knight was the first to restore the original metre, which, in the numerous editions of the last century, and the first thirty years of the present, were thus printed, without any reason assigned for it:—

Shall be my recreation: so long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come
And lead me to these sorrows.

Knight justly remarks:—"If the freedom and variety of his versification were offensive to those who had been trained in the school of Pope, let it be remembered that we have now come back to the proper estimation of a nobler rhythm; and that Shakespeare, of all the great dramatists, appears to have held the true mean, between a syllabic monotony on the one hand, and a license running into prose on the other."

SCENE III.

"Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the* BABE"—So in the old copies, which there is no reason for changing into *child*, as in most modern editions.

"— and there thy CHARACTER"—By "character" is meant the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.

"A LULLABY *too rough"*—So in "Pandosto:"—"Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy *lullabie*, and the salt sea fome instede of sweete milke?"—(*Shakespeare's Library*, part i. p. 18.)—These verbal resemblances show that Shakespeare wrote, not only with Greene's novel in his memory, but before him.

"— A savage clamour?—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase."

This "clamour" was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then, seeing the bear, Antigonus exclaims, "This is the chase," or the animal pursued.

"— a very pretty BARN"—"Barn" is still a North-of-England word for *child*, as *bairn* is in Scotland.

"—*A* BOY, *or a* CHILD"—Stevens says that he is told, that, "in some of the inland counties of England, a *female* infant, in contradistinction to a *male* one, is still termed, among the peasantry, a 'child.'" This use of the word was clearly the meaning of Shakespeare; but in none of the provincial glossaries can we find an authority for such an application. On the contrary, in all the ancient writers, *childe* means a boy, a young man, and generally in some association with chivalry. Byron, in his preface to "Childe Harold," says:—"It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation 'Childe,' as 'Childe Waters,' 'Childe Childers,' etc., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification, which I have adopted." Nares observes upon the passage before us, that the expression "'child' may perhaps be rather referred to the simplicity of the shepherd, reversing the common practice, than taken as an authority for it."

"—*how the sea* FLAP-DRAGONED *it*"—The meaning is, that the sea swallowed the ship as drinkers swallowed *flap-dragons*, which were almonds, or other inflammable substances set on fire, set afloat, and gulped down while blazing. Thus Falstaff says of the Prince, "He drinks candles' ends for flap-dragons."

"—*a* BEARING-CLOTH"—Percy explains this as "the fine mantle, or cloth, with which a child is usually covered when it is carried to the church to be baptized."

"—*this is some* CHANGELING"—Some child *changed* by the fairies. "Changeling" was oftentimes used synonymously with *idiot*, because the fairies were supposed to leave idiots instead of the children they took away.

"—*they are never* CURST, *but when they are hungry*"—"Curst" signifies *ill-tempered*. Thus the adage: "Curst cows have short horns."

ACT IV.—CHORUS.

"—*Impute it not a crime*
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years," etc.

"This trespass, in respect of dramatic unity, will appear venial to those who have read the once famous Lily's 'Endymion,' (or, as he himself calls it in the prologue, his 'Man in the Moon.') Two acts of this piece comprise the space of forty years; Endymion lying down to sleep at the end of the second, and waking in the first scene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. Lily has, likewise, been guilty of much greater absurdity than Shakespeare committed; for he supposes that Endymion's hair, features, and person, were changed by age during his sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration."—STEVENS.

Malone states that, in the comedy of "Patient Grissel," (by Decker, Chettle, and Haughton,) Grissel is in the first act married, and soon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a son and a daughter; and the daughter, in the fifth act, is produced on the scene as a woman old enough to be married.

Dr. Johnson has thus commented on the dramatic unity of time:—

"By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended. The time required by the fable elapses, for the most part, between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented in the catastrophe as happening in Pontus. We know that there is neither war nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus—that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus is before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions; and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination: a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation, we easily contract the time of real actions; and, therefore, willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation."

"—*and leave the* GROWTH *untried*
Of that wide GAP," etc.

"Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. The 'growth' of the 'wide gap' is somewhat irregular; but he means, the 'growth,' or *progression*, of the time which filled up the 'gap' of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. To *leave this growth untried*, is to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. 'Untried' is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required."—JOHNSON.

"—*imagine me*"—i. e. Imagine *with* me. It is a French idiom, which Shakespeare has played upon in the TAMING OF THE SHREW. And Falstaff, speaking of sack, in KING HENRY IV., says:—

It ascends *me* into the brain, dries *me* there, etc.

SCENE I.

"—*I have* MISSINGLY *noted*"—Stevens explains this—"I have observed him *at intervals*." But, is it not rather—*Missing* him, I have noted of late he is much retired from court?

SCENE II.

"—*the red blood reigns in the winter's* PALE"—"That is, the *red*, the *spring* blood, now reigns over the parts lately under the dominion of *winter*. The 'English pale,' and the 'Irish pale,' were frequent expressions in Shakespeare's time; and the words 'red' and 'pale' are used for the sake of the antithesis."—FARMER.

In this sense we still retain the phrase, "the *pale* of the church," "the *pale* of fashion." The Poet means to retain that sense, with a remote allusion to winter's pale colours.

"*Doth set my* PUGGING *tooth on edge*"—"Pugging," and *puggard*, seem to have been cant words, of nearly the same meaning with the modern slang-phrase of *prigging*—i. e. *thieving*, or *cheating*.

"*With heigh!* WITH HEIGH"—The first folio has only "with heigh!" the repetition, necessary for the metre, is from the second folio.

"—*in my time, wore* THREE-PILE"—i. e. Three-pile velvet—velvet of the richest kind.

"—*when the kite builds, look to* LESSER LINEN"—"Autolycus means, that his practice was to steal *sheets*, and *large* pieces of 'linen,' leaving the *smaller* pieces for the 'kites' to build with."—M. MASON.

"—*for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it*"—"Fine as this is, and delicately characteristic of one who had lived and been reared in the best society, and had been precipitated from it by dice and drabbing, yet still it strikes against my feelings as a note out of tune, and as not coalescing with that pastoral tint which gives such a charm to this act. It is too Macbeth-like in the 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.'"—COLERIDGE.

"—*Every 'leven wether* TODS; *every tod yields—pound and odd shilling*," etc.—To *tod* is used as a verb by dealers in wool. Thus, they say, "Twenty sheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," etc. The meaning, therefore, of the Clown's words is, "Every eleven wethers tods—i. e. will produce a tod, or twenty-eight pounds of wool—every tod yields a pound and odd

shilling: what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?"

"Shakespeare has here brought his agricultural knowledge to bear. We have every reason to believe that he was a practical farmer; for, after he had bought his estate in Stratford-Fields, in 1602, we find him suing one Philip Rogers, for a debt of thirty-five shillings and ten pence, for corn delivered. And, in 1605, he purchased a moiety of the tithes of Stratford, which he probably had to collect in kind. When he puts this speech, therefore, in the mouth of the Clown, we may reasonably conclude that he knew, of his own experience, that the average produce of eleven wethers was a tod of wool; and that the value of a tod was a 'pound and odd shilling.' Ritson says, 'It appears from Stafford's 'Brefe Conceipte of English Pollicye,' 1581, that the price of a tod of wool was, at that period, twenty or two-and-twenty shillings; so that the medium price was exactly 'pound and odd shilling.'"—KNIGHT.

The researches into the curious and important question of *money* prices, have shown that this was about the average price of the times. Wool, according to our mode of estimation, was then worth eight pence sterling the pound.

"— THREE-MAN *song-men all*"—i. e. Singers of songs in three parts, or for three men.

"— MEANS *and basses*"—"Means" are *tenours*—intermediate voices, between the treble and bass.

"— *he sings* PSALMS *to* HORNPIPES"—"In the early days of psalmody, it was not unusual to adapt the popular secular tunes to the versions of psalms, the rage for which originated in France."—WARTON'S "*History of Poetry.*"

"— *to colour the* WARDEN *pies*"—"'Wardens' are a large sort of pear, called in French *poires de garde*, because, being a late hard pear, they may be kept very long. It is said that their name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wearden*, (*to preserve.*) They are now called *baking-pears.*"—NARES.

"*A fellow sir, that I have known to go about with* TROL-MY-DAMES"—Probably a corruption of the French term, *trou madame.* The game much resembles that called *bagatelle.* The Old-English title of this sport was *pigeon-holes*, as the arches in the machine, through which the balls are rolled, resembles the cavities made for pigeons in a dove-house.

"— *it will no more but* ABIDE"—i. e. It will do no more than remain there for a time.

"— *a* MOTION *of the prodigal son*"—A "motion" was technical for a puppet-show, of which the history of the prodigal son was here the subject.

"— *merrily* HENT *the stile-a*"—i. e. *Take hold of.*

SCENE III.

"— *goddess-like* PRANK'D UP"—i. e. *Dressed* splendidly, decorated.

"— *I should blush*
To see you so attired, sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass."

Perdita probably means, that the prince, by the rustic habit he wears, seems as if he had sworn to show her as, in a glass, how she ought to be dressed, instead of being "so goddess-like pranked up;" and were it not for the license and folly which custom had made familiar at such feasts as that of sheep-shearing, when mimetic sports were allowable, she should blush to see him so attired.

"*For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep*
Seeming and savour all the winter long," etc.

Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies them with similar expressions:—"There's rosemary; that's for remembrance. There's rue for you; we may call it herb of grace." The qualities of retaining "seeming and savour" appear to form the reason why these plants were considered emblematical of "grace and remembrance."

"— *and streak'd* GILLYFLOWERS"—*Gillyvors*, in the folios, both here, when the word is spoken by Perdita, and afterwards by Polixenes. Dyce insists that the old spelling should be retained, as "an old form of the word."

"In the folio edition it is spelled *Gillyvors. Gelofer*, or *gillofer*, was the old name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweet-williams; from the French *girofle.* There were also stock-gelofers, and wall-gelofers. The variegated gillyflowers, or *earnations*, being considered as a produce of art, were properly called *nature's bastards*, and being streaked white and red, Perdita considers them a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman; and therefore declines to meddle with them. She connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of these flowers, with the art of painting the face—a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time."—DOUCE.

"*I'll not put*
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them," etc.

"It has been well remarked of this passage, that Perdita does not attempt to answer the reasoning of Polixenes: she gives up the argument, but, woman-like, retains her own opinion, or, rather, her sense of right, unshaken by his sophistry. She goes on in a strain of poetry, which comes over the soul like music and fragrance mingled: we seem to inhale the blended odours of a thousand flowers, till the sense faints with their sweetness; and she concludes with a touch of passionate sentiment, which melts into the very heart."—MRS. JAMESON.

"*From Dis's waggon! daffodils*"—"An epithet is wanted here, not merely or chiefly for the metre, but for the balance, for the æsthetic logic. Perhaps *golden* was the word, which would set off the 'violets dim.'"—COLERIDGE.

"— *violets dim.*
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes," etc.

"Johnson had not sufficient imagination to comprehend this exquisite passage: he thought that the Poet had mistaken Juno for Pallas, and says, that '*sweeter* than an *eyelid* is an odd image!' But the eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas, and—

— of a beauty never yet
Equalled in *height of tincture.*

The beauties of Greece and other Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet colour, by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, etc., mentioned by Athenæus. Hence Hesiod's phrase, in a passage which has been rendered—

— Her flowing hair and *sable eyelids*
Breathed enamouring odour, like the breath
Of balmy Venus.

Shakespeare may not have known this; yet of the beauty and propriety of the epithet 'violets *dim*,' and the transition at once to the lids of Juno's eyes, and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste and feeling need be reminded."—SINGER.

"— *makes her blood look* OUT"—The old and possibly the true reading is *look on 't*, which Collier retains, as meaning that Camillo observes that Florizel tells Perdita something that makes her blood come into her cheeks "to look *on it.*"

"*To have a* WORTHY FEEDING"—A "worthy feeding" seems to mean a tract of *pasturage*, not inconsiderable, which the old shepherd considers not *unworthy* of his supposed daughter's fortune.

"— FADINGS"—The "fadings" was a *dance.* Ma-

lone quotes a song from "Sportive Wit," (1666,) which implies that it was a rustic dance:—

> The courtiers scorn us country clowns,
> We country clowns do scorn the court;
> We can be as merry upon the downs
> As you at midnight with all your sport,
> With a *fading*, with a *fading*.

It appears, from a letter in Boswell's edition of "Malone," that it was an Irish dance, and that it was practised, upon rejoicing occasions, as recently as 1803, the date of the letter:—

"The dance is called *Rinca Fada*, and means, literally, the 'long dance.' Though *faed* is a reed, the name of the dance is not borrowed from it; '*fada* is the adjective, long, and *rinca* the substantive, dance.' In Irish the adjective follows the substantive, differing from the English construction: hence, *rinca fada*. *Faeden* is the diminutive, and means *little reed*; *faeden* is the first person of the verb *to whistle*, either with the lips, or with a reed—i. e. *I whistle*.

"This dance is still practised, on rejoicing occasions, in many parts of Ireland. A king and queen are chosen from among the young persons who are the best dancers; the queen carries a garland, composed of two hoops, placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribands: you have seen it, I dare say, with the May-maids. Frequently, in the course of the dance, the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under; all the rest of the line, linked together, follow in succession. When the last has passed, the king and queen suddenly face about, and front their companions. This is often repeated during the dance, and the curious undulations are pretty enough, resembling the movements of a serpent. The dancers, on the first of May, visit such newly-wedded pairs, of a certain rank, as have been married since last May-day, in the neighbourhood; who commonly bestow on them a stuffed ball, richly decked with gold and silver lace, and accompanied with a present in money, to regale themselves after the dance. This dance is practised when the bonfires are lighted up, the queen hailing the return of summer in a popular Irish song, beginning—

> Thuga mair sein lu soure ving.
> We lead on summer—see! she follows in our train."

"—*'fadings,' 'jump her and thump her'*"—The burdens of old songs and ballads, mentioned in writers of the time.

"—*he so chants to the* SLEEVE-HAND, *and the work about the* SQUARE *on't*"—The "sleeve-hand" was the *cuff*, or *wristband*; the "square" signified the work about the bosom.

"— POKING-STICKS *of steel*"—"Poking-sticks" were heated in the fire, and made use of to set the plaits of ruffs. Stowe informs us, that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of steele *poking-sticks*, and untill that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone."

"— *Clamour your tongues*"—"An expression taken from bell-ringing; now contracted to *clam*. The bells are said to be *clammed*, when, after a course of rounds or changes, they are all pulled off at once, and give a general clash, or clam, by which the peal is concluded. As this *clam* is succeeded by a silence, it exactly suits the sense of the passage."—NARES.

Mr. Gifford thinks, with Malone, that it is a misprint for *charm*.

"—*a* TAWDRY *lace*"—It was sometimes only called a *tawdry*, and it was not used for lacing, but worn as an ornament for the head or neck.

"—*a fish, that appeared upon the coast*"—In 1604, was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A strange reporte of a monstrous fish, that appeared in the form of a woman, from her waist upward, seene in the sea." To this Malone supposes that Shakespeare alludes. In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a register of all the shows of London, from 1623 to 1642, is entered, "a license to Francis Sherret, to show a strange fish for one year, from the 10th of March, 1635."

"—*they call themselves* SALTIERS"—i. e. *Satyrs*, says Malone: men covered with hairy skins, to give them the appearance of satyrs; but possibly the true explanation is *saultiers*—i. e. *vaulters*. The servant says afterwards, that the worst of one of the *threes* "jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire." The stage-direction in the old copies, after they enter, is, "Here a dance of twelve satyrs," and perhaps "saltiers" is only the servant's blunder.

"—*by the* SQUIRE"—i. e. By the *foot-rule*—Fr. *esquierre*.

"—*that's* BOLTED"—i. e. *Sifted* by the northern blasts.

"—*thou no more shalt* NEVER *see this knack*"—Stevens omits *never*, as "absurd redundancy;" but the reduplication of negatives was a common mode of writing at the time, and the word is found in all the old copies.

"—*I was not much afeard*"—"The character of Perdita is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education."—WARBURTON.

"—*Will't please you, sir, be gone*"—"O how more than exquisite is this whole speech!—and that profound nature of noble pride and grief, venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel:—

> —Will 't please you, sir, be gone!"—COLERIDGE.

"*Where no priest shovels in dust*"—Before the reform of the burial-service, in the time of Edward VI., it was the custom for the priest to throw earth on the body, in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy-water.

"—*by my* FANCY"—i. e. By my *love*: the use of the word "fancy" in this sense is perpetual in Shakespeare and authors of his age. (See MERCHANT OF VENICE.)

"—*at every* SITTING"—"Every sitting" means, at every *audience* you shall have of the king and council: the council-days being formerly called, in common speech, the *sitting*. Howell, in one of his letters, says:—"My lord president hopes to be at the next sitting in York."

"*But not* TAKE IN *the mind*"—To "take in" anciently meant to *conquer*, to *get the better of*. As, in ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:—

> He could so quickly cut the Ionian seas,
> And take in Toryne.

"*She is i' the rear* OF *our birth*"—The original reads—

> She is i' th' reere ' our birth.

The apostrophes indicate the sense—her being, in birth, *inferior*. Many editions substitute, "rear of birth."

"— POMANDER"—A *pomander* was a ball of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck.

"—*with a* WHOO-BUB"—So spelled in the original, supporting the etymology of *whoop-up*, given by some lexicographers. The meaning, of course, is what we now call a *hubbub*; and in this form we meet with it in several writers of the time of Shakespeare.

"(*For I do fear eyes* EVER,)"—The old reading is, "For I do fear eyes *over*," which, since Rowe's edition, has been changed to "I do fear eyes *over you*." An old MS. correction suggested to Collier the reading of

the text, which merely requires the change of *o* to *e*, in an obvious misprint.

"—*I would not do't*"—Hanmer proposed, and Stevens adopted a transposition of this, which is the original text, so as to read, "If I thought it were *not* a piece of honesty, etc., I would do it." Yet, as part of the knave's reasoning with himself, and stating his own principle of action, the old text, which is also that of the three last editions, may well stand.

"—*pedler's* EXCREMENT"—i. e. His *beard*. In LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, Armado calls his beard "excrement." Also, in the COMEDY OF ERRORS. The word is used as we now might use *excrescence*.

"—*with the* MANNER"—i. e. In the *fact*—a term familiar to the law; being, originally, "taken with the *mainour*," and applied to the thief taken with the thing stolen about him.

"—TOUZE *from thee thy business*"—Minshew (Dictionary) says "touze" is to *pull*, or *tug*, and in this sense it is used in MEASURE FOR MEASURE:—

—We'll *touze* you joint by joint, etc.

"—*court-word for a pheasant*"—A "pheasant" was a very common present from country tenants to great people.

"—*by the picking on's teeth*"—To "pick the teeth" was, at this time, a mark of pretension to fashion, or elegance. Faulconbridge, speaking of the traveller, says:—

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess.

In Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters," we find—"If you find not a courtier here, you shall in Paul's, with a toothpick in his hat, a cape-cloak, and a long stocking."

"—*the hottest day prognostication proclaims*"—That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack. Almanacks were, in Shakespeare's time, published under such title:—"An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord God, 1595."

"—*being something gently considered*"—Autolycus means, "I, having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, (i. e. a bribe,) will bring you," etc.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"*Bred his hopes out of:* TRUE"—The text is here much indebted to Mr. Collier for having restored the reading of all the old editions. Leontes, in grief and remorse, states a fact, and adds, mournfully, "true;" to which Paulina naturally adds that it is "too true." The modern editors, from the time of Theobald, have made Paulina say, "True, too true, my lord," without necessity or authority; and, I think, injuriously to the feeling of the passage.

"*Of his most sovereign* NAME"—Most of the modern editions, in opposition to all the old copies, have *dame* instead of "name;" as if the reference were to Hermione, and not the preservation of the *name* of Leontes, by marrying again, and having issue to succeed to the throne. In the folios "name" is printed with a capital letter, which makes the error more improbable.

"—*the former queen is* WELL"—i. e. At rest, dead. In ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, the phrase is said to be peculiarly applicable to the dead:—

Mess. First, madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold; but, sirrah, mark:
We use to say, 'The dead are well;' bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

So, in ROMEO AND JULIET, Balthazar, speaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be dead, says:—

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

"*Begin, 'And why to me?'*"—The old copies gave this passage thus:—

—and on this stage
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd,
And begin, why to me?

This is evidently erroneous; but the true reading is very doubtful. We have given that of Stevens, followed by Collier and others, which makes no change but the transposition of *and*. Knight changes the parenthesis thus: "(Where we offenders now) appear." Z. Jackson ingeniously reads, "(Where we offended) now appear"—Theobald, "(Where we offend her now.)"

"And why to me?" means, "And why such treatment to me, who deserved so much better, than one worse and better used?"

"AFFRONT *his eye*"—i. e. *Meet* his eye, or *encounter* it. (*Affrontare*, Ital.) Shakespeare uses this word with the same meaning again in HAMLET, (act iii. scene 1:)—

That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.

And in CYMBELINE:—"Your preparation can *affront* no less than what you hear of." The word is used in the same sense by Ben Jonson, and even by Dryden. Lodge, in the preface to his "Translation of Seneca," says, "No soldier is counted valiant that *affronteth* not his enemie."

"*Good madam,—I have done*"—Stevens and Malone transfer "I have done" to Paulina, who is going vehemently on. Cleomenes endeavours to interpose, but he gives over the attempt, with "I have done;" and then Paulina continues. With Knight and Collier, we follow the old text.

"—*so must thy* GRACE"—The old editions read, "thy *grave*," which editors generally have agreed with Edwards in interpreting, "Thy *grave* here means thy beauties, which are buried in the grave: the continent for the contents." Among the other very ingenious MS. corrections of the first folio, (cited by Collier as Lord F. Egerton's folio,) is this of *grace*, which the context shows, to my judgment, to be right.

"—*that a king,* AS *friend*"—The old folios read, "*at* friend"—a phrase, of which the most industrious students of Old-English say they find no example elsewhere. As it is probably a misprint, "*and* friend" and "*a* friend" have been conjectured. "*As* friend" is the simple conjecture of the MS. corrector above cited.

SCENE II.

"—*if the* IMPORTANCE *were joy, or sorrow*"—Malone says that "importance" here means only *import*; but the word is rather to be taken in its etymological sense, from the French *emporter*. Spenser uses *important* in a kindred manner:—

—he fiercely at him flew,
And with *important* outrage him assail'd.

"The meaning of the text seems to be, that a beholder could not say if they were carried away by joy or sorrow."—COLLIER.

"—*not by* FAVOUR"—i. e. *Countenance*—often employed in this sense.

"—*with* CLIPPING *her*"—i. e. *Embracing* her—a word of constant use formerly. Thus, in KING JOHN:—"Neptune's arms, who *clippeth* thee about."

"—*like a* WEATHER-BITTEN CONDUIT"—*Conduits*, representing the human form, were formerly common. The same image is found in ROMEO AND JULIET:—

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore streaming?

"Weather-bitten" was, in the third folio, changed to *weather-beaten*; but there is no necessity for the change. Hamlet says, "The air *bites* shrewdly;" and the Duke, in AS YOU LIKE IT, speaking of the wind, says:—"When it *bites* and blows upon my body." "Weather bitten," therefore, means, *corroded by the weather*—as we still say, *frost-bitten*.

"— JULIO ROMANO"—"However misplaced the praise, it is no small honour to Julio Romano to be thus mentioned by the Poet. By *eternity* Shakespeare only means *immortality*. It should seem that a painted statue was no singularity in that age: Ben Jonson, in his "Magnetic Lady," makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the city:—

> *Rut.* I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
> *Sr. Moth.* And have it *painted in most orient colours.*
> *Rut.* That's right! *all city statues must be painted,*
> Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgments.

Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an "English barbarism." But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus. That semi-barbarous nations should paint them, is not, therefore, to be wondered at; it is a custom which has prevailed everywhere in the infancy of art."—STEVENS, *and others.*

"This scene is not only one of the most picturesque and striking instances of stage-effect to be found in the ancient or modern drama, but, by the skilful manner in which it is prepared, it has, wonderful as it appears, all the merit of consistency and truth. The grief, the love, the remorse, and impatience of Leontes, are finely contrasted with the astonishment and admiration of Perdita, who, gazing on the figure of her mother, like one entranced, looks as if she were also turned to marble. There is here one little instance of tender remembrance in Leontes, which adds to the charming impression of Hermione's character:—

> Chide me, dear stone! that I may say indeed
> Thou art Hermione; or rather thou art she
> In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
> As infancy and grace.
> Thus she stood,
> Even with such life of majesty,—warm life—
> As now it coldly stands—when first I woo'd her!

"The effect produced on the different persons of the drama by this living statue—an effect which, at the same moment, is and is *not* illusion—the manner in which the feelings of the spectators become entangled between the conviction of death and the impression of life, the idea of a deception, and the feeling of a reality, and the exquisite colouring of poetry and touches of natural feeling with which the whole is brought up—till wonder, expectation, and intense pleasure, hold our pulse and breath suspended on the event—are quite inimitable.

The expression used here by Leontes—

> — thus she stood,
> Even with such life of majesty,—*warm life.*

> The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
> As we are mock'd with art—

and by Polixenes—

> The very life seems warm upon her lip—

appear strangely applied to a statue, such as we usually imagine it—of the cold colourless marble; but it is evident that in this scene Hermione personates one of those images, or effigies, such as we may see in the old Gothic cathedrals, in which the stone, or marble, was coloured after nature. I remember coming suddenly upon one of these effigies, either at Basle or Fribourg, which made me start. The figure was as large as life; the drapery of crimson, powdered with stars of gold; the face and eyes, and hair, tinted after nature, though faded by time. It stood in a Gothic niche, over a tomb, as I think, and in a kind of dim, uncertain light. It would have been very easy for a living person to represent such an effigy, particularly if it had been painted by that 'rare Italian master, Julio Romano,' who, as we are informed, was the reputed author of this wonderful statue.

"The moment when Hermione descends from her pedestal, to the sound of soft music, and throws herself, without speaking, into her husband's arms, is one of inexpressible interest. It appears to me that her silence, during the whole of this scene, (except when she invokes a blessing on her daughter's head,) is in the finest taste, as a poetical beauty, besides being an admirable trait of character. The misfortunes of Hermione, her long religious seclusion, the wonderful and almost supernatural part she has just enacted, have invested her with such a sacred and awful charm, that any words put into her mouth must, I think, have injured the solemn and profound pathos of the situation."—MRS. JAMESON.

"— *would beguile nature of her* CUSTOM"—That is, of her *trade*—would draw nature's customers from her.

"— *Let boors and* FRANKLINS *say it*"—A "franklin" was a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*: a man above a villain, but not a gentleman.

"— *thou art a* TALL *fellow of thy hands*"—i. e. A *courageous* fellow. (See Note on MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, act i. scene 4.)

"— *we'll be thy* GOOD MASTERS"—"The Clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be 'good master' to him. Many ancient letters run in this fashion. Thus, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Lord Cromwell, (in the time of Henry VIII.,) says:—'Furthermore, I beseech you, to be *good master* unto one in my necessities; for I have neither shirt nor suit, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me to wear.'"—WHALLEY.

SCENE III.

"PAULINA *undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue*"—"In the old editions there is no stage-direction, excepting that, at the beginning of the scene, 'Hermione (like a statue,)' is inserted among the characters. Hermione was probably concealed by a curtain."—COLLIER.

This whole act, with the idea of the statue and the restoration of Hermione, is entirely of Shakespeare's own invention, there being no trace of any similar thought in the novel, where the queen dies with sudden grief, upon the death of her son. Some of the critics of the last century, when this piece was unknown on the stage, and branded, in the ordinary editions, with Dryden's censure and Pope's doubts, have specially remarked upon this scene as improbable and undramatic. Mrs. Lennox brands it as "low and ridiculous." But the revival of the play on the stage, in latter days, has proved that Shakespeare was a better judge than his critics of stage-effect and dramatic probability. T. Campbell appeals to the public recollection of Mrs. Siddons, in this scene, as a sufficient refutation of the criticism of Mrs. Lennox, and all her tribe; while Hazlitt, among his dramatic reminiscences of this piece, besides noticing the "fine classical phrensy" of Kemble, in Leontes, says that Mrs. Siddons, "in the last scene, acted the painted statue to the life—with true monumental dignity, and noble passion."

"*Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already*"—Leontes, in his ecstasy, breaks off without completing what he was about to say: what was in his thought seems to have been something to contradict his wish, "Would I were dead," because he almost fancies that the statue of Hermione is alive.

"*The* FIXURE *of her eye has* MOTION *in't*"—"The meaning is, though her eye be *fixed*, yet it seems to have "motion" in it: that tremulous motion which is perceptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever one endeavours to fix it."—EDWARDS.

"ON; *Those that think*"—The folio reading is retained, because it is not clear that it can be changed for the better, with probability. Knight and Collier retain it; the former (with whom we agree) understands it as, *Let us go on.* The king immediately adds, *Proceed.* Collier interprets—"Let those go on, or de-

part," etc. Hanmer, followed by other editors, changes "on" into *or*, thus:—

Or those that think it is unlawful business.

"This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author; and in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable country-tale—

Our sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was necessary to observe, in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection."—WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, by "some of great name," means Dryden and Pope. (See the Essay at the end of the second part of the "Conquest of Granada.")

"The WINTER'S TALE is as appropriately named as the MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. It is one of those tales which are peculiarly calculated to beguile the dreary leisure of a long winter evening, which are even attractive and intelligible to childhood; and which, animated by fervent truth, in the delineation of character and passion, invested with the decoration of a poetry lowering itself, as it were, to the simplicity of the subject, transport even manhood back to the golden age of imagination. The calculation of probabilities has nothing to do with such wonderful and fleeting adventures, ending at last in general joy; and, accordingly, Shakespeare has here taken the greatest liberties with anachronisms and geographical errors."—SCHLEGEL.

"The idea of this delightful drama, (says Coleridge, in his 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii. p. 250,) is a genuine jealousy of disposition; and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of OTHELLO, which is the direct contrast of it, in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello:—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings, exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet, from the violence of the passion, forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to understand what is said to them—in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness."

We learn from Mr. Collier that, in his extemporary though elaborately prepared lectures, in 1815, "Coleridge dwelt on the 'not easily jealous' frame of Othello's mind, and on the art of the great Poet in working upon his generous and unsuspecting nature: he contrasted the characters of Othello and Leontes in this respect; the latter, from predisposition, requiring no such malignant instigator as Iago."

Mrs. Jameson thus delineates her ideas of the delicately pourtrayed and finely discriminated female characters of this drama:—

"The story of Florizel and Perdita is but an episode in the WINTER'S TALE; and the character of Perdita is properly kept subordinate to that of her mother, Hermione: yet the picture is perfectly finished in every part; Juliet herself is not more firmly and distinctly drawn. But the colouring in Perdita is more silvery light and delicate; the pervading sentiment more touched with the ideal; compared with Juliet, she is like a Guido hung beside a Georgione, or one of Paesiello's airs heard after one of Mozart's.

"The qualities which impart to Perdita her distinct individuality, are the beautiful combination of the pastoral with the elegant—of simplicity with elevation—of spirit with sweetness. The exquisite delicacy of the picture is apparent. To understand and appreciate its effective truth and nature, we should place Perdita beside some of the nymphs of Arcadia, or the Italian pastorals, who, however graceful in themselves, when opposed to Perdita, seem to melt away into mere poetical abstractions:—as, in Spenser, the fair but fictitious Florimel, which the subtle enchantress had moulded out of snow, 'vermeil tinctured,' and informed with an airy spirit, that knew 'all wiles of woman's wits,' fades and dissolves away, when placed next to the real Florimel, in her warm, breathing, human loveliness.

"Perdita does not appear till the fourth act, and the whole of the character is developed in the course of a single scene, (the third,) with a completeness of effect which leaves nothing to be required—nothing to be supplied. She is first introduced in the dialogue between herself and Florizel, where she compares her own lowly state to his princely rank, and expresses her fears of the issue of their unequal attachment. With all her timidity, and her sense of the distance which separates her from her lover, she breathes not a single word which could lead us to impugn either her delicacy or her dignity.

"There are several among Shakespeare's characters which exercise a far stronger power over our feelings, our fancy, our understanding, than that of Hermione; but not one,—unless perhaps Cordelia,—constructed upon so high and pure a principle. It is the union of gentleness with power which constitutes the perfection of mental grace. Thus, among the ancients, with whom the *graces* were also the *charities*, one and the same word signified equally *strength* and *virtue*. This feeling, carried into the fine arts, was the secret of the antique grace—the grace of repose. The same eternal nature—the same sense of immutable truth and beauty, which revealed this sublime principle of art to the ancient Greeks, revealed it to the genius of Shakespeare; and the character of Hermione, in which we have the same largeness of conception and delicacy of execution,—the same effect of suffering without passion, and grandeur without effort,—is an instance, I think, that he felt within himself, and by intuition, what we study all our lives in the remains of ancient art. The calm, regular, classical beauty of Hermione's character is the more impressive from the wild and Gothic accompaniments of her story, and the beautiful relief afforded by the pastoral and romantic grace which is thrown around her daughter Perdita.

"The character of Paulina, in the WINTER'S TALE, though it has obtained but little notice and no critical remark, (that I have seen,) is yet one of the striking beauties of the play: and it has its moral too. As we see running through the whole universe that principle of contrast which may be called the life of nature, so we behold it everywhere illustrated in SHAKESPEARE: upon this principle he has placed Emilia beside Desdemona, the Nurse beside Juliet; the clowns and dairy-maids, and the merry pedlar-thief Autolycus round Florizel and Perdita;—and made Paulina the friend of Hermione.

"Paulina does not fill any ostensible office near the person of the queen, but is a lady of high rank in the court—the wife of the Lord Antigonus. She is a character strongly drawn from real and common life—a clever, generous, strong-minded, warm-hearted woman, fearless in asserting the truth, firm in her sense of right, enthusiastic in all her affections; quick in thought, resolute in word, and energetic in action; but heedless, hot-tempered, impatient, loud, bold, voluble, and turbulent of tongue; regardless of the feelings of those for whom she would sacrifice her life, and injuring from excess of zeal those whom she most wishes to serve.

"How many such are there in the world! But Paulina, though a very termagant, is yet a poetical termagant in her way; and the manner in which all the evil and dangerous tendencies of such a temper are placed before us, even while the individual character preserves the strongest hold upon our respect and admiration, forms an impressive lesson, as well as a natural and delightful portrait.

"We can only excuse Paulina by recollecting that it is a part of her purpose to keep alive in the heart of Leontes the remembrance of his queen's perfections, and of his own cruel injustice. It is admirable, too, that Hermione and Paulina, while sufficiently approximated to afford all the pleasure of contrast, are never brought too nearly in contact on the scene in the dialogue; for this would have been a fault in taste, and have necessarily weakened the effect of both characters:—either the serene grandeur of Hermione would have subdued and overawed the fiery spirit of Paulina, or the impetuous temper of the latter must have disturbed, in some respect, our impression of the calm, majestic, and somewhat melancholy beauty of Hermione."



